NOV. 20,
1937

# Liberty

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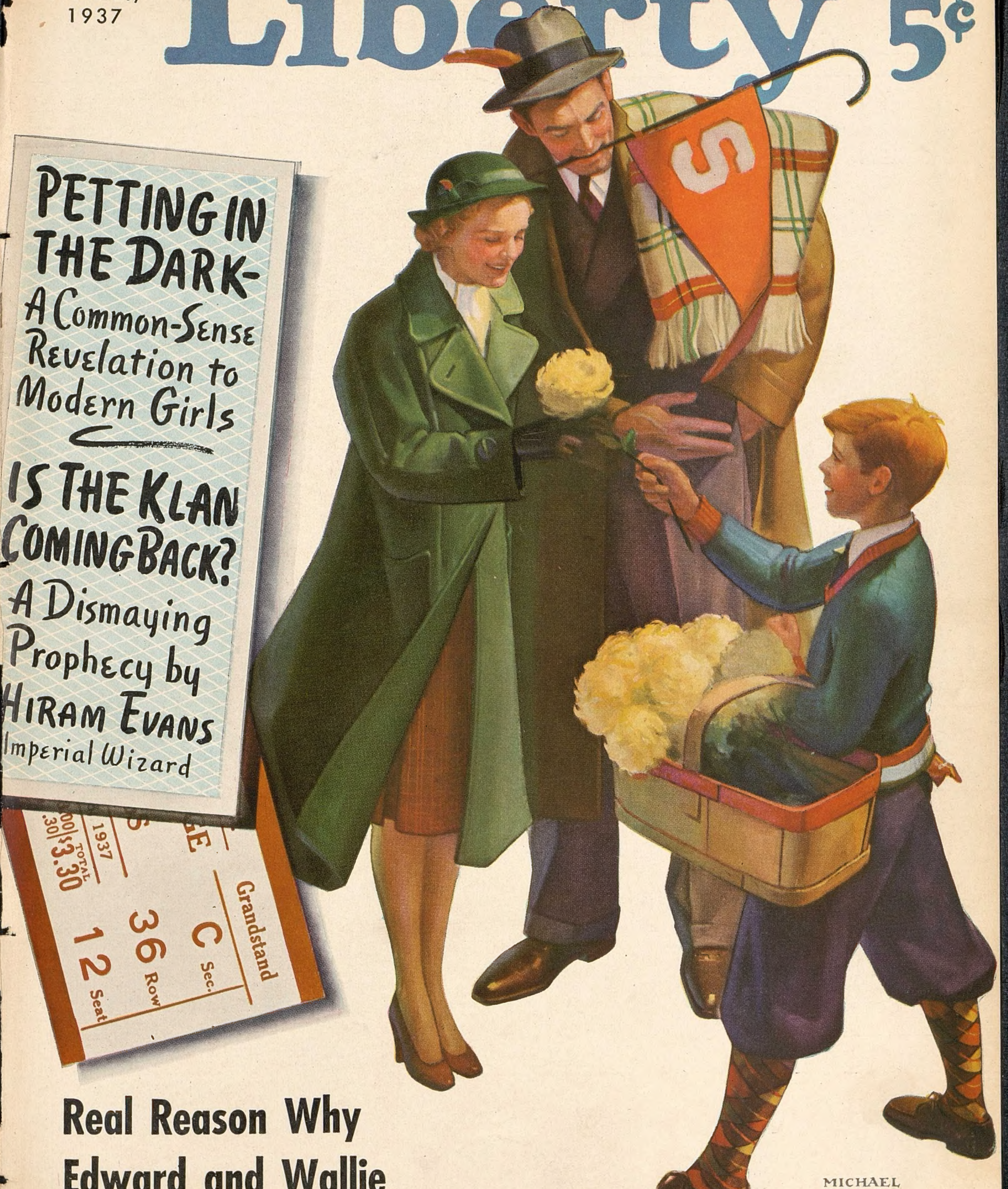
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1937
E
.30
TOTAL
$3.30
Grandstand
C Sec.
36 Row
12 Seat
MICHAEL
DOLAS

## PETTING IN THE DARK—

A Common-Sense Revelation to Modern Girls

## IS THE KLAN COMING BACK?

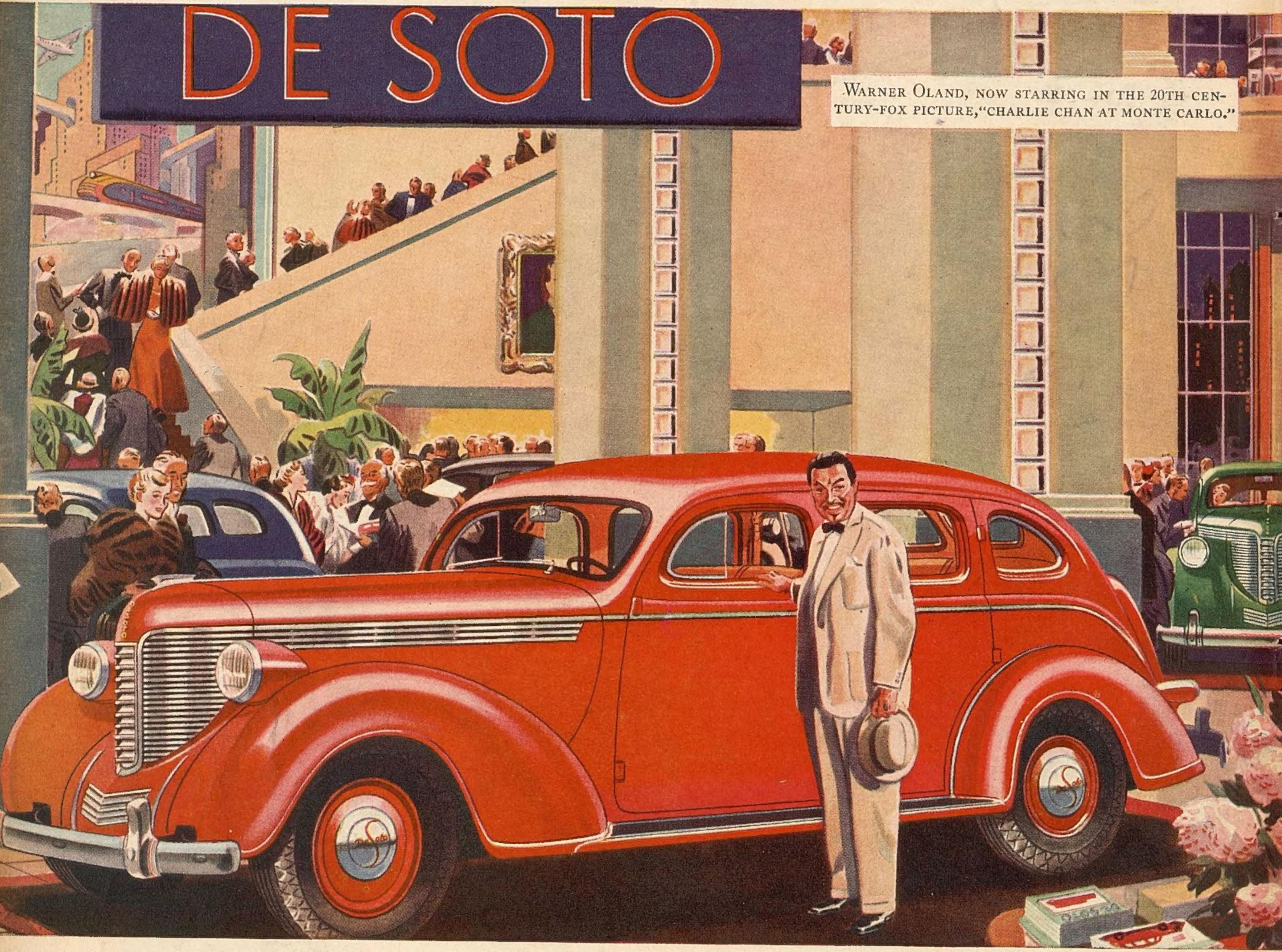
A Dismaying Prophecy by

HIRAM EVANS

Imperial Wizard

## Real Reason Why Edward and Wallie Are Coming to U. S. A.

# CHARLIE CHAN AT THE AUTO SHOW



WARNER OLAND, NOW STARRING IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE, "CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO."

---

Warner Oland was quick to "detect" the Extra Value in this Great New De Soto

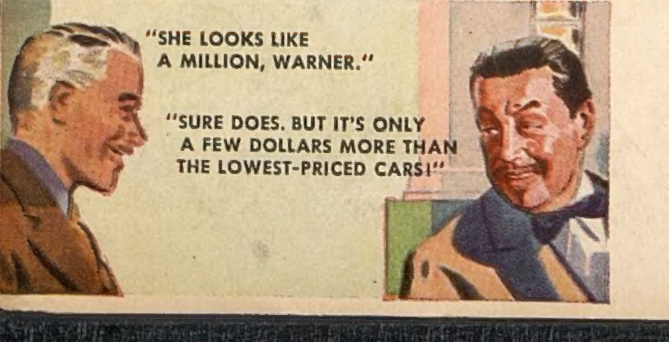
---

DARNED CLEVER, these movie stars! Romantic, yes—but *practical*, too. That's why so many of them drive this big new De Soto!

Warner Oland, for example. Like thousands at the auto shows, this great motion picture star was impressed by the new De Soto's advanced styling and luxurious comfort. He drove one... liked it...and now he owns a De Soto.

Get behind the wheel of this great new De Soto yourself. You'll be amazed at its "lightning-fast" pick-up...its smooth, relaxing ride on roughest roads...its effortless handling...the quick response of its *bigger* hydraulic brakes!

The price? Now just a few dollars above what you'd pay for the lowest...and this *big* car actually costs no more to run than most *small* cars! See your De Soto dealer today. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.


"SHE LOOKS LIKE A MILLION, WARNER."
"SURE DOES. BUT IT'S ONLY A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS!"

### IT'S AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

QUICK FACTS: 1. Lightning-fast pick-up... improved 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. Patented Floating Power engine mountings. 3. 119-inch wheelbase. 4. *Bigger* hydraulic brakes. 5. Safety-steel body rubber-mounted on a bigger, stronger frame. 6. Luxurious Safety Interior. Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

**MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour—Columbia Network—Thurs., 9 to 10 p. m., E. S. T.**

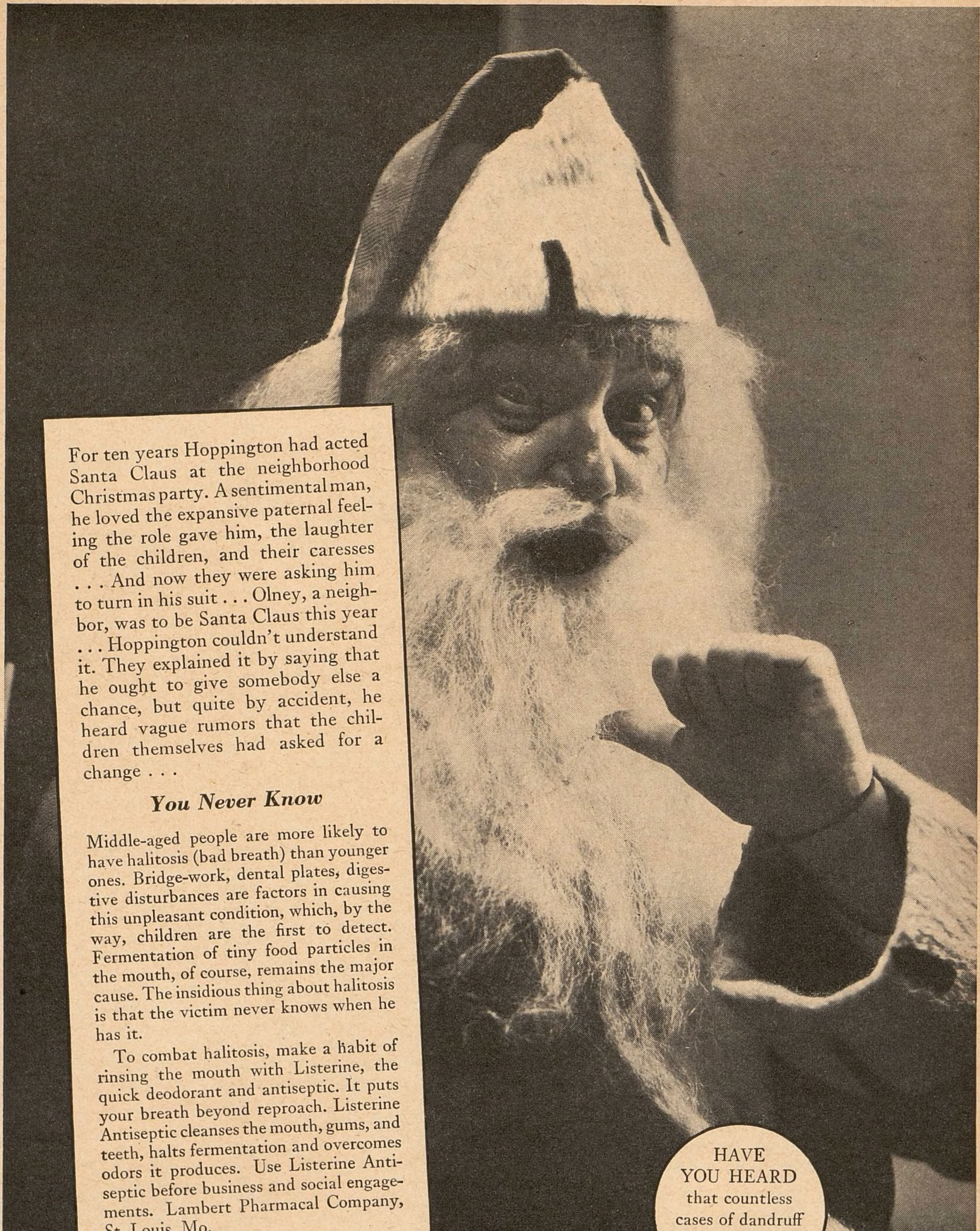
## SEE YOUR DE SOTO DEALER

**FOR A**

**GREAT CAR, FINE SERVICE**

**SQUARE DEAL**

# They asked him to turn in his suit...



For ten years Hoppington had acted Santa Claus at the neighborhood Christmas party. A sentimental man, he loved the expansive paternal feeling the role gave him, the laughter of the children, and their caresses . . . And now they were asking him to turn in his suit . . . Olney, a neighbor, was to be Santa Claus this year . . . Hoppington couldn't understand it. They explained it by saying that he ought to give somebody else a chance, but quite by accident, he heard vague rumors that the children themselves had asked for a change . . .

### *You Never Know*

Middle-aged people are more likely to have halitosis (bad breath) than younger ones. Bridge-work, dental plates, digestive disturbances are factors in causing this unpleasant condition, which, by the way, children are the first to detect. Fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth, of course, remains the major cause. The insidious thing about halitosis is that the victim never knows when he has it.

To combat halitosis, make a habit of rinsing the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant and antiseptic. It puts your breath beyond reproach. Listerine Antiseptic cleanses the mouth, gums, and teeth, halts fermentation and overcomes odors it produces. Use Listerine Antiseptic before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE checks halitosis** (bad breath)

HAVE
YOU HEARD
that countless
cases of dandruff
are yielding to
Listerine?

NOVEMBER 20, 1937

**Liberty**

VOL. 14, NO. 47

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

# Must We Be Prepared for HELL?

HELL is an appropriate name for war. The hordes of the satanic realm are then loosened. The moral standards of the civilized world were materially lowered by the last war. Another conflict may take us back to the cave-man period.

In the last war we thought we were fighting to save democracy.

In the coming war we may have to fight to save humanity.

If the human race is to become a lot of untamed brutal killers . . . if civilization and all it stands for is to be cast to the winds . . . then our destiny will be early oblivion.

Our President has been acclaimed by many of our people for his recent outspoken criticism of war-mad nations. Although Japan was not mentioned, it was quite evident and freely admitted that the outrages committed by this nation against China were the direct cause of his dramatic utterances.

It is entirely in order for laymen to express themselves in reference to the ghastly horrors of the Japanese-Chinese war. Theirs are merely individual opinions.

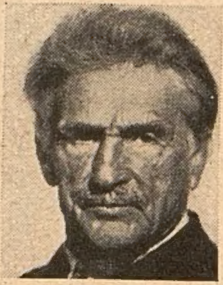
But when a high official talks, his words resound throughout the world, and he is supposed to be the voice of the nation, and we . . . the entire citizenry . . . must be responsible for the views expressed.

It took some courage to assume the attitude presented by the President in his Chicago speech. The "peace at any price" advocates must have been unpleasantly surprised. And the first reports indicated that the Japanese fiercely resented this outspoken criticism, although second thought apparently changed their attitude, as their reply indicated an inclination to give reasonable consideration to the viewpoint of the various critical foreign governments.

The Japanese standard of conduct differs greatly from our own. Human life in that country appears to be valued lightly. And there is but little friendliness in their attitude toward our people.

Our citizens are naturally wondering if the President is prepared to support the position assumed in his recent speech with force of arms . . . and that may be necessary.

Practically everything that is worth while in life requires a certain amount of effort . . . a struggle . . . sometimes a fight. And even war is often required to preserve peace.



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

The people of this country, however, will go to almost any extreme to avoid entering another war. We spent our treasure with prodigious liberality in the last world contest. Europe still owes us a huge sum of money that will doubtless never be paid.

And the diplomats of Europe have a habit of "using" our officials when dealing with a hectic situation. Ex-Secretary of State Stimson greatly displeased Japan by his attitude on the Manchuria problems. We were the "goat" on that occasion. And notwithstanding our supposed isolation, we are apparently being used in a similar manner on this occasion.

However, our idea of isolation is but little more than a dream. In fact, we have never isolated ourselves from any of the really important affairs of the world, notwithstanding our refusal to join the League of Nations or to become a member of the World Court. We have always dabbled in important world affairs through an observer, and we are one of the responsible members of the Nine-Power Treaty which so vigorously opposes Japan. And the unanimous decision of these Powers will bind us morally, if not actually.

An eruption is likely to occur at any time in Europe that will set the world afire with another murderous conflict.

Can we stay out? That is our great problem.

If we are forced into another war we will be as thoroughly unprepared as we were in the World War. One would think we would have sufficient intelligence at least to prepare our citizens physically for such a conflict. Such an effort would be an investment that would become invaluable for developing the health and vitality of the nation. The deplorable need of such preparation was dramatically demonstrated in the examination of our young men during the World War.

Intelligent and thorough preparation—that is the one safe procedure that might enable us to avoid such another conflict.

Let us hope that we will take this needful precaution.

Bernarr Macfadden

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# What's New About the New Plymouth

**GO SEE IT—YOU'LL BE AMAZED! NEW COMFORT... BIGGER WINDSHIELD—NEW RE-STYLED FRONT END... NEW FEATURES GIVE YOU SAFER, HAPPIER DRIVING!**

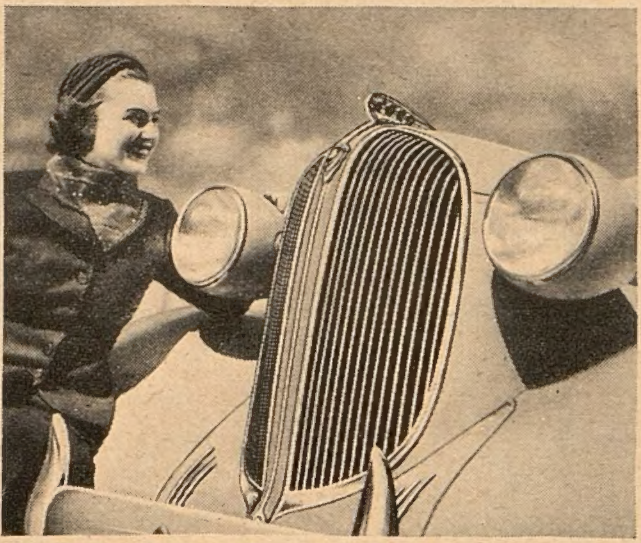
## 10 YEAR RECORD

This big 1938 Plymouth celebrates the triumph of an idea. It was to bring fine-car quality and engineering into the low-price field.

The result: literally *millions* of America's motorists have swung to Plymouth cars!

Today, go see and drive the great new 1938 Plymouth... the *best buy* of the low-price field!

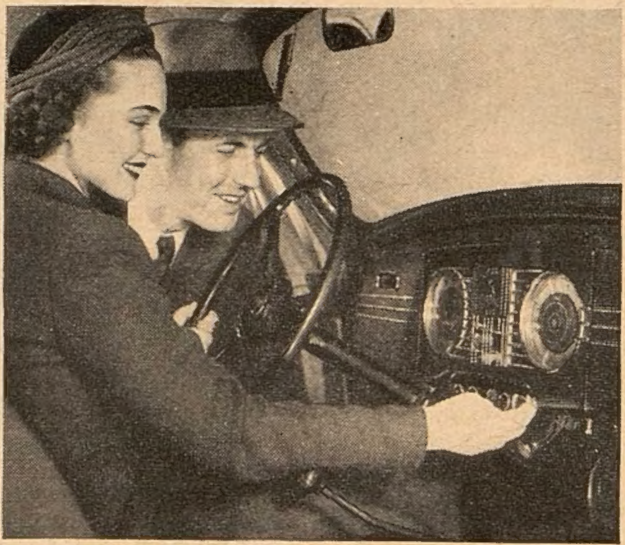
**MORE CAR FOR THE MONEY.** Plymouth is priced with the lowest! The Commercial Credit Company offers very low terms, through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. Tune in Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.



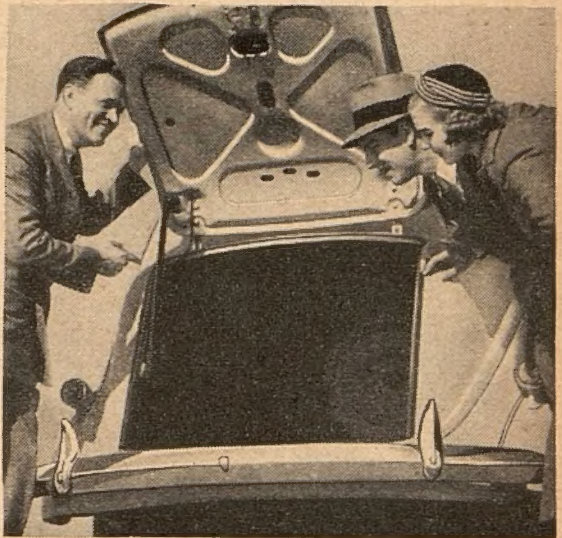
**1** **Exciting New Beauty!** The fenders have a deeper curve... headlights are bigger. And under that long hood there's an 82-horsepower "L-head" engine that saves you money!

**2** **Look How Easily** he can adjust the front seat to suit his size. It slides *upward* as you move it *forward.*

**3** **The Facts about Gas Mileage.** Your dealer's "gasometer" will show Plymouth's amazing fuel economy. And owners report lowest upkeep!

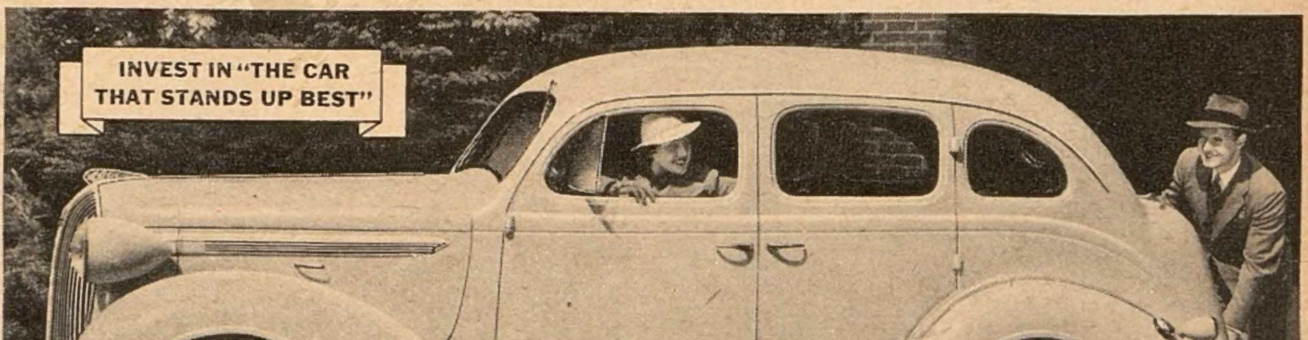


**4** **She's Not Stretching Her Arm...** all controls are in the middle—easy to reach. And the hand-brake is there...clear of the floor. Plymouth *handles* easier than ever!



**5** **Roomiest Trunk** ever built into a Plymouth. The floor is covered to protect luggage...and there's no sill—so you avoid the strain of needless lifting.

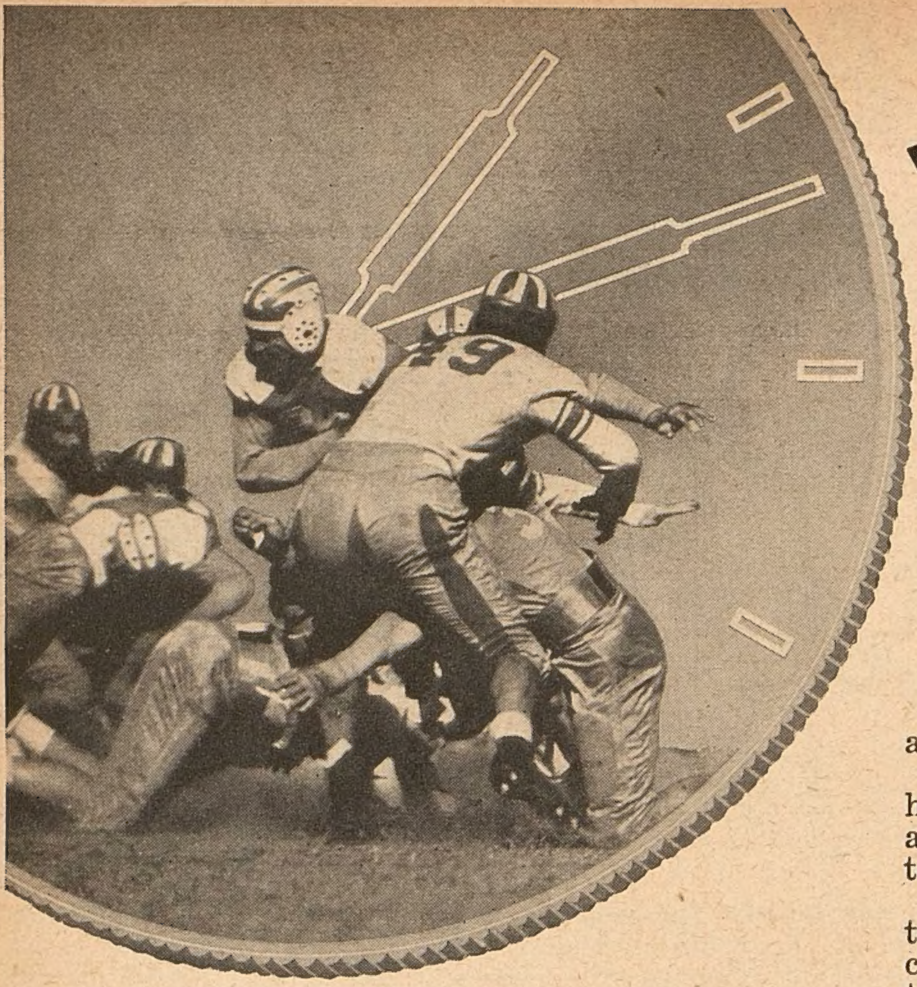
**6** **Soft as a Pillow** is the padded roll along the edge of the front seat. The entire car is designed for safety.



**7** **Get Behind the Wheel of a Big 1938 Plymouth!** See how excitingly easy it is to drive and handle ...how quiet and comfortable to ride in. Discover the greater value of *double-acting* hydraulic brakes... an all-steel body... improved Floating Power engine mountings. Learn why it's *"the car that stands up best!"* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

**PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS**

# See the 1938 Plymouth



# WE PAY OUR PLAYERS BY THE HOUR

## BY FLINT DUPRE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THIS is the time of year when football subsidizing always gets a warm raking over the coals. Old feuds are stirred up, big words are used, and the public becomes more confused than ever.

Down Texas way Dana X. Bible beats the reformers to the punch. He announces publicly that his football men at the University of Texas will be paid money for extra work so they can stay in school, receive an education, and play football.

Fundamentally, there is not a great deal of difference in whether a player is paid by the hour or by the week or by the month. Some colleges make the mistake of trying to cover up. Others create soft jobs for the grid heroes. Few admit that they want to give a football-minded boy a chance to get a college education, along with football, at the expense of the university, in return for work the boy does. Bible is not in the latter class.

Says the former University of Nebraska coach who signed a ten-year contract at $15,000 per annum: "I don't believe in bidding for football material and paying salaries. I do believe in giving a boy a chance to work his way through college. Primarily, I am interested in football players who want to work their way through college. They will receive that opportunity at the University of Texas. Their salary will be fifty cents an hour. No boy will be permitted to earn more than any other boy. All work will be done in their spare time, and the most any boy can earn is fifty dollars a month, a limit set by the Southwest Conference."

Bible's boys work in the electric laundry at the university, serve as janitors, hold responsible jobs in the gymnasium and in the supply room, keep the track in good shape, work on the campus, etc. He has eliminated pay checks from private sources as much as possible. His fundamental rule is that every boy, whether he be star or substitute, earn the same amount of money.

Other systems in the Southwest Conference vary. At Southern Methodist University at Dallas football boys are paid forty cents an hour for extra work, with some scholarships created for those who excel in their studies. Football players are permitted to work out their room and board only. This system helped bring S. M. U. a Rose Bowl team in 1935.

Bible gets $7,500 a year for coaching and the same amount for serving as athletic director.

Besides his salary, Bible also gets $10,000 a year to pay his assistants, Blair Cherry and Bully Gilstrap, who also are new at Texas. Thus the coaching and athletic director's proposition at the State University costs $25,000.

Does the university expect results? Well, Bible has a ten-year contract, but the university tacked an option clause on the second five years which may relegate Bible to the athletic director's job only if he doesn't make good the first five years. Looking at his past record, there is no reason to believe Bible won't live a full ten years' healthy life at Texas.

Before going up to Nebraska in 1928 Dana won five out of eleven Southwest Conference titles at Texas A. & M. At Nebraska he had the unusual record of six championships in eight years in the Big Six.

Bible's job at Texas is the fifth milepost in a career that began nearly twenty-seven years ago at Mississippi College. He was born October 8, 1891, at Jefferson City, Tennessee, and was christened Dana Xenophon. He was graduated from high school at Jefferson City and attended college at Carson-Newman, where he won fame as an athlete. He received the bachelor of arts degree in 1912. Since then he has done graduate work at North Carolina, Ohio State, and Centre.

His coaching career began at Mississippi College in 1913. He stayed three years, moved to Louisiana State University for one year, and then migrated to Texas A. & M. His five championships at Aggieland in eleven years are more than any other coach has ever been able to win in that tough section.

The University of Nebraska in 1928 offered Bible such an attractive contract that he could not refuse. He became *the* head man at Nebraska. He had plenty of success in intersectional games with the Big Ten, although Minnesota usually proved too tough.

During his twenty-four-year stretch as coach Bible's football teams have played 205 college games, won 146, lost 43, and tied 16. From 1916 through 1920 his teams were undefeated.

Sam Francis is one of the many stars Bible has turned out. Others included George Sauer, Hugh Rhea, Lawrence Ely, Joel Hunt, the late Mule Fay Wilson, Jack Mahan, Mike Flanagan, Frank Anderson, and many others.

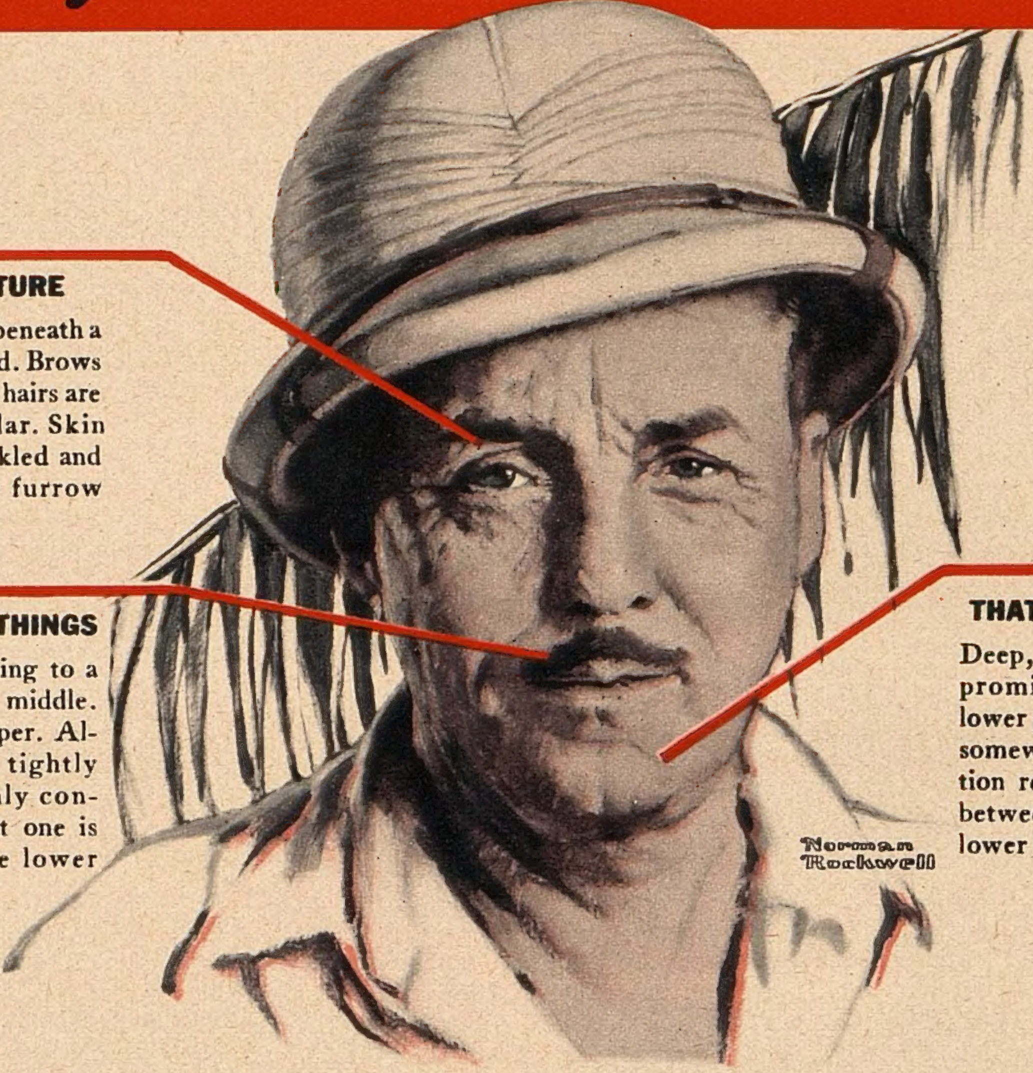
The Southwest is a hotbed for football fights and Bible is in the big middle of it all. The noise you hear is Bible vs. the field. And Bible is making the most of it.

THE END

DANA X. BIBLE

**Money for the stars of college football?—This coach boldly admits it!**

# Have *you* Eyes like Frank Buck's —seeking HAPPY ADVENTURE?



**EYES**
**ALERT FOR ADVENTURE**

Sparkling and wide apart beneath a rather harsh, high forehead. Brows somewhat bushy, but the hairs are long, smooth and regular. Skin surrounding eyes is wrinkled and relaxed. Deep upright furrow between the eyes.

**LIPS**
**FOND OF LIFE'S GOOD THINGS**

Upper lip long, and curving to a rather acute *point* in the middle. Lower lip fuller than upper. Although the lips are not tightly "set", they are so firmly constrained at the edges that one is not always aware of the lower lip's significant fullness.

**CHIN**
**THAT PORTRAYS GENIALITY**

Deep, full and wide—particularly prominent in the middle. The lower portion of the chin projects somewhat, while the upper portion recedes . . . forming a hollow between the chin's base and the lower lip.

If *your* eyes, lips or chin resemble Frank Buck's ...here's a happy adventure for *you*. Just taste this "*Double-Rich*" straight Bourbon made by old Kentucky distillers for lovers of luxury like you!

**SCHENLEY'S**
**Cream of Kentucky**
**STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY**

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit*. Made in the Bluegrass Country by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way.

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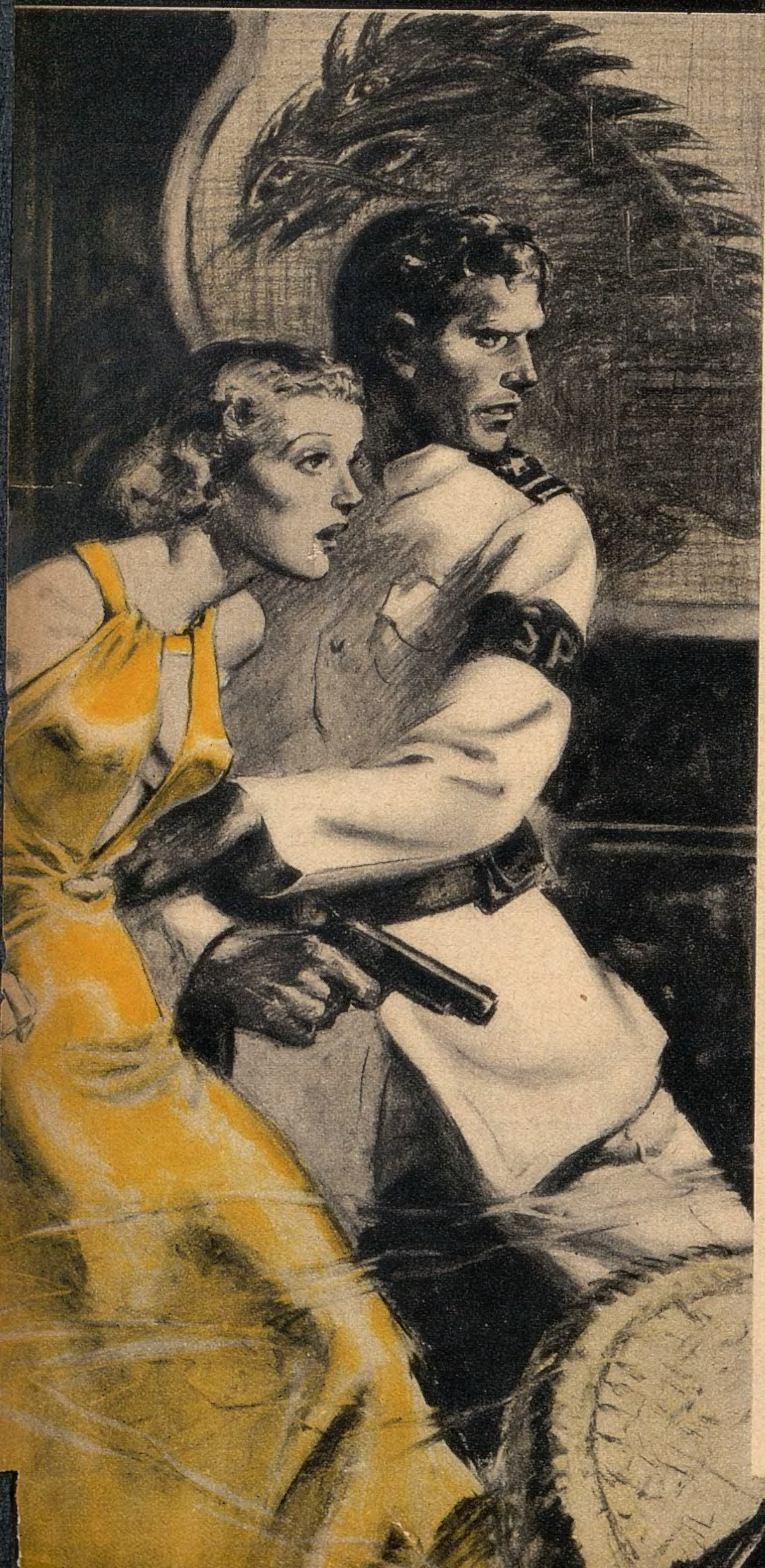
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC.

# TOMORROW IN SHANGHAI



A bomb smashed, breaking the

## PART ONE—THE GIRL AT THE PIANO

HE kept walking—conspicuous, he realized, in navy whites with lieutenant bars on the shoulder straps, and wearing leggings, and a .45 strapped to his waist. He saw a Chinese woman dragging a body over the cobblestones of the street not thirty feet ahead of him, and then there was a crack of a rifle and the woman fell over the body. Far off he heard the crack of other shots—many of them—and the dull boom of heavy guns, and the muffled resonance of bombs bursting. He saw red flares in the distance, and a sky crimson with flame that skirted along rooftops in the south of town.

He saw and heard these things, although he was not thinking of them because there was something in his heart that made him look past them. It was no longer his Shanghai, where he had laughed, and drunk, and sweated, and ridden rickshas, and made love. An old memory and a new shambles unreeled behind him even as he passed. The blood of war, the horror of death, and the fear of waiting for what is to come.

He crossed the street and entered a bar. There were a few people here, trying to show one another how calm they were and how little the war outside meant to them. With the exception of one marine, they were all seated at little tables.

Roger remained at the bar, his gray eyes on the marine. He ordered a drink and when it came pretended to sip it.

Every one was staring at him now because it was common knowledge that all service leaves had been canceled. They looked toward Roger because on his sleeve were the two letters S. P. which means Shore Patrol. They wanted to see how far he would let the marine go. The marine who must have been A. W. O. L.

Roger put his elbows back on the bar, pushed back his cap, and lighted a cigarette. His face was white and glistening with sweat. It looked as though it were modeled in planes with protruding cheekbones and a hard jaw that made angles instead of curves. His hair was black, crisp, curly.

The marine was pounding the table, shouting at the bland Chinese manager:

"Don't give me this old stuff about no girls. Shanghai ain't Shanghai without a babe or two for a man that's been to sea. A fine lot of monkeys you are to let a little shooting make you screwy. I want a woman!" He stopped and gulped down his drink.

Roger grabbed him by the shoulder and spun him around, saying: "Come on."

"Who in the hell—" The marine stared, rubbed his eyes, then said quietly: "Yes, sir."

The room was filled with laughter as Roger took the marine out. In the cool street the light of day was beginning to fade.

They rounded a corner, and then another. The marine straightened and Roger took his hands off him. They walked along together.

"How did I do?" said the marine.

"Fine."

The marine laughed. "I *was* almost drunk, at that; all that vodka. But I think if some one was tailing you he was discouraged, sir. I mean, it seemed plain as day that I was A. W. O. L. and you had just come ashore to get me."

Roger said: "We had to be sure. We have to be careful of everything."

They moved along rapidly.

"You got the papers, sir?"

"Strapped inside my leggings."

"It's partly your invention, isn't it?"

Roger nodded and stepped over the corpses of a man and boy. One of the newer inventions in the American navy was an airship that could be folded up and carried below decks on a submarine; when the sub came to the surface, the plane was brought to deck and assembled in three minutes and forty seconds. Its motor—of necessity small and light—held gas sufficient for an hour's cruising. Roger knew that several Powers were interested in securing a copy of the plans. One of the planes was aboard a submarine stationed in Asiatic waters now, but the only copies of the design were secured in the lining of his left legging. The idea for the plane had originated in China—Roger and another officer having worked it out—and there was no blueprint yet registered in Washington. So his duty now was simple: to deliver the plans aboard the China Clipper without the knowledge of any one except the person who was to carry them to the United States.

" What time are we due back aboard ship? " asked the marine.

" Dawn."

" We going directly to the Clipper now? "

" We are going to the Martinique Hotel," said Roger. " But we'll be out by midnight, which gives us plenty of time. I'm going to be married."

" Married! "

" Uh-huh. I've been engaged to the girl for years. She came here to marry me about the time the trouble started, and we've never been able to see each other. One tough break after another, with her jumping from town to town wherever she could be safe and still close to me."

" I catch. Then you got this job, and she risked coming to Shanghai so—"

" So we could be married. After that she'll return to the States. She'll have to wait for me."

" Since we have this duty, shouldn't we go *first* to the Clipper? "

" No," said Roger.

" I've got an ex-wife living at the Martinique."

" You have? Well? "

" She wants alimony, the tramp! "

Roger threw back his head and laughed.

A BOMB burst not a hundred yards away and they ran for a doorway. Debris crashed all about them, pelting the ground. Screams rose in a crescendo. Then silence. Roger and the marine were walking again. " Listen," said Roger, and they walked faster now. " I'll tell you something. There are only two things in this world that are important. One is war, the other is love. And in time of war love is twice as important because you can't get much of it. If you're afraid, return to the ship. Tell them where I went. What I say is that the papers will be delivered aboard the China Clipper, and that's all in God's world that matters so far as you and I are concerned. We might not even reach the Martinique before we're killed, but I think we will. After that, what matters? After we've made the Martinique and the Clipper? Tomorrow we go back aboard ship, and who knows what's going to happen next? Tomorrow in Shanghai, or aboard a ship off Shanghai, and what? "

" What? "

" Death is what," said Roger, " and death is the end. And I'm going to die married, so help me! "

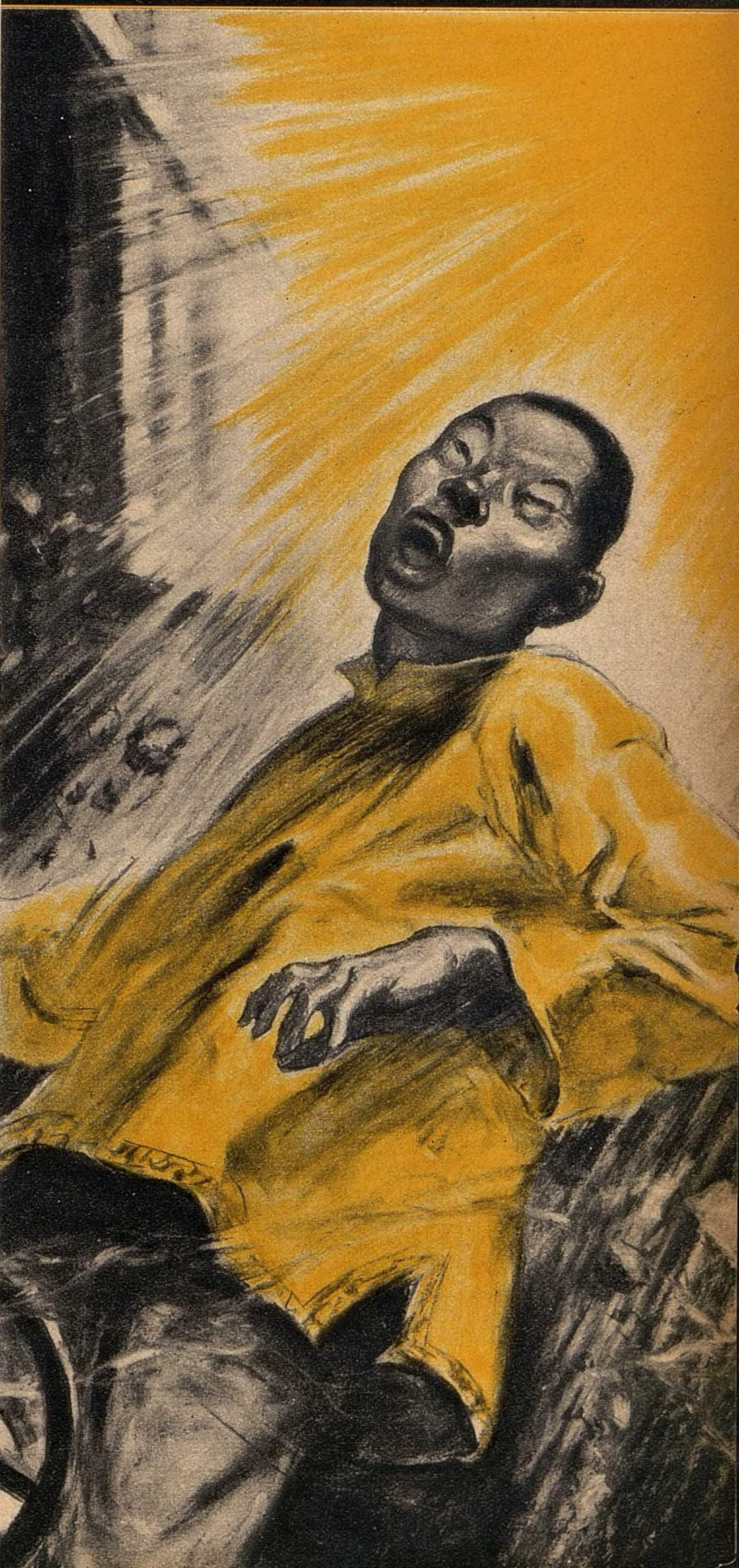
But he had an official reason for seeing Denise which was so secret he was pledged even to keep it from the marine. Denise was leaving for the States immediately after their marriage. She was going on the China Clipper. The plans for the submarine folding plane would be in a compartment of her traveling bag. Roger and the marine were to arrive, distracted, on the landing field right after the ship had taken off, so that if the marine, or any one following them, wondered, to all appearances the papers were still on Roger.

That was the set-up; and the marriage, although unimportant to the government except to establish an alibi

### Beginning a swift and stirring novel of American lovers, madness in the East, and a romance born in terror

## BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SHELDON



windows. Some one—a man—screamed.

for Roger to go to the Martinique in case spies were watching him, was important too. Denise had been in China five months and he had not seen her. He had talked to her on the phone, which was all. He hadn't seen her for three and a half years. It was when he found he couldn't get transferred back to the States that she had come.

They kept walking until at last they came in sight of the Martinique.

“Swank, isn't it?” said the marine as they came into the lobby. “I mean, some stuff.”

“Yes,” said Roger, and he was nervous now. He started across to a house phone to tell Denise he was here. But a man brushed past him, and he stopped, looking up. The man kept going and got into the elevator.

Roger stared, straining for recognition, for he somehow felt that he knew him or had seen him somewhere before. But the elevator doors closed and he went on to the phone.

STEVE FISHER

*preferred the navy to a military school, so he ran away from the school and joined it. At twenty he emerged, honorably discharged, having been tagged by a service publication as “the navy's foremost fiction writer.” Still well within his twenties, he's author of a number of novels and 300 short stories.*

THE tall slender man in the elevator disembarked on the fifth floor and went to his room. He unlocked it carefully and stepped inside, closing the door and locking it again. He glanced toward the closet, swiftly opened the door and looked inside. He bent and peered under the bed. He stepped into his bathroom and glanced around. Then he returned to the bedroom and took off his coat and laid it on the bed, and took his automatic from the holster and threw it on top of the coat.

He poured himself a drink then—pouring it slowly and not watching the liquid, so that it spilled over. He drank part of the whisky.

He lighted a cigarette and moved up and down on the carpet. There was music coming from the radio, soft and sweet and sentimental. Somewhere in Shanghai a dance band was playing. He would see *her* tonight, she whom he hadn't seen for years. (How many was it now?) And would she be more beautiful than he remembered?

He had been chosen, of course, because he knew her (so well!) and because it would be easy for him to get in with her and the man she was to marry. But he didn't like it that they had to meet on her wedding night, because that somehow didn't seem fair or in the game. He wondered if she would find him changed.

He went to the mirror and looked at himself. He looked very fine, his face ruddy and bronze, and hair gray at the temples but very black—ebony black—on top. His green eyes were steady, but he could still make them laugh even when he wasn't laughing. His nose was large and set evenly, and his mouth was handsome.

But he was a traitor—“A damned rotten traitor,” he said, and he said this aloud and into the mirror.

He was born and raised and had gone to school and become a man in the United States. He had been a citizen. His father had paid taxes, and his father's father before him. Their country was America, and his country was America, no matter what they tried to say. He was a traitor because he worked for an agency which supplied any nation with what it wanted and was supplying Germany now.

He looked down at his hands and saw that they were trembling. He opened a dresser drawer, bringing out a bottle of bonded whisky. He poured the liquid into the half-empty pony on the dresser and took it down. He poured himself another and drank it.

Tonight was the first time that he was actually going to work against the United States. They had been careful to assign him to French and Italian and Russian jobs, but tonight was the first time he was to gain his objective from an American naval officer. Afterward, of course, he was to kill the American.

He could not see where his theft could immediately benefit any one. Although he hadn't been told, he had a notion it was Germany who wanted it; and if this was so, it was not for this war here in Shanghai, but some future, some perhaps bigger war. But possibly he was wrong.

He had heard rumor that there was to be an investigation of some kind, and he knew that if it came he would not be able to run. For years his front had been a correspondent for a Chicago paper, and if he was forced to leave his post there would be nowhere he could flee. His exposure would mean ruin. Nor would he any longer be good as a spy; and that was all that was left of him now.

But he must not think of that. That was tomorrow. Tonight every energy in him must be devoted to his assignment.

It was time to put on his dinner jacket, and he went to the closet to get it.

The phone rang.

“Is this William Stone?” It was a woman's voice.

“Yes, speaking.”

“Bill!”

Sweat came out on his cheeks. “Denise?” he said. He said it as though the scent of her perfume were still with him.

“Yes, Bill. I just learned you were here in the hotel. I knew you were in Shanghai, of course, but— Bill, why don't you come down here to my room so I can see you?”

“You're going to be married, aren't you?”

“Why—ah, yes. Tonight.”

“Then coming to your room—”

“Oh, yes.” She laughed nervously.

“Besides, I'm not dressed,” he went on. “But I do want to see you.” He waited.

“Of course. Then how about meeting us in the new dining room in the basement? Eight o'clock.”

“That would be fine.”

“All right. And I'm dying to see you, Bill!”

“Me too,” he said, and laughed.

He dressed slowly, his fingers stiff and seemingly numb. Through these years she had loved him. Her voice had told him that. He poured another drink, spilling some this time, and taking it down. Something was beating and throbbing inside him. He slipped his small automatic into his left-hand back pocket, where it lay flat and did not bulge the cloth. He buttoned the pocket.

ROGER moved through the lobby. Denise was in his heart and her words were in his ears. He had heard her, over the house phone, saying: “Roger, it is actually you. . . . Darling, and you're right downstairs. . . . After all this time! It has been so long. And so hard. Sweet, I'd have you rush right up here, but—but—well, I'm really in my bath, Roger, and . . . Oh, darling! . . . I'll dress and be downstairs as soon as I can possibly make it.”

At the desk the clerk was smiling and bowing and dry-washing his hands. He was apologetic. The dining room had been moved to the basement.

“The basement?”

“Yes, sir. That is in case—well, frankly, in case of a bombing. The maître d'hôtel is in the basement now, and in case of any discomfort he will be able to put all of the guests down there into another room which will be safe. We have taken all precautions.”

The clerk bowed as Roger passed him and started down the stairs. The marine followed.

“Do I hang around, sir?” he said.

“Yes. Get a table.”

The basement was clean and glowed with colored lights. There were only three people eating and each was at a different table. A flaxen-haired girl sat at a piano playing softly, as though she were alone in the room. The maître d'hôtel moved through the half light and met them.

“I have a reservation.” Roger told the man his name.

“Oh. Yes, sir. A table for three. Miss Clark telephoned, sir, not five minutes ago for a table for three.”

Roger frowned and his gray eyes were troubled. He moved off, and the marine started to follow, but was suddenly hemmed off by a small woman who had gotten up from the nearest table. She had peroxided hair and wore a tight-fitting linen skirt. Her hands were on her hips.

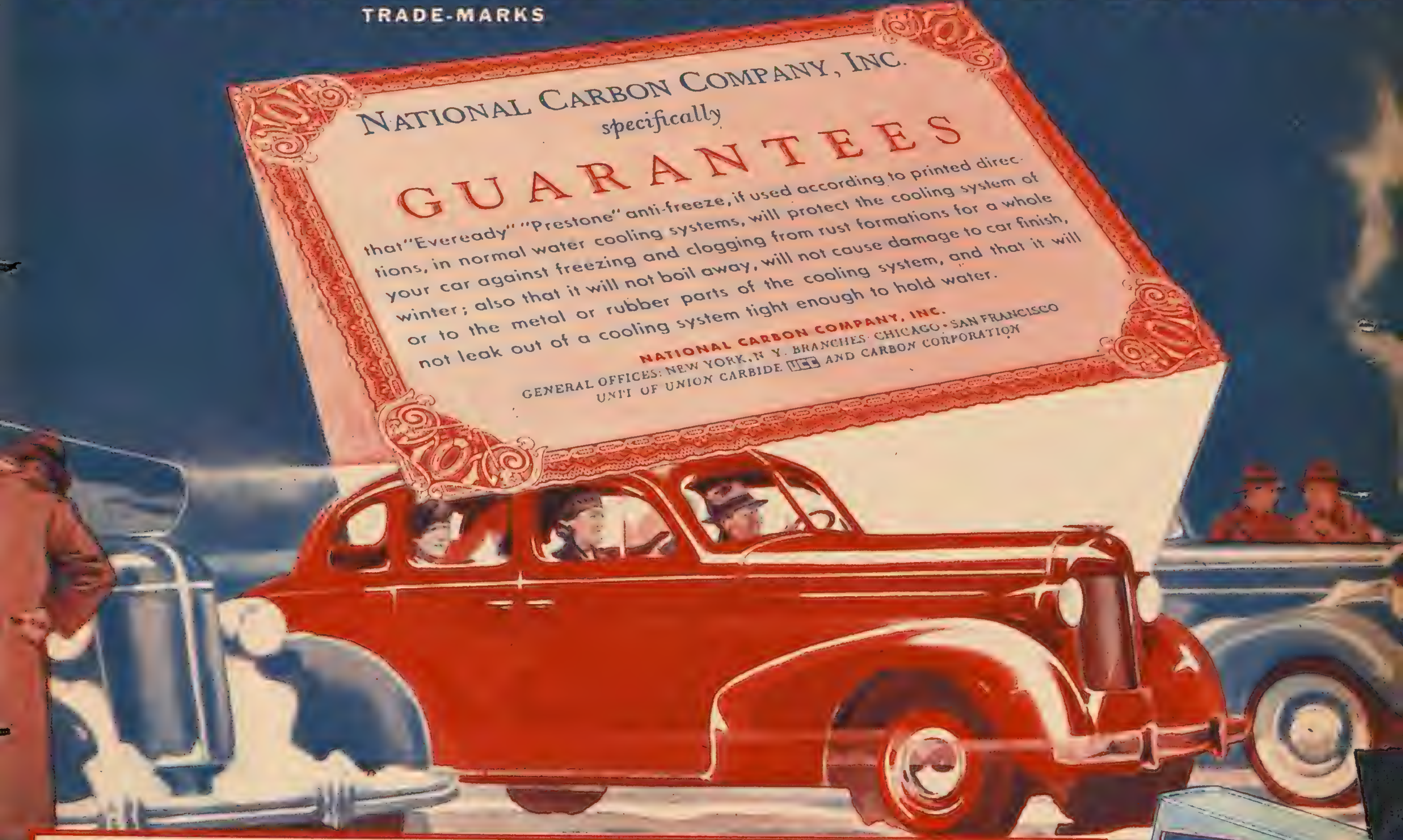
“So you were looking for women?”

“Listen, honey—” said the (*Continued on page 12*)

# DRIVE UNDER THIS GUARANTEE WITH

# EVEREADY PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARKS



NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
*specifically*
GUARANTEES

that "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze, if used according to printed directions, in normal water cooling systems, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a whole winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
GENERAL OFFICES: NEW YORK, N. Y. BRANCHES: CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO
UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE UCC AND CARBON CORPORATION

## FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

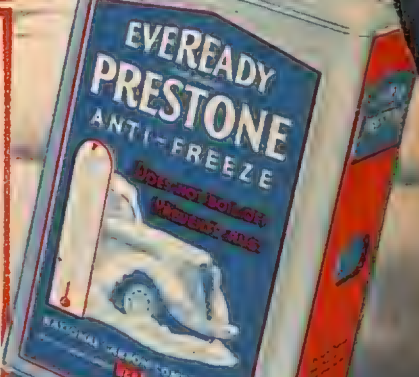
IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the *entire* winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze. But you *can* get it for "Prestone" anti-freeze... and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of "Prestone" anti-freeze—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. If your car isn't on this chart, your dealer has a chart showing all cars; and amounts needed for temperatures to 60° below zero.

*Find your car and read from left to right. The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "—" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¾ gallon to the quantity called for.*

| MODEL | 1 GAL. | 1-½ GAL. | 2 GAL. | 2-½ GAL. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Auburn** | | | | |
| 6-52, '34; 6-53, '35; 6-54, '36 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| 850, '34; 851, '35; 852, '36 | +17 | + 6 | − 9 | −28 |
| **Buick** | | | | |
| 40, '34, '35, '36, '37 | + 6 | −18 | −54 | |
| 60, '32; 50, '33, '34, '35 | +10 | − 8 | −34 | −62 |
| 60, 80, 90, '36, '37 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| 80, 90, '32; 60, '33, '34, '35 | +15 | + 2 | −16 | −42 |
| 80, 90, '33; 90, '34, '35 | +19 | + 9 | − 3 | −19 |
| **Cadillac** | | | | |
| 85, '37 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| 370-D, '34, '35 | +14 | 0 | −21 | −50 |
| 355-D, '34, '35; 80, 85, '36 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| 452-D, '34, '35; 90, '36 | +19 | + 9 | − 3 | −19 |
| 60, 65, 70, 75, '37 | +20 | +12 | + 1 | −12 |
| 60, 70, 75, '36 | +22 | +15 | + 8 | 0 |
| **Chevrolet** | | | | |
| Stand. '33, '34, '35 | −12 | −62 | | |
| Master, '33, '34, '35 | − 6 | −47 | | |
| All Models, '36 | + 8 | −12 | −43 | |
| All Models, '37 | + 6 | −18 | −54 | |
| **Chrysler** | | | | |
| 6, '32, '33, '34, '35; AF, '37 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| AF-8, Imp.-8, '35; 6, '36 | +15 | + 2 | −16 | −42 |
| Roy.-8, Imp.-8, '33; AS-8, '35; Royal, '37 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| DeL-8, '36; Imp., '37 | +18 | + 8 | − 6 | −23 |
| **De Soto** | | | | |
| 6, '34; AF, AS, '36; 6, '37 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| AF, AS, '35 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| **Dodge** | | | | |
| 6, '32, '33, '34; D-2, '36 | + 8 | −12 | −43 | |
| Senior-6, '30; DU, '35; D-5, '37 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| **Ford** | | | | |
| V-8, '32 to '36; V-8-78, '37 | +18 | + 8 | − 6 | −23 |
| V-8-74, '37 | +10 | − 8 | −34 | −62 |

| MODEL | 1 GAL. | 1-½ GAL. | 2 GAL. | 2-½ GAL. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Graham** | | | | |
| 80, 90, 110, '36; 95, 116, 120, '37 | +10 | − 8 | −34 | −62 |
| 73 Spl. 6, 72-8, '35 | +14 | 0 | −21 | −50 |
| 74-6, '35; 85, '37 | 0 | −34 | −62 | |
| 6, 8, '33; 6, 8, '34; 75, '35 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| **Hudson** | | | | |
| 6, '35 (early); 6, '36; 6, '37 | + 3 | −25 | −62 | |
| 8, '36, '37 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| 8, '34, '35 | +19 | + 9 | − 3 | −19 |
| 6, '35 (late) | +14 | 0 | −21 | −50 |
| **Hupmobile** | | | | |
| 417, 421, '34; 521 (J), '35 | +10 | − 8 | −34 | −62 |
| 518 (D), '35; 6-618-G, '36; 6, '37 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| 422, '34; 8-621-N, '36 | +18 | + 8 | − 6 | −23 |
| 426, '34; 527, '35; 627, '36; 8, '37 | +19 | +10 | 0 | −15 |
| **Lafayette** | | | | |
| 6, '34, '35, '36 | +15 | + 2 | −16 | −42 |
| "400", '37 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| **La Salle** | | | | |
| 35-50, '35; 50 (Str. 8), '36 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| 350, '34 | +15 | + 2 | −16 | −42 |
| 345-B, '32; 345-C, '33; 37-50, '37 | +20 | +12 | + 1 | −12 |
| **Lincoln** | | | | |
| Zephyr, '36, '37 | +22 | +14 | + 4 | − 6 |
| V-12, '33 to '37 | +23 | +17 | +10 | + 2 |
| **Nash** | | | | |
| 1070, 1130, 1170, '33; 3720, '37 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| 1220 (Big 6), '34; Adv. 6, 3540, '35 | +14 | 0 | −21 | −50 |
| 3620, 3640, '36; 3780, '37 | +14 | 0 | −21 | −50 |
| Adv. 8, '34, '35; Amb. 8, '36 | +17 | + 6 | − 9 | −28 |
| 1090, 1190, '33; Amb. 8, '34 | +18 | + 8 | − 6 | −23 |
| **Oldsmobile** | | | | |
| F, '35, '36 | + 3 | −25 | −62 | |
| F, '34; L, '35, '36; F, '37 | +10 | − 8 | −34 | −62 |
| L, '33; L, '34 | +15 | + 2 | −16 | −42 |
| L, '37 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |

| MODEL | 1 GAL. | 1-½ GAL. | 2 GAL. | 2-½ GAL. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Packard** | | | | |
| 120, '35, '36; 6, '37 | +14 | 0 | −21 | −50 |
| 8, '33 to '35; 1400-1-2, '36; 120, '37 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| Super 8, '35, '36 | +18 | + 8 | − 6 | −23 |
| 1500-1-2, '37 | +19 | +10 | 0 | −15 |
| 12, '33 to '37 | | +21 | +16 | +10 |
| **Pierce Arrow** | | | | |
| 836, '33, '34; 1601, '36; 1701, '37 | +20 | +12 | + 1 | −12 |
| 840-A, '34; 845, '35 | +22 | +15 | + 6 | − 5 |
| 1602-03, '36; 1702-03, '37 | +24 | +20 | +15 | + 9 |
| 1240-A, 1248-A, '34; 1245, 1255, '35 | | +21 | +16 | +10 |
| **Plymouth** | | | | |
| PC, PD, '33 | + 3 | −25 | −62 | |
| PF, PG, '34 | + 6 | −18 | −54 | |
| PA, '31; PB, '32; PE, '34; PJ, '35 | + 8 | −12 | −43 | |
| P1, P2, '36; P3, P4, '37 | + 8 | −12 | −43 | |
| **Pontiac** | | | | |
| '30, '31; 6, '32, '35 | + 6 | −18 | −54 | |
| 8, '33, '34, '35; 6, '36 | + 8 | −12 | −43 | |
| 6, '37 | +10 | − 8 | −34 | −62 |
| 8, '36 | +12 | − 4 | −27 | −59 |
| 8, '37 | +15 | + 2 | −16 | −42 |
| **Reo** | | | | |
| FC, '35, '36; Roy. '35 | +15 | + 2 | −16 | −42 |
| 8-25, S, '32; S-2, '33; S-6, '34 | +16 | + 4 | −12 | −34 |
| Roy. N-2, '33; Roy. (8), '34 | +20 | +12 | + 1 | −12 |
| **Studebaker** | | | | |
| Dic. 8, '32; 6, '33; Dic. 6, '36, '37 | + 6 | −18 | −54 | |
| Com., '31 to '33; Dic., '34, '35; Pres., '37 | +10 | − 8 | −34 | −62 |
| Pres., '33, '34, '36; Com. '34 | +14 | 0 | −21 | −50 |
| Pres., '30 to '32, '35; Com. '35 | +17 | + 6 | − 9 | −28 |
| **Terraplane** | | | | |
| 6, '32, '33; 6 Spec. (early), 6 DeL. (early), '35; 6, '36, '37 | + 3 | −25 | −62 | |
| 8, '33 | +10 | − 8 | −34 | −62 |
| 6, '34; 6 Spec. (late), 6 DeL. (late), '35 | +14 | 0 | −21 | −50 |
| **Willys** | | | | |
| 77, '33 to '36 | −21 | | | |
| 37, '37 | − 6 | −47 | | |



$2.95
A GALLON

When you get "Prestone" anti-freeze you get your car off your mind. Protection that can't be guaranteed, is no protection at all. When you *can* insure your car against BOIL-AWAY, FREEZE-UP and RUST for the whole winter, under the "Eveready" "Prestone" guarantee, why consider any other anti-freeze?

"Prestone" anti-freeze does not boil away; therefore, *first cost is last cost*... one shot protects your car until spring.

(*Continued from page 10*) marine, but without avail.

"You were in the Tokay Bar looking for women. Don't tell me different! I have friends—friends who use the telephone."

"But, honey—"

"You have money to spend on women, but you can't pay *my* alimony!"

"You're the lousiest tramp I ever saw. If you don't get out of my way I'm going to take a swing at you. All I want is for you to leave me alone. But I want that, and let there be no mistake about it!"

"What of my alimony?"

The marine laughed. "Have me arrested. Have me put in jail in Shanghai. Why don't you do that?" He held his sides and laughed. The blonde slapped his face.

Roger, seated now at a table for three, saw that and smiled, though he did not feel like smiling. He felt ugly now; impatient, restless. He saw the marine and the blonde go to a table, and they were both laughing now. It was getting hotter. He loosened his collar. Then he became aware of what had been in his ears since he came down here. It was the piano. He recognized a Chopin ballade. The flaxen-haired girl played beautifully. He listened, being soothed now. He studied the girl.

She was under a bright white light and he could see her well in profile. The delicate lines of her nose and mouth and forehead, the pale beauty of her skin, and the luster of her hair which came to her shoulders. Her eyes were beautiful, and he thought she seemed incredibly sad.

He listened, quietly contented now, as she changed to Liebestraum, her white hands scarcely moving across the ivory keys. Suddenly he was in her mood. He rose and went to the piano. He stood with his elbow on the edge of it and watched her fingers.

But suddenly the fingers lifted from the keys and the hands folded and dropped into the girl's lap. She looked up into his eyes, and he saw her full beauty now. Her cheekbones were high, and her forehead was high, and her lips were carmine. Her eyes were green, deep, and wide-set; yet there was anger in them.

"Does it make you nervous to have some one here?"

"Yes." Her voice was low and husky and tired.

He fumbled with a cigarette, put it in his mouth. "You were playing just now because you were nervous, though. Weren't you? You were playing because it soothed you. The music had that quality. When I heard you playing I wanted to know you, and I thought—"

"You thought that in war there isn't much time to get to know people."

"Yes, that's what I thought."

"And that is true. You are right. My name is Alicia, and yours is—?"

"Roger."

"Why are you here?" she said.

"That—that doesn't matter, Alicia."

BUT he knew that it did matter. He knew that he loved Denise and he was only drunk on Alicia's music and beauty. He knew that he was a fool to stand here any longer.

"You'll have to pardon me," he said.

"You'll come back?"

"Yes," he said, and he moved away from her. He sat down at his table which was set for three, and ordered another drink for himself. Alicia began to play once more. And Denise came in—Denise in a long blue satin gown, with lustrous red hair and laughing blue eyes. He saw her at the bottom of the stairs, and with her the slender man he had seen get into the elevator. He recognized the man now. An American correspondent for a Chicago newspaper who had in months gone by visited the fleet. Roger rose. He was smiling, for he knew he must smile.

. . . . .

The swift moment of meeting came, went, and they were seated, the three. And Roger was conscious that Alicia's back was to him and that she was playing again. She must have been told there was going to be a wedding tonight. Yes, they would tell her because she was an entertainer here.

Champagne was poured, and Stone took his fast, like a whisky, motioning to the waiter that he wanted more. Denise was looking at Roger now, and he thought he saw adoration in her eyes. It made her lovely, and he felt his heart flutter with the ache of the old love he had known for her.

She pressed his hand.

"Roger—darling. We—" Tears glistened in the corners of her eyes. "You haven't even kissed me," she said.

He kissed her, a brush of lips that lasted a second, no longer. Stone was drinking, and said now: "I hope I'm not intruding, old man; I hope I'm not in the way."

Denise laughed and her tears were gone. "Roger, I knew Bill—oh, so long ago. School. College, and after. I never told you about him. Perhaps I should have. I told you only—before you left—that I knew a man who was in the Asiatics and maybe some day you would see him."

"An old lover," said Roger with half a smile.

"The old and the new," William Stone replied, and he was after the waiter for another drink. His face was flushed.

A new shambles unreeled even as he passed.

Minutes passed, conversation went on. Roger sat, half listening, clinging to the music as though it came through the dark and was his life line. He kept watching Alicia and listening, and growing closer to her; in the spirit, not in the flesh.

And, too, he saw the soft lights and the ugliness of the room. The marine and tart, a Chinese student, and a British business man were at different tables, besides Roger and Denise and Stone. They were all who were in the room except for the waiters and Alicia and the maître d'hôtel.

These were all—until the big Russian came in. Roger looked up at him, and Stone looked up, his face blanching a little. Alicia's fingers raced over the piano keys and the music crashed. The waiters rushed about him and the maître d'hôtel dry-washed his hands and bowed and bowed as the Russian sat down.

He was incredibly filthy, although he wore rich clothes. Sweat rolled off him in baby marbles. He must have been fifty.

"Who is he?" said Roger.

"Who is he?" Stone echoed, staring still. "I don't know . . . I don't want to know. But I can tell you who he thinks he is, and who people around here believe him to be. He is the war. He is God. He is death and hell and the law."

"Shut up," said Roger.

Stone jerked out of it, looked at him. "What?"

"I said shut up, and I mean shut up. I asked you for information, not a speech. You're half drunk. That man is only a filthy Russian, and I'll damned well tell him so if you dare me."

"Roger!" cried Denise. "You were *never* like this!"

He saw tears in her eyes, and put his hand on her arm, saying: "I'm sorry, honey. I'm sorry, Stone. Go on about the Russian."

"Well," said Stone, "it's a little lengthy for an evening's telling, but the story has to do with a puppet emperor in Manchuria, to all appearances run by Japan . . . but that was only what Japan thought. This Russian—and I won't mention his name, for it is best that I don't—had men in his pay in there. He has men in his pay throughout China. He is the central government. The Chinese armies are his armies. And he is working for himself—not for Russia. If China wins, he wins; if Japan wins, he loses."

Roger said: "Then he's a war lord. I dare say there are fifty of them in Shanghai."

Denise broke in: "Roger . . . Darling, darling, don't you love me at all? Must you keep on talking about wars and business and—oh—"

Roger said: "Of course I love you. In a few days you'll be back in the States. You'll be my wife. And when *I* get back—"

"I shan't like waiting," she said.

Roger opened his mouth to speak, but his tongue froze. Alicia was moving across the room. Then he thought his heart had stopped, for she came up to the fat leering Russian's table and sat down. She let him take her hand.

Roger's first impulse was to leap to his feet, though he did not do this. Food—the food of his wedding feast—was being put down before him.

"Roger," said Denise, "can't you speak?"

He said: "I—I'm sorry, dear." And then, awkwardly, he excused himself. He got up and left the table. He was conscious only of that: of leaving, of walking away. He moved up the stairway, out of the basement. When he was on the main floor an explosion shuddered against the walls. The lights flickered, then went out. Roger groped through the darkness to the window. There was mad confusion outside; screaming, shouting; a steady *crack-crack* of rifles.

He must get back into the basement to Denise. But as he moved forward some one lighted candles and put them on the desk. Giant yellow candles.

And in their light he saw Alicia. He came toward her.

"Oh—here you are."

"You were looking for me, Alicia?"

"Yes. I came just before the explosion. I— But I must get back now."

He seized her hands. "Not now," he said. "Not so soon."

"But—"

A BOMB smashed in explosion across the front of the hotel, breaking the windows. Some one—a man—screamed from the darkness. Roger felt Alicia's hand tremble in his.

"Why did you want to see me?" he asked.

"I—I wanted to say good-by. I wanted to tell you. I'm going away from here—forever."

She lowered her eyes.

"You are going with the Russian!"

"Yes."

"Why?"

She looked up. "You shouldn't ask. You're going to be married, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Roger.

"To that girl?"

"Yes."

"Then—we must go back now. I must go back. He will be furious. The Russian. Perhaps it would be better if we didn't go together."

Her fingers pressed his for a moment, and then she was gone. He stood there, cold and with sweat on his face. His hands were trembling. It was not fear. It was she. She was in his heart.

There was the splitting roar of another bomb, and then plaster began to fall and he thought the room was caving in.

He turned and made his way back to the basement. He found there only candlelight and the misty reflection of vacant white tables, and across the room from him a piano and the silhouette of a girl seated at it.

He went to her and put his hands on her shoulders.

"They have all gone into the storm cellar," she said softly. "The door is locked."

She did not turn but played a bar on the piano.

"We said good-by."

"Yes, Alicia; but if we never see each other again after tonight, it will never be good-by."

"Never?"

"Never," he said.

She played, and played Vienna Dreams. Once the basement rocked with the fury of sound, and plaster fell; but after that there was silence. When she had lifted her fingers from the keys, she said: "Sit here beside me, Roger."

He sat down and put his hands around his knees. She got off the stool and sat there on the step from the music platform beside him.

"Must you go with him, Alicia?"

"Yes."

"Are you—are you his mistress?"

"I will be."

"But you haven't been yet. You—"

"No. I loathe him. But I am tired. I am tired of working, of being hungry. I am tired of lonely nights. What else can I do? It is escape."

"But do you want escape? Are you sure?"

"I want something," she said; "it must be that. Do you want your marriage?"

"Well, I—"

"You do. Your sanity does."

"Yes—yes, but—"

"Then we must forget this, Roger. You stay here. I will play you something."

He did not move.

IN the darkness of the crowded bombproof room William Stone stood holding Denise, confused with his own emotions.

"Do you think Roger is all right?" she whispered.

"Do you love him?"

"I came here to marry him," Denise said.

"I know; but do you love him?"

She answered: "I knew that if I came to China, no matter what the pretext, I would see you."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"Yes, Bill; but—oh, God!"

He felt her close to him. She needed him, needed him no matter what he was, what he did to earn his bread. Somehow he could look after her; he could, and would.

He stopped suddenly. What was he thinking? He would have to kill Roger, of course, to keep his own identity secret; for one must not know who is a spy.

"Denise," he said, "I'm going out and see whether it's stopped. Don't come out until I return. Promise."

He argued with the maître d'hôtel, and made him promise, too, to keep the crowd here until he returned.

He wound through the underground corridors, and came at last to the dining room. He drew the small automatic from his back left-hand pocket now and pressed it hard against his palm.

Quietly he pushed back the door.

He saw the burning candles . . . the girl at the piano . . . Roger sitting on the step from the music stand. He saw these things, these people, and moved silently forward.

He lifted the automatic.

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*So Death points a steely finger. But suppose Stone shoots: what then? He is there, as spy, to get those plans. He does not yet know just where they are. What if he kills Roger before finding out? What if Roger has hidden them or slipped them to the marine? Will this occur to Stone in time? And, if Roger's life is spared, will he now go through with his marriage to Denise, leaving Alicia to the loathsome Russian war lord? Altogether, a moment doubly sure to keep you in suspense—until you read Liberty next week!*

# The Real Reason Why Edward and

## A surprising chronicle of little-known facts in the background of what may prove to be a history-making journey

### BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

10
DOWNING
STREET
?

A HUNDRED explanations have been offered for the transatlantic journey of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Three have gained wide credence.

He's bored. She's eager to show the home folks her king. She wants to have her baby at Johns Hopkins.

Only the Windsors know about that third explanation—although it is interesting and perhaps significant that the man who was known as the Flying Prince, the Flying King, and the Flying Lover has recently, when accompanied by his wife, traveled conservatively in trains.

But all three of these explanations might be measurably true and yet not tell the real reason why Edward and Wallie come a-visiting.

The official explanation—the Duke's interest in housing—is also hardly a complete excuse for his trip.

But it is a signpost that points the road—the road back. America is only a way station on that road. London is the last stop; 10 Downing Street the terminal.

Since that memorable "At long last" farewell to his people, many things have happened which have created a new situation to be dealt with in a new way. Edward is going home to deal with it.

In the present crisis England has two "must" objectives: to separate Germany from Italy and to unite our interests with her own.

At home, England has two major problems: to placate Labor and to hold the Dominions.

The man who can solve these problems and achieve these objectives will be the next Premier of England.

There are many people—some say as many as 500,000,000!—who believe that Edward Windsor is the only man who can do this job. Edward Windsor is one of them.

And with good reason.

He knows where he stands with British workingmen. His continuing interest in their welfare is the best possible evidence of where they stand with him. He knows that for a quarter of a century he has meant more to the people of the Dominions than any other Englishman.

He knows that with the people of Germany he is not only the most popular Englishman but the most popular of all non-Nazis. He knows that with the people of the United States he is not only the most popular Englishman but perhaps the most popular living man.

Many people in England know these things, too.

The first result of this unwelcome knowledge was, as so often happens, a campaign of vilification and abuse, behind-the-back attacks by those who would suffer most by Edward's triumphant return. But the second and more lasting result is a resurgence of the long-held belief that this slender and still youngish man is the only hope of a continuingly dominant British Empire.

Edward has not remained in ignorance of this sudden change in public sentiment. He has heard the call. He believes that, in the crisis now confronting his country and the world, it is his patriotic duty to go back to England and use his unique position in the service of his people. And as a politician, he knows that the quickest way back lies through the workshops of the world.

That's why he went to Berlin. That's why he comes to New York.

And as for London?

Well, a good deal of water has flowed under London Bridge since that December night, less than a year ago, when Edward's husky voice came over the air: "God bless you all! God save the King!"

At that time, Stanley Baldwin, wealthy industrialist, was the undisputed—except by Edward—ruler of the British Empire. Cosmo Gordon Lang, riding high as friend and confidant of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, had revived the ancient glories of the once politically dominant Archbishopric of Canterbury.

Baldwin has gone. The gilt on his political crown is already beginning to tarnish. Nothing dies so fast as the influence of a retired politician, even though that politician has been the idol of a people. Cosmo Gordon Lang has sunk into an eclipse of his own contriving. When the exultant cleric scurried to the microphone after the abdication to vilify by implication the man to whom, only a few months before, he had given repeated

# Wallie Are Coming to the U. S. A.

lip service, he eliminated himself as a factor in British statesmanship. Today he is a political pushover.

Left behind to hold the bridge are Neville Chamberlain, who took no part in Edward's dismissal, and Anthony Eden, who was smart enough not to appear to do so. It is inconceivable that either of these apostles of expediency would hold out for long against any formidable movement of the British electorate to restore Edward to a position of political power.

That there is such a movement in England today, no one can deny.

Typical is the group known as Edwardians, who not only have ample funds at their disposal but exceedingly active headquarters—safely located in Zurich, Switzerland — from which they are in continual correspondence with British men and women interested in bringing Edward back, not as King, but as Premier.

These Edwardians are recruited from all classes, and their motives for turning to Edward differ with each class. Those who come from the very poor, gratefully remember the former King's visit to Wales and his fateful promise that "something will be done." Others, middle-class shopkeepers, feel that the people should have been consulted before Edward's abdication was decided upon. Middle-class England has at last waked up to the fact that Edward was sent away without the vote of Parliament and without the vote of his country. It was not Edward who abdicated, these typical Britons are now saying, but Parliament.

Still other Edwardians are upper-class liberals who resent the Church's interference with what they hold is primarily a matter of government and politics.

Another group, less numerous perhaps than the Edwardians but more highly organized, is the Society of Octavians with headquarters at Wimbledon. The Octavians profess no ambition to restore Edward either to his throne or to political leadership. Their purpose, on the surface at least, is "to keep alive the memory of one who loved and served his country well in times of peace and war, and whose present voluntary exile has resulted solely from his sense of constitutional loyalty." Their program is to celebrate the anniversaries of Edward's birthday and of his accession to the throne, and to challenge in the public press by letters of protest all articles or pronouncements derogatory to their ex-King. Although they insist that their activities are in no sense political, this group has roused large sections of intelligent British public opinion and potential political support for the exiled monarch.

And what, you ask, is the official attitude of the Ministers of the Crown?

Well, the answer to that question lies in the attitude of the smartest man in England, Anthony Eden, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and the best evidence of that attitude is, of course, the fact that Edward is making his journey "with the sanction of the Foreign Office."

That Eden has done this out of love for Edward is extremely unlikely. It is even whispered that he never liked the guy.

But Eden can read the handwriting on the wall. If Edward is coming back, he is going to march up Piccadilly with Anthony carrying the torch.

To Edward as King, the White Knight of Geneva may have been Anthony Adverse, but to Edward as Prime Minister—well, Anthony has always been Anthony Ambitious. And as Eden goes, on a question so vitally affecting the Empire's world relations, so goes the Ministry.

What will Edward do with his power after he gets it?

Some profess to fear that he will head an international Fascist front. This is one of many absurd canards, devised to divert attention from his real aims.

The facts would seem to speak for themselves. For more than two decades Edward, Prince of Wales—Edward, King of England—Edward, citizen of the world has been the most outstanding living exponent of democratic living. He has aligned himself with the downtrodden and needy. That he intends to do something to better the living conditions of the submerged one third, there can be no doubt. There is reason to believe, also, that the "something," to which he vaguely referred during his days and nights with the Welsh miners, has, during the past year of deliberation, taken definite form.

IN the furor over the wedding at Monts, one important fact has been fairly well overlooked. The owner of the Chateau de Cande, the host of Edward Windsor and Wallis Warfield, is a retired American industrialist named Charles Bedaux.

Bedaux is an interesting and important person. He was not content with accumulating a fortune in industry. He devised countless improvements in industrial methods and conditions which came to be known, in the lump, as the "Bedaux System." It is said that Henry Ford was so impressed with the man's ideas that he offered him a monumental sum to put the Rouge River Ford plant on a Bedaux basis.

But Charles Bedaux refused all offers to use his great talents longer solely on the side of employing industrialists. His interests had broadened and changed. He decided to give his life to studying and improving the conditions of industrial employees.

Edward has spent weeks and months in the study of his American friend's carefully reached conclusions. He has not accepted them in toto. He is not that kind—and on this particular subject he has strong convictions based on long study in every part of the world. But together these two public-spirited citizens have worked out a complete plan which looks, ultimately, to the banishing of poverty from the modern world.

Now Edward has gone out once more to check up on recent developments in this field. If he is satisfied after what he sees on this trip, especially what he sees in America, that the plan is as right as he believes it to be, he is going back to England to put it into effect in the mills and mines of his native land.

It is a great adventure—worthy of a King!

THE END

# Is the Klan Coming Back?

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LIBERTY prints this pronouncement by Hiram Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, for its news interest alone. Nothing is more abhorrent to Liberty than the idea of a secret society organized against any race or religious group or based on the un-American principles of prejudice and bigotry. But if such societies do exist in this country, which is dedicated to the principle of racial and religious freedom, then we feel that the public should know as much about the matter as can be found out.

Here the head of the Ku Klux Klan states his position emphatically and clearly enough for all to understand. We shall be glad to print any reply or a selection of replies to Mr. Evans which our readers may send in. But in the face of what he says here under his own signature we wonder if any reply is needed. Is not the whole Ku Klux Klan here condemned forever out of the mouth of its own leader?

IF this were a sermon—which it is not!—I would choose for my text the recent remark of a prominent member of the United States Senate:

"I thought the Klan was dead."

As it is, I just laugh. For I know the facts about the Klan.

I know that it is not dead.

I know that it is not even sick.

I know—and I make the statement with full knowledge of its import—that the Klan is stronger today than it has ever been before.

This assertion, which I will prove, has no relation to recent political developments in Washington.

The increase in the Klan's strength is no mushroom growth. It began as soon as the native-born American people learned that this new Klan was rising out of the ashes of the old Klan. It has continued steadily through prosperity, depression, and recovery.

How could it be otherwise?

There has been a good deal of talk lately about life memberships in the Klan. Some people seem to think of this organization as a sort of social club which a person joins season by season, or to which he gets a two-weeks card. But in the Klan all memberships are really life memberships.

Once a Klansman, always a Klansman.

I will modify that last statement in one respect: No man is forced to remain a Klansman against his will. All he has to do is to notify the organization that he wishes to resign. In ten years, not a thousand members have availed themselves of this privilege.

The reason? Before a man can join the Klan he must answer a long list of questions which go deep into his fundamental beliefs. He doesn't unbelieve those things. They are too much a part of him. They were his before he joined the Klan. They would have been his if the Klan had never existed. That is why we know that every Klansman who has ever taken the oath believes as he did when he took it.

The strength of the Klan today is, therefore, what it was in the middle and later 1920s—allowing, of course, for deaths—*plus what it has since gained.*

It is not my purpose to boast of the numerical strength of the Klan. We have never given out membership figures. Those published some years ago were not ours. We laughed at them then. We laugh at them now.

I remember one table of membership issued by some imaginative person back, I think, in 1930. This tabulation was obviously published to arouse anti-Klan feeling by the huge totals given state by state. As a matter of fact, they *were* large and impressive figures. But that wasn't why we laughed. We laughed because they were so pitiably small compared with the facts. For example, I recall that the total for the State of Florida was less than half of the Klan membership in the one city of Jacksonville.

STATISTICS compiled today would be even less truly representative. For we have learned that the effectiveness of the Klan does not always lie in the names on the books.

I will give you a definite example. A few years ago we were deeply interested in a certain election in Maine. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, we found to our great surprise that the cause we had supported rolled up its heaviest majorities in a section of the state where we were numerically weakest. I sent a man down there to make a door-to-door canvass to see why that was. His findings were significant.

The region was populated by hard-bitten, frugal native-born Americans, who were having an everlasting struggle to dig a living out of the land.

"We believe what you believe," citizen after citizen answered our investigator, "but we just can't see ourselves paying ten dollars a year."

In short, our strength has always been not alone in the number of enrolled members but in the number of people who think the Klan's way. And there are more people than ever before who think that way today.

Men of a certain type of mentality will go down a given line if they have the opportunity. What the Klan tries to do is to set up conditions in such a way that they can do it successfully. That is all we did in 1928, when, as many think, we reached the peak of our power, when we "beat Al Smith."

We never claimed that we beat Al Smith. Al beat himself. If he hadn't just attacked Republicans as Republicans, and had put out a strong progressive program of his own, he could have defeated Hoover.

Which is neither here nor there, except to emphasize the fact that we did *not* reach the peak in 1928; that we had only begun to climb.

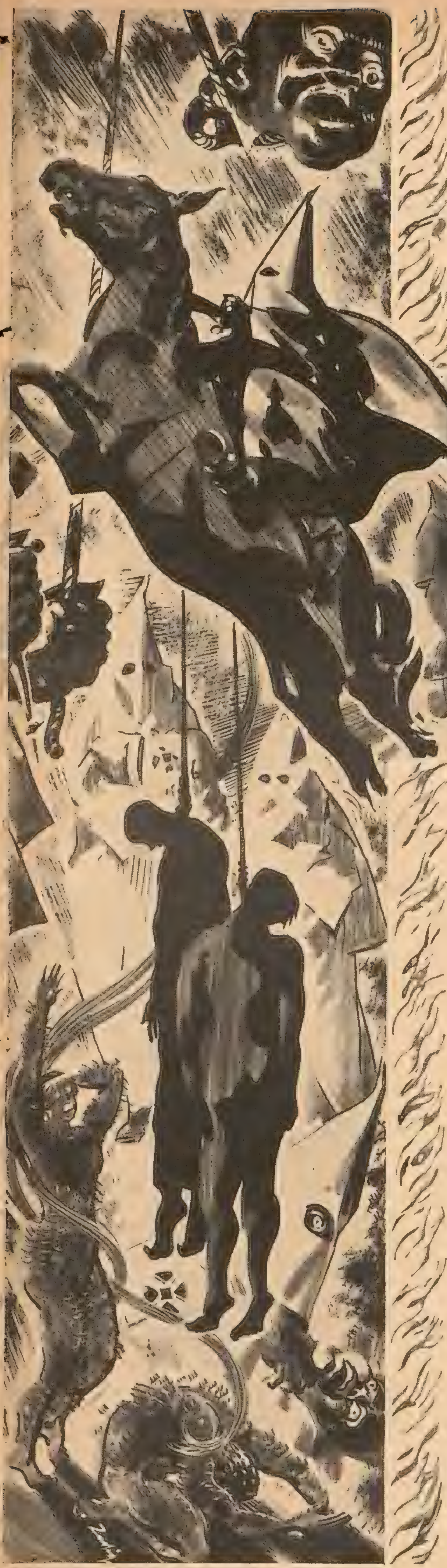
The only reason the Klan was more prominent in the Smith campaign than in subsequent elections was that we were interested nationally that year. Since then our interest has been largely state and local.

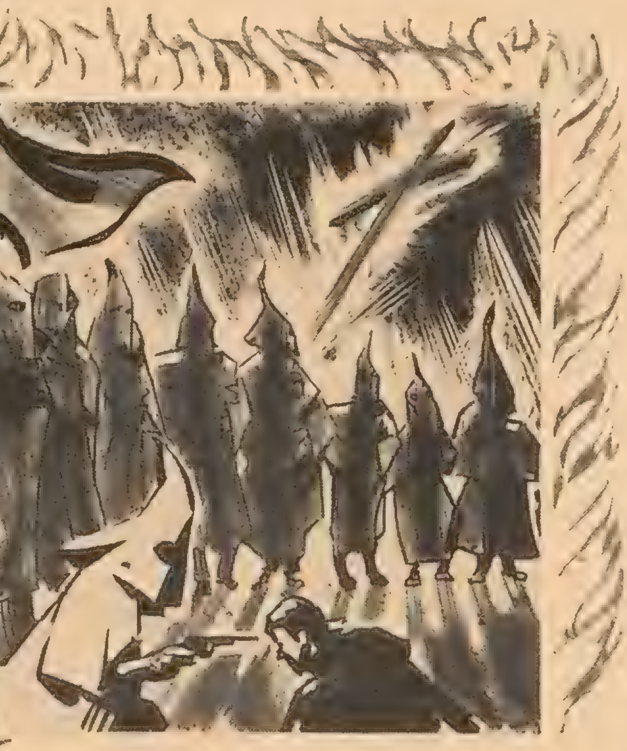
The President of the United States is an important man, the most important and most powerful in the world. We of the Klan do not underestimate his importance or his power, but we know that the man who most inti-

For liberals who think! Liberty lays before you a frank, dismaying avowal. Its significance? Judge for yourself

# BY HIRAM W. EVANS

Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan





mately touches the life of the individual, of you and me, is the man we send to the Board of Aldermen or the Common Council or the mayor's office in City Hall, the man we send to the State House and the Executive Mansion, and the man whom we, as residents of state or district, send to the Senate or to the House of Representatives.

The Klan has not neglected these men. In fact it has followed their fortunes so assiduously that it was even better satisfied with the election returns in 1936 than it was in 1928. Because of them we are now immeasurably stronger.

OUR joy was not confined to 1936 contests where we were known to have been fighting for a specific cause. Many of the victors in that election had proved their loyalty to Klan ideals in previous years, and had earned their right to continuing loyalty from us. They got it. We know our friends, and never fail them.

We have never been smart in politics but we have tried to be careful.

Of course there are certain states in which we were always weak: for example, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho. The Klan organizations in these states are only memories today. In the states where we were always strong —Indiana, for instance—we are stronger than we ever were. The latter statement goes for nearly all the states.

The Klan is a patriotic organization, not a political one. We take no part in party politics as such, and we do not intend to do so. We have a truly catholic taste so far as temporary political alliances are concerned. We are very particular whose fight we help, but we are not particular who helps our fight!

If we are so tolerant of political parties, why are we so intolerant of races, sects, and colors?

The answer is that we are *not* intolerant.

You may be surprised, but no one has a higher regard for Jews than I have. And why shouldn't I? I believe in the Bible. God says that the Jews are His chosen people. Who am I to say that they are not?

That a Jew can be a good citizen is not subject to discussion. There are too many fine Jews that we all know. The Klan has no prejudice against Jews on racial grounds. Any native-born Jew who has embraced the Christian faith is eligible for membership in our organization. Several of them have become members.

Our attitude toward the Jew in America is simply that this is a Christian country and that he is not a Christian. This, we hold, is not intolerance, even of the religious variety. We have no religious disputes with any man. We believe that no man who believes in Almighty God and the Holy Bible can properly have a religious argument with another man who believes in God and the Holy Bible. The Klan's issue with the Jew, although joined on religious grounds, is in no sense a religious quarrel. Where the Jewish problem affects the native-born American Christian is that the Jews, feeling themselves persecuted by mankind, traditionally build a fence around themselves and consider themselves something apart from the general run of the citizenry among whom they live and from whom they get their livelihood.

That, we submit, is abhorrent to the American mind. You can't get away with that sort of thing in a democratic country. At least, you ought not to—and the Klan intends to see that you don't.

The Catholic question is different, except that the Klan's attitude is not based on religious intolerance.

We have no quarrel with the Pope.

In fact, I personally believe, and I think that most Klansmen will agree, that the present occupant of the Vatican is a fine man doing a fine work; that the world needs him. He is one of the greatest popes of all time. But, as such, he is simply a great Italian personage. He is not the exclusive general agent of God Almighty.

That is our issue with the Catholic Church: its dogma of authority is intolerable in a free country.

Our attitude toward the Negro race is not based on racial hatred, nor on the question of native birth or religious belief.

It is based simply on breeding principles.

Intermarriage—or, at least, interbreeding—of the white and black races is going on much faster than most people realize, especially in the East. The Klan believes that unless such unnatural mating is stopped America is doomed to be destroyed through miscegenation.

There may be those who think that such an attitude shows intolerance. I'll tell you what it shows. It shows sense. The Egyptians were once the greatest people in the world. In their wisdom they erected pillars on their caravan routes from the desert, past which Egyptian merchants could bring Negroes only on penalty of instant death. Time passed; and the shortsighted and money-mad among the Egyptian traders disregarded the wise warning. The Negroes came in. Egypt and Ethiopia became united under the dominance of a mongrel race. Where is Egypt now? And where, oh, where, is Ethiopia?

Breeders of horses, sheep, cattle do not introduce into their herds strains which will lower the quality. Why should we do that?

While the cables were being kept warm by the injection of the so-called Klan issue into the Supreme Court fight, a lady reporter called me on the transatlantic telephone to interview me for the London Express.

"Will you be able to maintain white supremacy in the Southern States?" was one question she asked.

"We've been doing it for seventy years, since the end of the Civil War," I answered.

"But how?"

"By meeting the problem as it presents itself. That's what we are going to continue to do."

THAT is the way the Klan is going to meet all the problems which affect the welfare of the native-born American citizen.

For example, the Klan is deeply concerned about keeping America out of war. It nurses no Utopian dreams of a warless world. And, be it known, it disagrees heartily with our distinguished President on the present neutrality policy of American diplomacy. The kind of neutrality which we are now theoretically practicing is un-American and as such unacceptable; and it is certain to lead us not into peace but into war.

The Klan believes that every American citizen should be allowed to trade with any human being who has good iron money to exchange for American goods. But—and this is a cause to which the Klan is irrevocably committed—such trading with belligerent countries in time of war should be at the risk of the trader. He should get his money for his shipment before it sails, or he should take out insurance to protect him in case of loss. If American ships and American sailors are also involved, adequate insurance should be taken out on their safety; and the individual shipowner or individual sailor should undertake the voyage with full knowledge of the risk.

*That is the Klan program to prevent wars. We intend to see that it goes through.*

The Klan is not taking sides in the present schism in labor's ranks. It believes that the American Federation of Labor, for which it has always had the greatest respect, has been hurting the cause of labor and the American people by withholding a complete repudiation of the sit-down strike.* On the other hand, it feels that John Lewis has been carried far afield by alien elements.

You see, it all gets down to our belief that America is for the Americans. We believe that native-born Americans are better citizens *for America* than alien-born immigrants; that if all the officeholders in the United States were native-born Christian Americans, we would have a better government than if half of them were foreign-born, with foreign principles and traditions.

WE not only believe in native-born Americans, but we believe in giving all of them a better chance than they have had. I will cite an extreme case. There are in the mountains of the South some 2,500,000 of the purest-blooded Americans in this country. These people have been more maligned than any other group of our citizenry. The Klan has made an intensive study of their problems. It is convinced that the one and only trouble with most of these mountaineers is that they have not had the advantages that other Americans have had.

Five months of every year it is impossible for these people to get out of the neighborhoods in which they live over the roads which have been provided for them. Consequently, when they were children, they were not able to go to school. Their children are not able to go.

The Klan is going to change all that; is changing it by supporting none but those public officials who are pledged to the program of building roads out of these mountains which can be used all the year round, and to the building of ample school and transportation facilities.

The blood of these people is the best in the country. Being Americans, we believe it is the best in the world. All they need is a chance. The Klan intends to see that they get one.

But how is the Klan going to get the money to finance all these ambitious campaigns? The answer is that it doesn't have to get it. It has it.

I don't mean that the Klan is now or ever has been so splendiferously rich as critical alarmists supposed. To be sure, we have never lacked for money. It does not cost much to run the Klan itself. There has always been enough left over to back any cause we have espoused, to any reasonable limit.

Don't worry about the Klan financially. It spends only what it gets, and after it gets it.

THIS policy saw us very nicely through the late depression. We didn't run into debt trying to keep up a public front. We closed our expensive state and local headquarters. We cut down our overhead. We protected our working capital and our reserves. We emerged from the depression as strong as we entered it.

We were even able to say to our members: If you cannot afford to pay your annual dues, you do not need to; we will issue to you courtesy cards which will entitle you to all the privileges of the organization until such time as you feel that you can resume payments. One of the soundest barometers of national recovery, to our way of thinking, is the unanimity with which these courtesy members are now stepping up to the captain's office and saying that they are ready to pay dues again.

Incidentally, if we needed it, this spontaneous action would be the best possible evidence of our already announced theory that "once a Klansman, always a Klansman."

Like Henry Ford, we have not had to depend upon bankers, and, like Henry, we have escaped the curse of banker control. But, also like Henry, we have not been without offers of generous financial support from sources which would amaze the American voter.

We have been immune to all such offers for the simple reason that we do not hold with either of the two chief sources of propaganda money in the world today.

Communism, in our opinion, is the most dangerous of all menaces to human freedom. It has nothing to offer. It is entirely destructive. It is loathsomely un-American. It has no redeeming feature.

Second only to Communism as an enemy to individual freedom, and hence to American ideals, is Fascism. It is organized power, not right, not principle, not philosophy. It may provide security—but only for weaklings, not for Americans.

The Klan will have no traffic with either of these aliens bearing gifts. It believes in angels, but not that kind. It stands on its own American feet. And it stands solidly. Don't forget that.

THE END

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* Since this article was written, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, has come out flat-footedly against the sit-down strike in his article in Liberty of October 16.

*What Is Happening To American Youth?*

# PASSION BEFORE MARRIAGE

The morals and behavior of modern young people are under discussion in every quarter. Why? Are fashions in morals really changing? Is the accepted code of sex relationships undergoing amendment without our realization? Are cherished ideals of chastity being undermined by new social and economic conditions? Liberty wanted the answer. And, to find it, made its own survey of conditions—an objective survey, interpreting the facts realistically yet with sympathy.

The results of this careful investigation are now ready for your enlightenment in a series of startling, thought-provoking articles which will begin in Liberty next week. Every liberal-thinking father and mother and every girl and boy blessed with common sense will welcome the chance to learn the facts that will be fearlessly presented. Be sure to read this immensely important study captioned Passion Before Marriage.

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# UNDER COVER

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

O'LEARY didn't think I could take it.

"Don't kid yourself I can't take it," I told him.

"You asked for it," he said. "It wasn't *my* idea." I braced myself against the edge of the sheriff's desk and O'Leary hit me, hard. Square in the eye. I almost went out cold.

"I'm sorry," I heard O'Leary say, while the others there in the sheriff's office kind of held their breaths.

"Never mind being sorry," I said. "Try one on the mouth."

"One shiner is enough," the sheriff said.

"The mouth!" I said. "This is my party."

"Have it your own way," he said.

So O'Leary hit me on the mouth too. He hit me hard enough to start the claret. His knuckles cut like sharp knives.

I ripped open the front of my jail denims and tore my undershirt.

"How do I look now?" I asked him.

"You got police brutality all over you," O'Leary said.

"Perfect," I said. "Let's go."

We went out of the sheriff's office and they helped me down the hall to the main gate of their jail. I wasn't putting on any act at that point; they had to help me. I was sick at my stomach and dizzy.

"Here's the lousy so-and-so!" the sheriff said to the turnkey on duty, loud enough for the prisoners in the nearest tank to hear.

"Won't he talk?" the turnkey said.

"He'll talk before we get through with him," the sheriff said.

The turnkey shoved me through the inside gate and on into the jail proper.

Police brutality?

Yes, if you want to call it that. Because I was a lieutenant of detectives and O'Leary was my partner and the best friend I had in the world, and I had a job of undercover work to do in that jail that might call for a lot of real brutality before I got through with it.

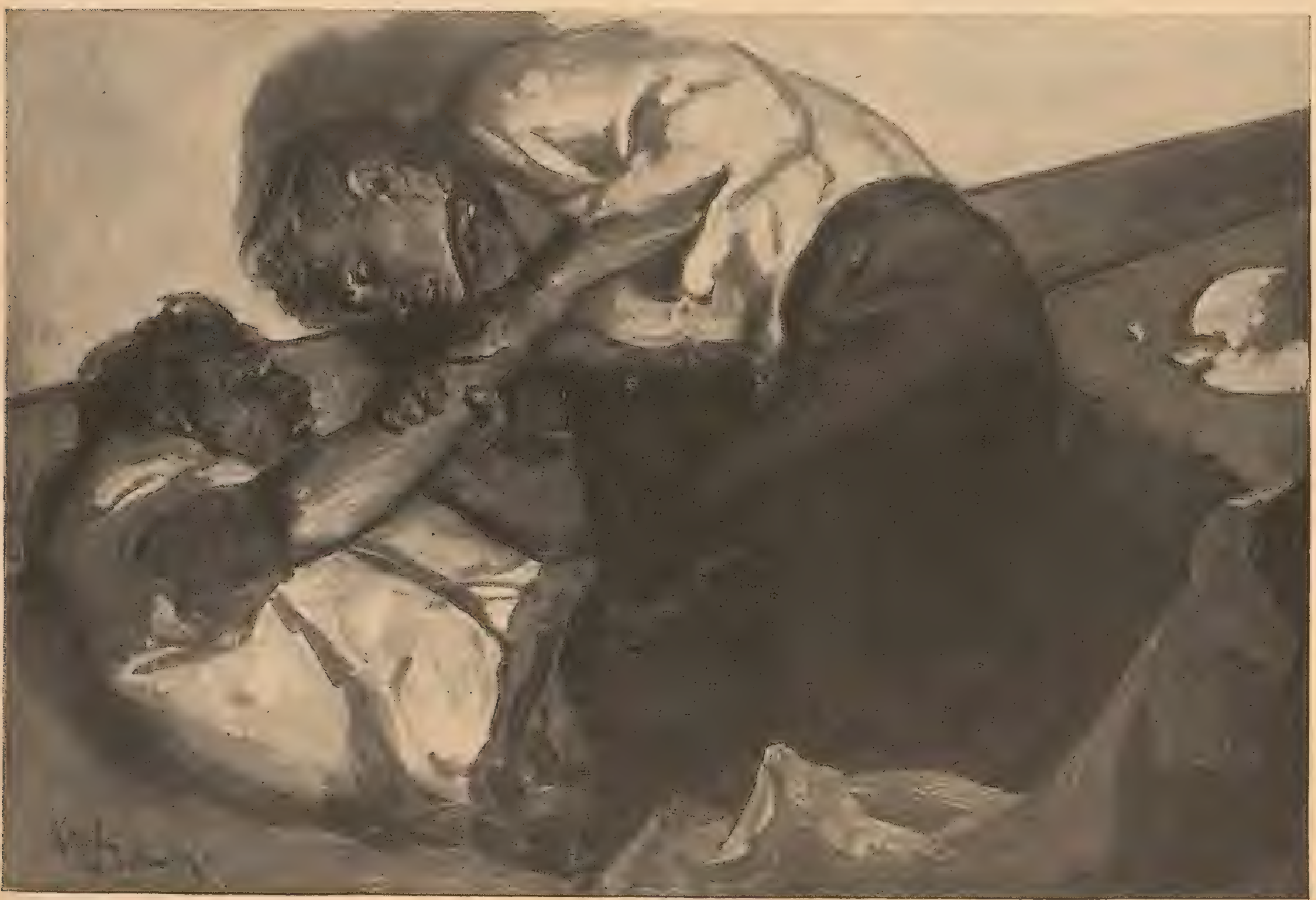
It wasn't our jail. It was a smaller one than ours, in one of the northern counties of the state, and a week before I went into it like that we'd gotten a tip that one of the men we'd been hunting for months was in it, on a suspicion-of-robbery charge.

We weren't interested in the robbery charge. But the man was one of the kidnapers of the Morrison boy.

Remember the Morrison case? Where the ransom negotiations for the poor little kid failed?

We were in a tough spot. We didn't even know what had become of the boy. That's why I went into that jail like that. I wanted to be damned sure the guy would take me at my face value right off the bat. It was hard on my

I knew if I didn't do something quick, I was gone. The guy had gone stark, staring crazy.



## The vivid story of a man who forgot his duty for a pair of violet eyes

## BY SCOTT LITTLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

face, but my face is nothing to write home about anyhow, and we were thinking about a nice little six-year-old kid whose parents were living in hell.

Big Ed Perino was the guy's name, according to the tip. And believe me, he was big, too. Six feet or better and built like a horse. But with degenerate written all over him. I had to hold on to myself hard at my first sight of him—thinking what might have happened to a little six-year-old kid at his hands.

It was all fixed with the sheriff, of course, for me to be shoved into the tank where he was with half a dozen other prisoners.

I hadn't talked to Big Ed five minutes before I congratulated myself on the hunch that had told me to go the limit in getting ready for that assignment. He'd have no more opened up to an ordinary stool than he would have confessed to the district attorney. Not that he opened up to me right off. But before the first day with him ended, there in that tank, he and I were beginning to be pals.

I just took my time and got him coming to me. The so-and-sos were trying to make me rap to a rape, I told him. But I wasn't going to rap to it. Was I guilty of it? Sure I was guilty of it, I told him. He kind of rolled his lips back in a laugh at that.

I didn't start talking snatch until the next day, when I judged he was ripe for it. I'd been in on one once, I told him. Would have pulled it off if my partner hadn't blown his nerve at the last minute. It had been a sweet set-up. Still was a sweet set-up, and one of these days, if I could get the right guys to help me, I was going to pull it off.

HE didn't rise to the bait at all. Even when I brought up the Morrison job as an example of what I thought was a badly handled snatch, he didn't rise to it. The way he reacted, though, convinced me he was our man. I could see he wanted like hell to tell me I was all wrong about the Morrison job being badly handled. He was that kind of a guy.

By nine o'clock in the evening of that second day I figured I'd gone as far as I dared with him. So I gave the screw on duty outside the tank the sign we'd agreed on, and pretty soon two other screws came and yanked me out.

"Come on, mug!" they said. "They want to talk to you some more."

"To hell with them!" I said, putting on a little resisting act. "I ain't going to talk!"

They shoved me along in front of them out of sight of Big Ed and the others in the tank.

"Anything?" the gang inside the head jailer's office wanted to know, as soon as the door was closed and locked.

"Nothing," I said. "I guess it's no go."

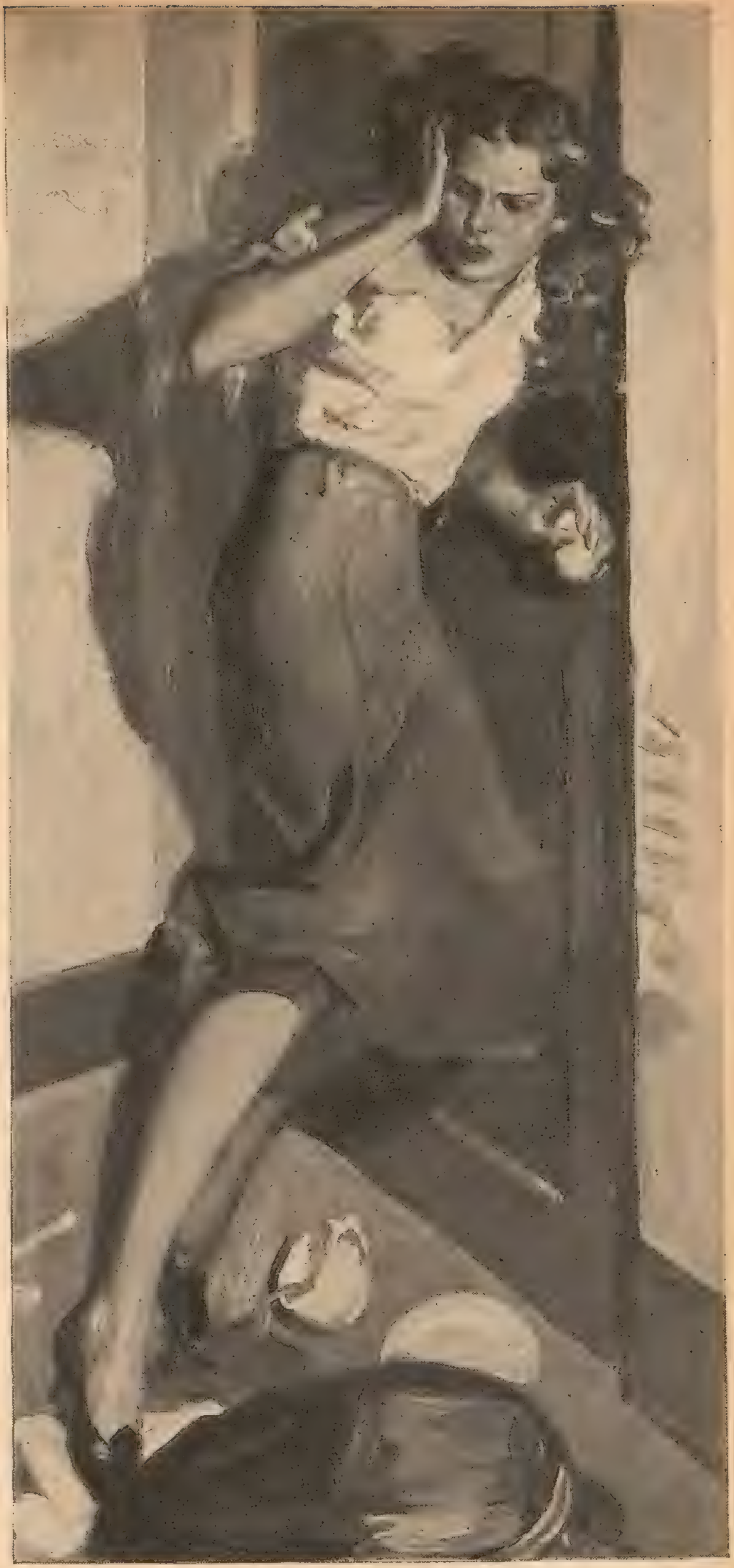
"You got to do something about that eye, kid, right away," O'Leary said. Then he turned to the chief. "For God's sake, Cap," he said. "Bring that so-and-so in here and let's go to town on him right!"

But the chief shook his head.

"I don't want that kind of a confession," he said.

Then, all of a sudden, the dizziest idea I ever had in my life hit me.

*Why not stage a crush-out and take Big Ed with me?* Once outside I could stick with him and let things happen. We'd be just a couple of hard mugs on the lam, and I could get him to help me plan another snatch. In that way the Morrison details would be almost sure to come out. I might even be able to make him lead me right to his partner!



If I ever saw sheer animal terror looking out of a human being's eyes, it was looking out of hers.

"If he pulled anything—you know what it would mean for me," said the sheriff.

"I know what it would mean for all of us, sheriff," I reminded him. It would mean plenty, too!

He was big-time, that sheriff. He knew that sometimes you've just got to throw away the book and make up your own rules. He grinned and came over to me and stuck out his hand.

"O. K., boy," he said. "Let's go!"

For the next hour we figured every detail we could think of for the phony crush-out.

The sheriff got me an empty automatic that I was to tell Big Ed I'd snivvied right from under their eyes while they were talking to me. He wanted me to have snivvied a sap, too, but I was afraid of that. Big Ed might get hold of it. Finally we shook hands all around, and two screws that had been sworn to confidence took me back to the tank.

The thing was set for midnight, which gave me plenty of time to sell Big Ed the idea, and for O'Leary and the rest of the boys to get ready.

It wasn't hard to sell Big Ed the idea. He had a certain amount of unthinking guts, like so many of his sort have. When I slipped that empty rod out from under my blouse and showed it to him, he started looking at me just like I wanted him to look at me.

Along about midnight, I told him, we were both going to begin acting like we had ptomaine, or something, and ask to get taken to the jail hospital. Once outside the tank, we were going to crack down on the screw, take his keys, and go on from there. Take the screw with us and make him open up the rest of the way for us. He knew as well as I did that none of the screws ever carried rods inside.

Outside, all he had to do was follow my lead—if he had guts enough—and I'd take him to gravy.

"I got guts enough," he said, rolling back his lips. "You don't know the half of it!"

I decided not to follow up the opening for the time being. But he had given it to me!

What do you suppose was all he wanted to talk about, while we were waiting to get started?

Women!

There was one in particular he had in mind, he said. I've got a pretty strong stomach, but I'm telling you it was all I could do to listen to that guy while we were waiting there. And my eye and my lips weren't feeling any too good, either. It was a big relief when I heard twelve o'clock sound, far off on the other side of the jail.

The other prisoners in the tank were asleep.

"Begin acting sick, but not too loud," I told him.

He started right in. Holding my stomach with my hands, I staggered over to the tank gate. The screw on duty was in on the play, of course. To make it look good he gave me a little argument before he agreed to open up and take us to the hospital. Then I staggered back to where Big Ed was and told him we were on our way.

That screw was good. When I whipped out my rod and stuck it in his belly he reached for the ceiling like I'd had a machine gun on him.

"Grab his keys," I told Big Ed calmly. Not that he needed to!

"Shall I let him have it?" he wanted to know.

"Don't let any of them have it, unless I tell you," I said.

I marched the screw ahead of us, with my rod held in the pocket of my blouse. For Big Ed's benefit I told the screw what to say to the turnkey on duty at the floor gate. I was talking, of course, like busting out of jail was just an ordinary event to me, and I could see Big Ed's eyes getting wider and wider.

"I'm taking these guys to the hospital," the screw said to the turnkey—also in on the play.

"O. K.," the turnkey said, opening up.

At the floor gate down there we went through the same rigmarole again, arriving at last at the gate into the booking office and the main entrance to the jail. There, the sheriff had figured, we would run into the only possibility of a hitch if there should happen to be any strangers there who were not in on the play.

And, by all that's holy, there were a couple of dicks there at the booking-office counter with some prisoners!

There was only one way to play it.

At our screw's order—and the Lord knows the sweat was beading *his* bald head at that point—the turnkey opened the gate into the booking office and we went through. Big Ed was watching me like he was hypnotized. . . .

If both of those dicks had been wearing their rods in shoulder holsters I'd never have gotten away with it. But I could see the bulge on the hip of one of them, under his coat. I dived at it and grabbed out his rod, and before the other had time to go for his I had them and everybody else in the place covered, with *two* rods now—although only one of them was in working condition.

The Lord knows what I'd have done if they'd decided to make a fight of it. Just resigned, I guess. Or maybe both Big Ed and I would have ended up on cold slabs.

"Get that other guy's gun!" I yelled at Big Ed.

It was a long chance, putting a rod in Big Ed's hand, but I had to take it. He snapped out of his trance and grabbed it out of the other dick's shoulder holster. After that, of course, it was easy. Half a minute later we were outside the jail and running down the street.

We didn't run more than a block—in the direction, of course, where I knew O'Leary and my chief would be waiting. We were still in our jail denims, and I still looked like the wreck of the Hesperus, and the Lord knows I didn't want to run into any more local coppers.

I dodged into an alley so we could get our breaths.

"We made it!" Big Ed said, breathing hard.

"I told you I'd make it, didn't I?"

"I gotta hand it to you!" he said.

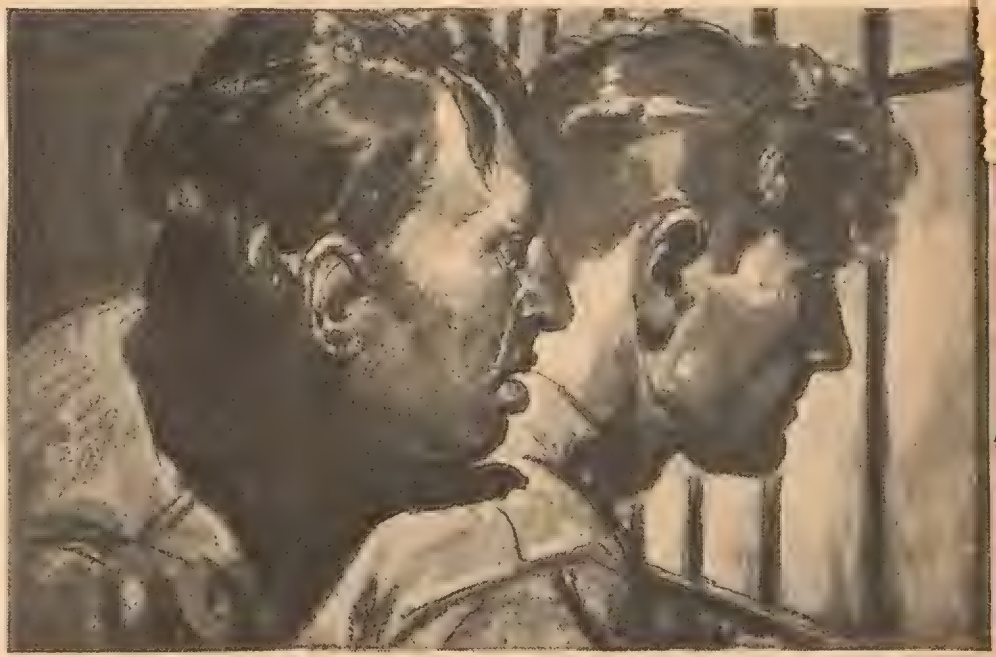
"You gotta hand something else to me," I told him—"that rod."

Damned if he didn't pass it over to me without a word!

"O. K., chief," he said. "Anything you say goes, now!"

I tell you I couldn't even feel my eye and my mouth when he said that. They'd served!

The next thing was to find O'Leary and my chief and be on our way. Where to, I hadn't any idea. That was going to be up to Big Ed; I'd let him suggest it. He followed me out of that alley like a dog, and walking in the shadows of the buildings we started down the street to where I could see the taillights of O'Leary's car.



The screw gave me a little argument before he

Poor O'Leary! He was so glad to see me he almost gave the show away. And believe you me, I kept the safety of that rod on when I pointed it at him and the chief.

"Can you drive a car?" I asked Big Ed.

"Of course I can drive a car," he said.

"Get in and drive, then," I said, "while I keep these mugs covered."

O'LEARY and the chief got into the back seat at my command and I got into the front seat and started Big Ed out of town. As soon as we got out where there weren't any lights I told him to pull into a side road. There I made O'Leary and the chief get out and take off their clothes and hand their dough over to me. O'Leary half tipped me a wink as I found fifty dollars in his wallet. I knew he hadn't had ten on him the last time he'd paid for the drinks.

We got out of our jail denims and put their suits on. I put on O'Leary's and Big Ed put on the chief's. The chief's pants were about two sizes too small for Ed, but that didn't matter. We were free men, and anybody's pants looked good to us!

"Turn around!" I ordered O'Leary and the chief. "And keep turned around!"

I'll never forget the sight of them standing there in their drawers in the middle of that road. It wasn't a cold night, but it wasn't warm either. And they had about a mile's walk ahead of them, back to town.

I guess we'd gone about a mile in the other direction when I told Big Ed to pull up.

"We gotta figure," I said.

So we sat there and figured. Big Ed thought I was doing it, but all I was doing, of course, was egging him on to some kind of a suggestion. At last he made it, like he was proud of it and had pulled it out of his hat to show me he knew his way around too.

He said he knew a swell hide-out not far from the state line where he and his partner had holed up a couple of times.

"He there now?" I asked him.

"No," he said.

"What kind of a place is it?" I asked.

He said it was run by a wop who was one of the big fences for the fur thieves, and that holing up guys on the lam had been a side line with him for years.

"Let's go there," I said.

The guy was tickled to death. I'd gotten us out of the can; now *he* was going to show me a thing or two! It was about a hundred miles from where we were, he said, and we could make it before daybreak. So we started off.

agreed to open up and take us to the hospital.

Another reason why he wanted to go there, he said, was something he'd been telling me about before we'd crushed out. That girl he'd been telling me about. She was the wop's daughter. And this time, he said . . .

Again I got a little sick, listening to him. But I had to keep up the play.

"You can have the dames," I said. "I got other things on my mind now."

"What?"

"A snatch. The one I was telling you about back in the can. The one I almost pulled off."

He didn't say anything for a while, and I could almost hear his mind working there in the driver's seat beside me. Finally:

"You really going to try it again?" he asked.

"Yes," I said—kind of holding my breath—"if I can get a couple of right guys to help me."

"Dough in it?"

"Big dough."

About a mile went by. Then:

"How about cutting me in on it?" he asked.

"What the hell do you know about snatches?"

"Plenty!"

My heart was sure beating against my ribs. Suddenly he tramped on the brake and pulled up at the side of the road. I could feel it coming, and I said a prayer to myself that I wouldn't make any slip.

"Know who I am?" he asked, when we stopped.

"How the hell do I know who you are?" I came back at him. "How the hell do you know who *I* am?"

"I don't," he said. "All I know is you're smart enough for me."

"I don't even know that *you're* smart," I snapped back. Then he told me!

My heart was going a mile a minute, but I had sense enough to check the time on the dash clock, so I could testify to it.

It was the most awful thing I ever had to listen to in my life. They'd kept the kid tied up in a cellar for two weeks. . . . The kid had had a bad cold to start with . . . the cold had gone into pneumonia . . . the kid had gotten delirious and had yelled too loud for his mother . . . so they had choked him to death . . . and then had buried him in that cellar . . . long before the ransom negotiations had failed. They'd failed because he and his partner had been too smart to walk into the trap. . . .

WE sure fooled 'em!" he gloated. "If we hadn't been smart we'd have walked right into the thing, wouldn't we?"

I wanted to be sure my voice was all right before I answered him. I tried it under my breath, and it was.

"I'd have handled it different," I said.

"How do you mean, different?" he said, kind of disappointed.

"You didn't get the dough, did you?"

"No."

"I'll get the dough. All I need is two right guys."

"I could get my partner."

"Who the hell is your partner?"

"Slats Pelouski," he said. "Ever hear of him?"

"No," I said. I hadn't, at that. "Where is he?"

"I can always get hold of him," he said.

I let it go at that for the time being.

"I'll think it over," I said. "Let's get going!"

He pulled back on to the road and we went on our way. I sat quiet, like I was thinking it over. And believe you me, I *was* thinking it over! The Lord knows I wanted to find out just what cellar the poor little kid was buried in, and where Pelouski could be picked up.

We didn't talk much the rest of the way, because pretty soon we had to come out on a main highway and I had to keep selling the guy the idea that we were on the lam and might be picked up any time. My one prayer was that no highway cop would stop us for anything and I wasted a lot of time dodging on and off side roads.

"You sure think of everything, chief!" Big Ed said.

"That's why we're here," I told him.

"And that's why we're going to collect that dough," he said.

"Where do you get the 'we' stuff?" I came back at him.

"Ain't you going to cut us in on it?"

"I haven't decided yet," I said.

Just before daybreak we rolled up to the wop's place. It was a ranch house with some empty stock corrals alongside it, well off the main drag. There weren't any lights.

Pretty soon one came on in an upstairs room, and a guy stuck his head out the window and asked us what we wanted. Big Ed called back to him who he was, and after about a minute the guy came out to us in his nightshirt.

It was the wop, and he wasn't a bad-looking old guy at all. Kind of fatherly looking, if you get what I mean—an old Italian poppa. Big Ed introduced me to him as his partner and he told us to come right on in—that he was always glad to meet any friends of Big Ed's.

"We got dough," Big Ed said, "and more lined up."

"That's fine!" the wop said. "You want to eat first, or sleep?"

"Sleep," I said.

"Me too," Big Ed said.

The wop showed us to a room with a couple of comfortable-looking cots in it, and a washstand in the corner, and some clean towels.

"Where's Rosa?" Big Ed asked.

"She is here," the wop said. "You want I should wake you later, to eat?"

"Send Rosa up to wake us," Big Ed said, rolling back his lips.

The wop gave him a funny look, then shrugged. He went on out, closing the door.

"Who's Rosa?" I asked Big Ed. He grinned evilly.

"The wop's kid," he said. "The one I was telling you about." He stretched himself on one of the cots. "If she don't come, I'm going down and get her," he said.

In less than a minute he was snoring.

I couldn't go to sleep right away. I had to do something about my face first. My eye was tight closed and hurting like hell. My lips had gotten kind of numb. I went to the washstand—there was some nice clean soap there, too—and did what I could for myself. Then I went over to the window to watch the dawn come up and wonder a little about this business of being a policeman.

There I was, in about as sweet a nest of human rottenness as you could hope for: A degenerate baby-killer snoring in the same room with me; in a house where the towels were clean but where any kind of a criminal could find refuge, if he had the dough; a house run by a deceiving old crook. What kind of a girl could she be, I wondered—living in such a place, with such a father?

Yet it was a beautiful dawn . . . something to keep a guy going in a lousy world. I watched it until the mountains in the west were all red with it, then went over to my cot.

It was a crash that woke me up, hours later—a kind of tinkling shower of glass, and I thought it was part of a dream I was having about breaking through the window of that cellar—wherever it was—where the Morrison kid was still alive and yelling for me as well as for his mother.

Then there was a scream—a woman's scream—and I came wide awake. It was broad daylight in the room, and there was Big Ed over by the door with a girl. A damned pretty, clean-looking black-haired girl with violet eyes. Young, but developed like those Italian girls are. And not hard-looking at all. Just a kid. The wop's daughter.

She'd had a tray with something for us to eat in her hands, and my first thought was that she'd yelled when she'd dropped it. The stuff was all over the floor.

Then I saw that that wasn't what she had screamed about. Big Ed had the door locked . . . and the key in his hand. . . .

"What's the idea?" I couldn't help sitting up and saying.

He turned around and grinned at me.

"Go on back to sleep, chief," he said.

The girl was backed against the wall over by the bureau. If I ever saw terror—sheer animal terror—looking out of a human being's eyes, it was looking out of hers. I remember the thought flashing over me that the same kind of terror must have been in the Morrison kid's eyes. . . .

YOU do *some* things in this world without thinking, if you're made right.

"Cut it out!" I said. The Lord knows I shouldn't have said it. Me, a rapist myself, so far as he was concerned! The Lord knows, if I'd been thinking about my job first, I'd never have butted in. A girl like that—what difference did it make? Even though she didn't look like a louse, she *must* have been a louse, in that place!

The guy turned around to me with kind of a puzzled look on his face.

"What's eating you?" he said.

"You said you'd take orders from me," I said.

"Sure I did. But what's this got to do with it?"

"Lay off of her!" I said.

I swear to you I never thought I'd ever be such a damned fool! With my job only half done, and the rest of it depending all on him! It was like somebody else inside me, using my voice. And the puzzled look on his face was turning into a dangerous one. The guy was getting out of hand—and it was my fault! Inwardly I kicked myself.

"Suppose I don't?" he said.

I looked past him at the girl again. She wasn't looking at me like I was another wild animal now. She was looking at me like she needed me. Maybe it was because I was thinking of the Morrison kid—maybe it was because her eyes really were kind of like violets, and she looked like she, too, might have gotten a kick out of that dawn that morning—

"Lay off of her!" I said again, getting up from my cot.

Think of it! When the guy hadn't told me yet where Pelouski could be found! When I had the last answer to the Morrison case almost in my hands! Yet I could no more have helped getting up off that cot than I could have helped breathing!

"To hell with you!" he said.

God help me, I forgot all about my job and made a dive for him! For the sake of a little trollop like that!

I went for his throat, but slipped down around his middle. I felt his long arms go around my neck as we crashed down on to the floor together and rolled over and over. Felt his long, dirty fingers beginning to start up from my throat toward the eye I had left, to gouge. . . . I got my head around so he couldn't do that, but as I did his fingers closed around my throat—for good. Strong? The Lord knows I'm no lily—but the guy could have made two of me—and I'd stopped him in the middle of something that had made a wild animal out of him, anyhow. . . .

EVER have somebody try to strangle you to death? Because that's what he was trying to do. I got a flash of his eyes and I knew if I didn't do something damned quick, I was gone. The guy had gone stark, staring crazy. I got my hands free and tore at his fingers but I might as well have been tearing at an iron vise. The blood started hammering in my head and millions of lights began dancing between me and the ceiling; he had me down on my back. . . .

No, I didn't remember everything that had happened to me in my life, like drowning men are supposed to do. All I remembered was that I had a rod, and that it was me or him. . . .

It must have been instinct that helped me get that rod out of my trouser pocket—the one I'd taken away from that dick—and get it up between us, and get its muzzle into his chest, and pull the trigger. Because the last thing I remember was a roar and a kind of a thump right on top of my chest, and then him going all limp on top of me.

I couldn't have been out more than a minute or so, because when I came to, grabbing for air, the girl was still there and she rolled him off of me.

Then I cleared up all of a sudden and realized what had happened. For no good reason at all—unless you could call a girl like that a reason—I'd ruined the whole works! For no good reason at all I'd killed the guy who'd been only half the answer to what I'd been after!

Pelouski, his partner . . . the cellar where they'd buried the kid. . . .

Yet, *had* I killed the guy?

I got up on my knees and started crawling over to him.

"He is still alive," she said.

I forgot all about her. The louse *was* still alive. He was bleeding like a stuck pig from the chest, and his eyes were getting glassy, but he was still alive.

"Pelouski!" I said to him, getting my mouth down close to his ear and shaking him. "Where am I going to find Pelouski—to pull that snatch?"

"Don't—you—wish—you—knew—" he said. "You ——!"

Then he rolled his lips back from that slit of a mouth of his, gave a twitch all over, and that was that.

"I don't know how—to thank you—" I could hear the girl saying behind me.

"You never will know how to thank me!" I said.

I gave the wop all the dough I had and scrammed, when I found that he didn't know where Pelouski was either.

When I got home I wrote in my report that Big Ed had gone for me and that I'd had to let him have it. How else could I have written it?

The Morrisons were told what had happened to their kid, even though the poor devils still don't know where he's buried, and we don't either.

Pelouski. We haven't caught up with him yet. I'd give ten years off my life if we could—

Violet eyes . . .

I wish I had it to do over again.

I'd handle it differently . . . maybe. . . .

THE END

# To the Ladies

## BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

FASHIONABLE nerve specialist has had a next-door voice teacher summoned to court because chronic yowlings of song pupils upset the doctor's high-strung patients. . . . Portuguese lady has had rival Portuguese lady arrested for chasing her with a knife. . . . How would *you* like to be the judge?

Day after day, in one New York circuit court or another, Judge Anna M. Kross, gentle-natured and motherly woman, must settle cases as varied as those I have mentioned above. I spent a recent morning on the bench beside her as her guest. It made me realize, more than ever before, how much wisdom and wit and human kindness are needed by those of us who accept the difficult duty of sitting in judgment over the rest of us.

Lawyers for the Portuguese ladies argued long and violently about the knife. They almost staged another cutting fracas right there in court. The judge spoke to them. "You lawyers," she said, "have wasted an hour trying to tell me a plain, straight story. If you were less legalistic and a little more sensible, we could have cleaned it all up in fifteen minutes."

Anna Kross believes in simplifying court procedure; considers prostitution a social rather than a criminal problem; thinks all women's courts should have a public defender, as recently proposed in Liberty. . . . Girls sent away by her usually keep in touch with her; often come back respectably engaged and ask her to perform their marriage ceremony. . . . A remarkable woman, Anna Kross first distinguished herself as fighting attorney for the garment workers, then for the building trades' union. She is also an efficient housewife; has two children of her own.

☆ A professional musician who has many contacts with college bands, orchestras, etc., tells me we'd be surprised indeed if we knew how many girls and boys return to college secretly married after the summer vacation. Dozens and dozens, he says. One affair of the sort was confessed to me lately in strictest confidence by the two young people. The boy is a popular college type, a natural leader, but without financial means. The girl's family is rich and extremely conservative. The youngsters explain their secret marriage like this:

"We've loved each other for three years, and this summer we decided it would be dangerous to wait." The girl says, "My family was liable to yank me off to Europe or somewhere at any time if they found out I was serious about intending to marry against their approval." The boy says, "It was too much of a chance to take—the chance of being separated."

Understandable enough, I suppose. Yet even more chancy, I should think, than the risk of waiting.

☆ With birthdays coming around so regularly, it is handy to have in mind a few inexpensive but appropriate gifts for relatives or friends—some little thing they really may need. Here's one idea. . . . Four-eyed folk who smudge their glasses—as they all do—will appreciate a present of the special eyeglass-cleaning fluid used by opticians. You can get it at any good optical store. It usually comes in a package that includes a sprayer; but if you can't find that kind, buy a bottle of the fluid, then a small atomizer to go with it. Also have the optician put in a piece of the special cloth he uses for wiping glasses. This equipment makes life a lot brighter for bespectacled persons.

Judge Anna M. Kross

☆ Welsh grandmothers of labor leader John L. Lewis made their chicken pies, no doubt, according to the following recipe, a three-hundred-year-old favorite in Wales and a dish well worth your trying:

Place chicken in pan with water, using ½ cup water to every pound of fowl. Add salt, celery, parsley, onion, pinch of marjoram, pinch of thyme. Simmer for 2 hours. Now cut the chicken into neat pieces. Scald some leeks; split them and cut them in 1-inch lengths. In a deep fireproof dish arrange layers of chicken and leeks, putting in a few slices cold tongue and some minced parsley. Add the boiled-down chicken stock. Cover with rich piecrust, set dish in pan of water, bake 35 minutes in moderate oven. Just before serving, heat 3 tablespoons cream and pour into pie through slit in pastry.

☆ Letter from a London friend informs me that smart European merchants are now importing and selling thousands of pairs of girls' shoes, slightly worn, from the studios of Hollywood. Second-hand shoes which may have adorned the feet of their favorite stars are finding an eager market among the movie-struck maidens of Europe, particularly in the smaller cities and towns.

☆ Here's a new cookbook that wise wives had better study—For Men Only—by Achmed Abdullah and John Kenny. All the recipes are aimed at men. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

☆ An artistic American lady of my acquaintance, visiting South Russia some months ago, fell in love with the tawny Caucasian terriers — dainty little short-haired, big-eyed dogs, as graceful as gazelles. Wanted to buy one and bring it home here with her. Negotiations began, and she soon learned how the barter system works in Russia these days. After much haggling, she finally obtained the dog on a swap in which she threw in a pink silk dress, an electric flatiron, and three dollars cash. Her Caucasian terrier is probably the only dog of its breed in this country. They are so pretty and so affectionate, they would be popular pets, I'm sure, if we had more of them.

READING TIME ● 34 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

# AMBUSH

SHORTLY after noon hour a truck belching black smoke is driven and parked near the Bank of the Pacific in Los Angeles. Under its blinding smoke screen "the Duke," "Bugs," and Pete rob the bank, leaving a toll of seven dead.

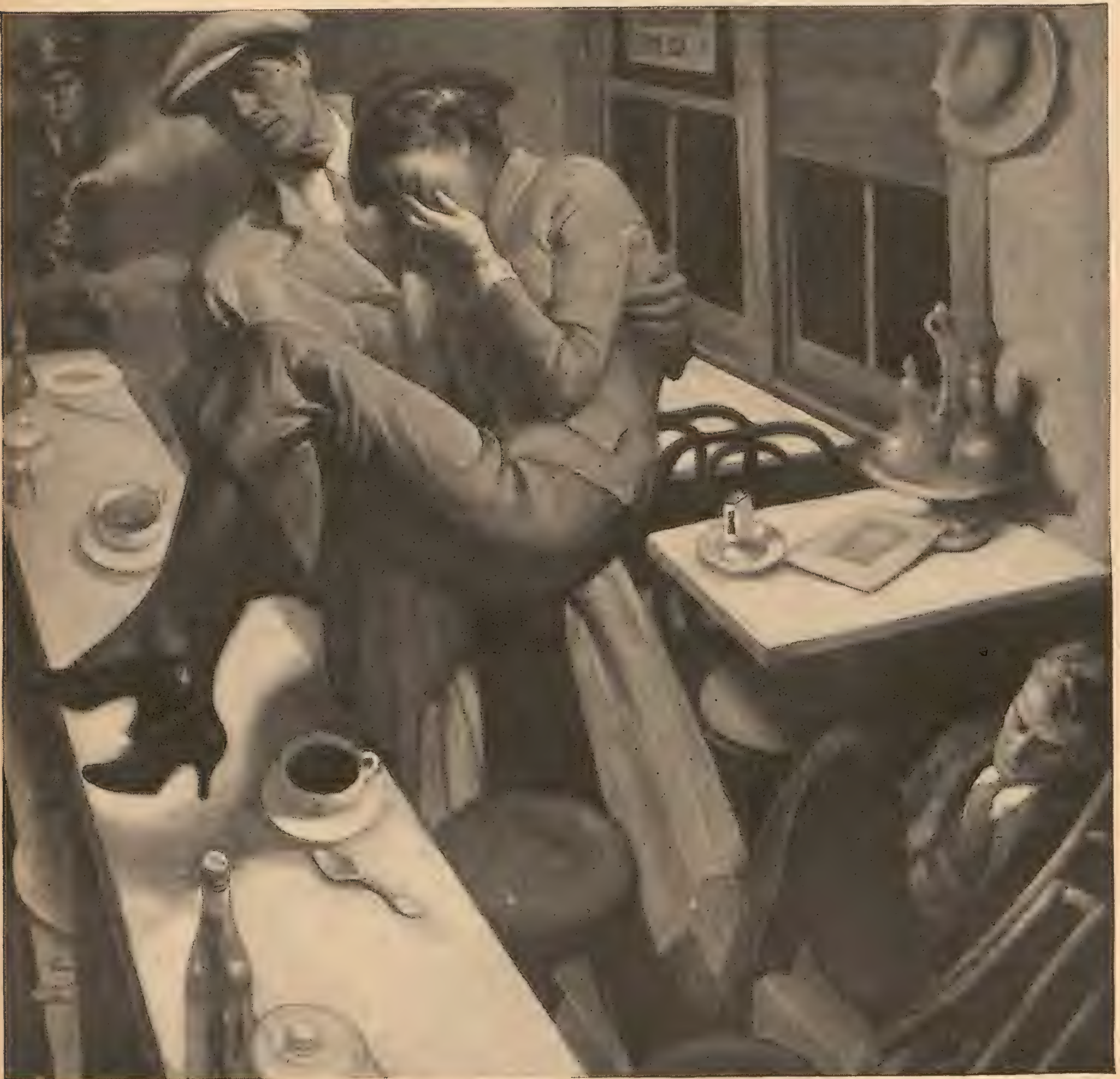
They make their getaway unseen to their little bungalow rendezvous in the outskirts, but are threatened by a serious setback: Their other truck, which was to be used that night for final escape, is out of commission. And every cop in town is hunting them.

In their employ is a young chap, Jim Langford, who has helped design and build their hellish hold-up truck. His sister, Jane, is employed in the looted bank. During the noontime siege she recognized the vehicle her brother had worked on. Frightened, Jane rushes to the little bungalow where he had lived while at his sinister task.

Jim is a weakling. Jane is trapped. A diabolic idea hits Pete, the brainy gangster of the trio. So that he will appear to have been wounded in the bank robbery, Pete shoots Jim in the shoulder, then points out to Jane that both she and her brother will now be held as the thugs' accomplices!

What is his purpose? Simply that Jane must save them all by getting a truck for their final flight. How? Pete unfolds a plan which she is to follow. It is a sure-fire one if she plays her part as directed.

So Jane, by a wily and clever story, inveigles Tony Andrews, an honest and well known beer truckman, to the innocent-looking bungalow. The three thugs overpower him and reveal the plot. Tony agrees to see them through for proper pay! His truck is made ready. They set out. But as they speed toward Cajon Pass, Tony Andrews keeps telling himself that the three men must die that night.



Tony lifted her over the counter. "Keep down!" he commanded sharply.

# PART THREE—A KISS FOR LUCK

A girl and a gantlet of danger! Now thrills come fast in a headlong tale of two lovers against the underworld

## BY ROBERT RAY

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

THAT first grade was surmounted and they were in the Pass proper. Tony shifted gears and they went faster on a short down slope and around a curve and up other slopes, around other curves; until they came to the long loop of the road where it follows the side of a narrow valley and is extraordinarily wide.

There are gasoline stations and a store or two, tourist camps and lunchrooms scattered along the mile or more of this wide space. At the weighing station where the highway patrol shunts in suspected trucks for a check on load weights, traffic eastbound was being stopped. There, under a brilliant floodlight, was a sufficient force to handle the search of every vehicle.

Pete's voice came through the aperture in the back of the cab: "Remember the dame's leg, Andrews. She stays in the cab. If she starts to get out I'm puttin' a lead slug right through the side of her head."

Then the small panel was clamped on so that a slit only about an inch high was left open at the bottom. Tony looked at Jane's pale face and said, "Buck up. We'll make it all right."

He slowed the truck and finally came to a stop in line behind the single file of cars. Two cycle-mounted patrolmen cruised slowly up and down the highway, one on either side. Four others inspected cars and questioned occupants; two more were at a table at the outside edge of the road, directly under the floodlight, checking drivers' licenses, comparing signatures, firing unexpected questions at drivers. The line moved steadily. Tony rolled up opposite the weighing station after a wait of only five minutes or so.

A patrolman was at the left-hand door, another at the right. The one on the left said, "Get down."

Tony started to obey, then glanced over as the other door was opened. "The lady can't get out," he said. "Her leg's in a cast—broken. Can't you lift the seat on this side, without disturbing her?"

The patrolman on Jane's side switched on a flashlight and looked at the cast; raised the light for just an instant to her face; snapped it off. "O. K.," he agreed, closing the door. "But you get out."

"Bring your registration," the one on Tony's side said, "and the key to the back end. Who you driving for?"

Tony climbed down. "I own the truck. Haul for Joe Conley, Desert Liquor Company." Hands were expertly patting his clothes.

As they walked around to the rear, Tony said, "You can see in. Just gates across the back."

"Open it," the officer insisted.

Ten or fifteen cases had to be removed to satisfy the inspector, who then climbed up on the tailboard, flashed his light here and there and peered in between the rows, snapped it off, got down, and said, "All right. Put 'em back and go over there to the desk."

His mate had come around to the back and reported, "Front end's O. K." Then, to Tony, "How'd the girl get hurt?"

"Auto accident." Tony shoved a case of beer back into place.

"How long ago?"

"Couple of weeks ago, I think. I don't know much about the dame. Her folks asked me to bring her home."

"Where does she live?"

"Why don't you ask her? She talks."

"I'm asking you."

"Needles."

"O. K.," his inquisitor snapped. "Shake it up and get over there to the desk. You're holding up traffic."

When Tony approached the rickety table at which two officers sat on canvas stools, one looked up. "Hello, Andrews," he greeted. Then: "Going back already?"

"Yeah," Tony said. "Hot weather sure ups the beer sales. They were just about out when I left."

The other officer asked, "You know him?"

"Sure!" the first answered. "Go ahead, Tony."

"Do we get stopped again?" Tony asked.

"Can't say. Sam Wright's up the road a ways."

"Oh!" Tony exclaimed, and—"Thanks. See you later."

He walked over and got into the cab and met the anxious question in Jane's eyes cheerfully. "Here we go!" he announced, and stepped on the starter.

The next half mile was one of slow steady climbing. After a few minutes the panel in the back window was removed.

"How'd it go, Andrews?" Pete asked huskily.

"You heard, didn't you?"

"Yeah—while you was at the truck. What happened over at the desk—what was you talkin' about?"

Tony told him.

Pete demanded, "Who's Wright?"

"One of the few square coppers I was telling you about. I've been out on parties with him."

"Where'll *he* be?"

"Drifting up and down the road on his bicycle, I suppose, watching things. He's liable to turn a spot on us as we go by, so you better keep that thing closed."

"But this damn place is stuffier'n hell," said Pete, "an' Bugs is about nuts with his face. If we could get out of here for a while—"

"Oh!" Tony was silent a moment. "Well, if there's no one at the Summit, it'll be safe for him to sit up here in front. The cool air on his skin'll help. How's the kid?"

"O. K. He's sleepin'."

"Well, close that window most of the way," Tony cautioned, "and keep your face out of it. And if I sing out, close it all the way for a couple minutes."

He watched in the rear-view mirror, and in the semi-darkness, relieved only by the dash light, could see that his instructions were apparently carried out.

With his left hand Tony slipped a checkbook and a pencil out of his inside coat pocket. He winked across at the girl. Laying the checkbook upside down on the lower rim of the wheel, he put his left hand high on the rim near the top, and let his left elbow hold the checkbook in place. He leaned forward a little, with his right arm across in front of him, as though resting from a tiresome position, and he was able, thus, to scribble on the back of a check form with the pencil in his right hand.

He tore out the check and folded it roughly between his fingers, and let the book and pencil fall to the floor between his legs. He straightened, sighed, and shook his head violently from side to side.

"Getting a little sleepy," he said. "Always do along about here. It's a long slow grind to the Summit."

Jane asked, "Is there anything I can do to help you keep awake?"

"No. A shot of coffee would sure help, though. Except you might lean over here and undo my necktie and slip it off. I can unbutton my shirt, but I don't want to let go this wheel too long."

She hitched herself over on the seat.

"When we get past this next cop and Bugs comes up front with us, you can take that cast off." He asked over his shoulder, "Can't she, Pete?"

Pete's voice came faintly, "Can't she what?"

Tony explained.

"Yeah," Pete agreed. And in a moment, as the girl moved closer, "What're you tryin' to do now?"

"I'm sleepy," Tony replied. "I asked her to unfasten my tie. It helps wake me up when I open my shirt."

There was no distinguishable objection. Jane was near enough. Tony leaned over a little; he got his lips as close to her ear as he could without attracting notice, and as she held one arm in a natural position between his face and the rear of the cab while she worked with both hands at the necktie knot, he spoke rapidly.

But always he kept his eyes to the front, alert for the sign he was seeking. They were only three or four miles from the Summit; not more than one mile from that final grade which swerves sharply to the right.

Jane had the necktie off. She laid it on the seat, picking up as she did so the note he had dropped. She asked loudly, "Is that better?" and he pulled open the neck of his shirt and answered heartily, "You bet!"

With her right hand she reached up over the back of the seat, where at the side there was a sort of nook a few inches wide that was a natural catch-all for small odds and ends. After a moment she lowered her hand straight down from the corner to the seat, and then brought it across to her lap, so that a watcher at the rear window could not have seen more than the movement of her shoulder and upper arm. And she stayed where she was in the seat, where her head blocked all view from behind of the things she now held.

One of these was a flat ounce-and-a-half tobacco tin; the other a small can of lighter fluid. She emptied the half-filled tin of tobacco on the floor, put the check-note inside, closed the tin securely, and wound and knotted the small end of the necktie around it. Quickly she unscrewed the nipple from the can of lighter fluid and thoroughly saturated all the cloth with the contents.

Tony was holding down their speed to a crawl. Jane finished the job and furtively showed him. As he lifted his eyes from relieved appraisal, there to the left of the road, on his side and a hundred feet ahead, was the sign he had sought—the momentary pale winking in the moonlight, just beyond the headlight beam, of a single darkened lens.

"Here he is!" he cried sharply over his shoulder. "Close that hole!" And picked the necktie and tobacco tin from Jane's lap. She rose a little in the seat and laid her arm along the back of it, against the metal, so that if the panel was not altogether closed she would effectively block all vision; and Tony struck a match he had been holding ready, took both hands from the wheel and touched the fire to the necktie just before they came opposite the spot he had marked. It blazed high in his face, and he threw the tin and its flaming comet toward the edge of the roadside brush, and blew a series of derisive toots on the horn to the tune of Shave and a Haircut.

A SPOTLIGHT flared out at them, just catching the cab.

Jane took her arm down. Tony shoved in the clutch and shifted gears, and lifted ten tons of truck and pay load to a better speed, while in his soul he prayed that Sam Wright of the Highway Patrol still had the savvy a good God gives to some men.

He heard the panel open again, and told Pete, when questioned: "I always play that tune on the horn for Sam. He'd know it was me, without seeing the truck." And added, "I'm getting out at the Summit for a cup of coffee."

"Keep goin'!" Pete commanded. "Never mind the coffee!"

"I'm driving this truck," Tony told him, "and I'm not doing it half asleep. If there's no cops up there, Bugs can get out and come with me. But anyhow—I'm getting out for a few minutes."

Pete didn't answer. Tony nursed the load upgrade and watched the rear-view mirror for a single headlight; but a few passenger cars had apparently been released at the inspection stop and were coming up behind. Rounding the curve to the left and starting the climb through the steep corridor of cut walls that shortly opens like a gateway to the desert, he glanced out the side of the cab and, for an instant, was almost certain he saw what he sought. At any rate, no motorcycle had passed them. He'd made his plan on the spur of the moment; he'd thrown the dice and they were rolling. The note in the tobacco tin had read:

> Armed killer on roof. Follow slow half mile back. Give me time to get him in lunchroom. His face blistered desperate take no chances.

The three had to die. He couldn't get them all at once. He must protect Jane and the wounded boy; bluff the law; play on Pete's vanity—and watch the Englishman.

They cleared the top of the rise, and Tony swung the freighter into the graveled parking place before the gasoline station, braked to a stop and shut off the ignition.

He stretched luxuriously. Through the lunchroom windows the stools showed vacant. No sign of the law.

Tony glanced at the dashboard. Ten o'clock.

He looked around at the rear window, through which Pete was peering; said, "Everything's quiet. Let your suffering boy friend out of there, if he wants to go with me."

Pete was watching the lunchroom. Without moving his head, he glanced at Tony sidewise, measuring.

TONY fumbled with his fingers in a small nook at the end of the seat back, similar to the one on the other side from which Jane had taken the two tins. He turned back, opening a jackknife, and said to her, "I'll cut that contraption off your leg now."

She sighed, "That will be a relief," and pulled her skirt enough above the knee so that he could get the knife blade under the top edge of the bandage.

The clamps that held the double cut-out in the cab back were being opened. They heard Pete and Bugs talking but could not distinguish words.

When the cast was off, Jane made a wry face, rubbing the sides of her knee. "It's full of needles."

"Want me to slap some life into it—or are you modest?"

"Go on and slap. I'll be modest again when I feel better."

He grabbed her ankle, swung it up on the seat, and started a vigorous patting massage.

Pete looked through the rear window. "Everything all right behi— Hey—holy baldhead, what is this?"

"Patting party," Tony grunted; and to Jane, "That better? Let's get out so they can open the back." To Pete, "I'll give a look around outside and let you know." He opened the door.

"Hey!" Pete called hoarsely. "The dame stays here till we get this open."

Tony growled disgustedly, "Have it your own way!"

He stepped down and walked around the truck. A passenger whizzed by, going east. A motorcycle was gliding slowly up the last of the grade, just visible in the lights from the lunchroom grounds. He made an urgent sign with both arms and it stopped a hundred feet or so back; its uniformed rider lifted a hand briefly in understanding and swung the machine into the shadows.

Tony went around to the cab on Jane's side. "All right," he called softly to Pete. "Everything's clear."

Fingers reached through and gripped the edge of the rear cab window. Tony opened the cab door and Jane got down, limping. The back panel swung open at the bottom, was pushed up toward the cab roof, and Bugs crawled out. The face of the evil-tempered gunman was one startling mass of blisters and salve-glistening raw flesh.

Bugs got down to the ground. "Get ahead of me, you!" he snarled, and so they walked into the lunchroom.

Tony held to Jane's arm and guided her to a stool at the counter. Bugs stopped just inside the door.

"Hey!" he called. "Come on over here to the table."

As he slid on to a stool, Tony glanced casually around at the single table against the right-hand end wall. "Rather sit here, thanks," he answered carelessly. "You take the table, if you want to. With that face you need all the comfort you can get." He grinned at the waitress who came to take their orders. "Hello, Mabel."

After a hesitant glowering instant Bugs walked to the table alone, and sat down facing the rest of the room and the windowed front.

"Get your coffee and get goin'!" the gunman snapped.

And he flung at the waitress, "Got anything else to drink?"

"Well, we have beer."

He snorted. "Beer!"

"Well"—she hesitated—"I can't *sell* you anything stronger, because we haven't got a license; but I can *give* you a drink of whisky. I guess you sure need it."

"O. K.!" he growled ungraciously. "Hurry it up!"

Tony advised in a low voice, "Don't mind him. That face of his hurts."

"Oh, that's all right!" the girl exclaimed. "It must pain him something terrible." She smiled at Jane. "Is coffee all you folks will have?"

Jane said, "Yes, thank you."

Tony didn't answer. Through the diamond-shaped window in the swinging kitchen door he had seen a lean tanned face beneath a uniform cap; had caught the question in the cool blue eyes, and indicated with his own where the quarry sat.

He was between the marked man and the girl; she should be safe enough. And then, in sudden panic, he thought of the possibility that Pete, at the sound of the shot, might not wait to be cornered in the truck. Irrelevantly he thought, too, of a gun he had forgotten two years before. He could recall only the gun—not the place where last he had seen it.

The waitress set their coffee down and said to the glowering man at the table, "I'll get your drink now." She pushed through the swinging door.

A moment later the door swung back the wrong way, into the kitchen—pulled back from within, instead of being pushed outward. Wright, the patrolman, came through in one sidling motion, gun in hand.

BUGS had been watching the windows. He looked sourly around, expecting the waitress with his drink. He couldn't see what Wright held, because of the counter, but he saw the uniform—the half crouch; he heard two words:

"Put up—"

And he whirled out of his chair and went for his gun. The policeman's hand rose, the crash of the report slapped thunderously.

Bugs straightened and his head jerked; his right hand fell empty as he clattered backward, sliding against the table, upsetting a chair—into a sprawled heap in the corner.

Tony picked Jane up and lifted her bodily over the counter. "Keep down!" he commanded sharply, and faced back. Pete could see the interior of the lunchroom from the cab, he knew. But since he hadn't shot, there might be a minute left.

So Tony walked over and looked down at Bugs; glanced up at the patrolman, who was coming around the end of the counter; said, "Check!" and then turned and went away. His face was deathly white, and the freckles stood out luridly. He was so afraid that he trembled. He got to the door and said, "If you don't mind—" and opened it and stepped out and closed it behind him.

She caught cold on her honeymoon

**BRIDE:** Wouldn't you know? I'm catching cold! Guess I'll arrive saying, "Califordia, here I cub."

**GROOM:** What you need—pronto—is a laxative and something to help counteract acidity. If only . . .

**PORTER:** Pahdon me, fo' overhearin' yo', but Sal Hepatica does BOTH dose things. It's a min'ral salt laxative and it helps Nature counteract acidity, too. Las' trip a doctah tole *me.*

**GROOM:** Well, honey, here's California. Got everything?

**BRIDE:** Everything except that cold. Let's tip that porter double for telling us about Sal Hepatica. Lucky for me he had Sal Hepatica on board!

A COLD COMING? DO 2 THINGS:

1. Cleanse the intestinal tract.
2. Help Nature counteract acidity.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

**TUNE IN:** "Town Hall Tonight"—full hour music, drama, fun. Wednesday nights—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

He stopped a minute at the edge of the porch, then stepped slowly down to the gravel, watching the cab.

He had a distinct feeling of hard pressure in the center of his forehead, just where the lead had crashed into the warped brain of Bugs a minute or so before.

He was close to the cab—fifteen feet away—and suddenly he saw two guns; one in the rear cab window with a muzzle that looked like a shotgun's bore; one, in memory, he saw at last exactly where he had left it two years before. And he knew how Big Pete Sloan would die, if only he could talk to him; if only that gun he faced did not speak first.

The lunchroom door slammed open behind him.

"Tony!" Jane's voice came, low and piercing.

Why should the sound of his own name pierce through and through him like darting lances? Five minutes ago Jane Langford had been just a pretty girl for whom he felt sympathy and liking; now she was the girl who had opened that door in the face of death and called his name.

But all he did was turn and look back and ask evenly, "What is it, Jane?"

SHE came running down the steps and crossed the gravel to him; she grasped his arm and squeezed it convulsively and whispered, "Oh, Tony—why did you come?"

"I came to tell Pete," he answered, loud enough to be clearly heard by those who would be listening for nothing else. "To warn him to be quiet. I told you to stay in there. Now, go back! And keep your mouth shut. Remember, it means Jim's life. Go on—or the cop will be out here after us."

She started slowly, with an uncertain backward glance; and he turned again to the truck—confident, now that he had lived to speak at all.

He opened the cab door and got in, leaving it open; sat down, leaving one foot hanging out, head back against the cushion, cigarette glowing in his fingers.

"Don't lose your head," he warned, voice low but words distinct. "Bugs did—and they got him."

Pete's voice came through the window at his ear: "What happened? Talk! You damned—"

Tony raised his head from the seat back and looked out at the lunchroom; flicked the ash from his cigarette and leaned back again.

"The cop was in the kitchen mooching a free lunch. He came out the kitchen door, and Bugs saw him and jumped up and went for his gun. The cop got him first. Bugs lost his nerve—if he ever had any. The cop didn't know him from Adam's off ox."

"You ——!" Pete gritted. "You lousy, lyin' ——! You double-crossed him!"

Tony was cold with fear. And then Albert spoke to him: "What's to be done, then, Andrews?"

Tony shook the broken cigarette out of his hand.

"I've got to go back in there and talk that cop into letting us go through with the truck. He'll want to hold the dame and me as witnesses."

There was silence. Tony said, "If you kill me now, it means you're trapped here. I say I'll get you through or go down with you, trying. You can believe that or not. If you got the guts to play that hand, why, say so and I'll go in before he comes out here after me."

Albert said, "We'll play."

Tony got down from the cab then, and slammed the door, and walked across the lot with a queer weak feeling in his knees just at first. He went into the lunchroom.

Wright had braced the dead man up against the wall in a sitting position, with his chin on his breast, and was going through his pockets. Jane sat on a stool at the counter. Mabel was out in front of the counter chattering excitedly.

Wright stood up with a billfold and a couple of papers in his hand. Tony asked, "Who is he, Sam?"

The policeman frowned. "Looks like he owns a grocery store in Victorville. But he's got a gun on him and went after it—everybody saw that. Where'd you pick him up? What'd he have to say?"

"I didn't. He picked us up. I stopped to look at a bad tire just this side the Berdoo cut-off, and he came popping out of the brush along the road and showed me the gun under his arm and promised me a demonstration if I didn't get him through. Then he got up on the roof and promised if he was caught he'd get the girl first. He was there when we stopped at the weighing station, laying down flat near the front of the body. I could see him when I went over to the desk, but I knew he was there, and they didn't. They inspected everything else on the truck except the roof. Why, he could have picked off a half dozen in ten seconds from where he was, if I'd opened my face."

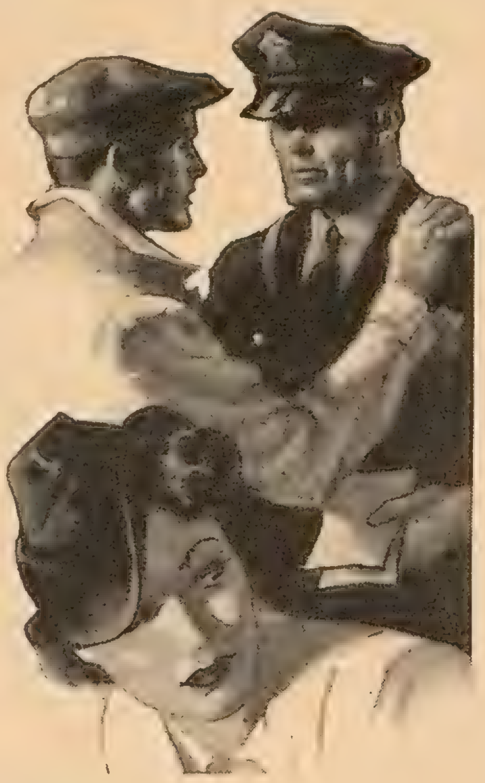
Wright pondered heavily.

"I've got to call below," Wright decided. "This guy might be one of them bank bandits."

"Here's five thousand bucks for you," Tony told him. "He is."

The policeman exclaimed eagerly, "How'd you know?"

"He said so. He said, 'I knocked off seven in the bank today—one more'll just be an even number, that's all.'"



"Her nerves are all shot, Sam."

"Hell!" Wright cried. "Where's that phone?"

"Look, Sam"—Tony followed him as he went at a half run down the long room—"how about letting me go through with the load?"

"Oh, you got to wait!" Wright answered, hurrying on. "You and the girl got to testify."

Tony persisted, "But we'll come back tomorrow, or next day—whenever you want us. Her nerves are all shot, Sam, and I've got a load of beer out there that's got to be put under cover. If I lay up any place, it'll go sour on me."

The patrolman hesitated in taking down the receiver. "Wait till the sergeant gets up from below. Fifteen, twenty minutes won't make any difference."

"You know darned well that strait-laced grandmother won't let me through!"

WRIGHT took his hand down, turned around frowning. "No. I can't do it! Why don't you call Needles and have some one come out after the load? Then you and the girl go back to Berdoo in one of our cars and put up at a hotel for the night. That'll rest her more than makin' that trip to Needles. You do that, Tony"—he turned back to the phone. "I can't take chances on anything else."

"Wait!" Tony grasped at one remaining possibility. "It's a good idea, about the driver; I should have thought of that, myself. But it'll take him several hours to get here; this load will be late as the devil as it is. Let me go on to Victorville. I can put the truck under cover there, call Needles, leave Miss Langford in the hotel, and come on back. What do you say?"

"Oh, damn it!" Wright exclaimed irritably. "All right—I guess that'll be all right. Go ahead, then. But you hurry up back here—I'll get plenty hell for even letting you go that far!"

Tony slapped his shoulder. "Sam, you're all right!"

"I'm crazy," Wright contradicted. He took down the receiver. "Go on—before I change my mind."

. . . . . .

After they'd got started, Tony said, "We've got just a few minutes before they get wise, and then hell's going to pop all over the desert."

"You get us through Victorville!" Pete shouted above the truck noise. "That's far enough."

And Tony exclaimed, to himself, "So *that's* where they've got the plane!" But how could they have it in or near Victorville? But the all-important question was, How many would that plane carry? Big Pete would leave no live witnesses behind. If they didn't go in the plane, they didn't go anywhere.

They were hurtling down the long slope at fifty miles an hour over a road that rocked and swayed the big red freighter. They made twenty miles in twenty-five minutes.

* * *

Sam Wright had put it mildly when he said he'd get "plenty hell" for letting the truck through. But he hadn't known, when he said it, that the roof *had* been inspected at the weighing station; and he couldn't possibly have known that almost at the same instant Tony Andrews drove out of the grounds a general alarm had gone out putting an urgent detainer on one Jane Langford, employee of the looted Bank of the Pacific, whose mysterious disappearance had just been discovered. He remembered that Tony Andrews had referred to her, at least once, as "Miss Langford."

A very much embittered man, Sam Wright of the Highway Patrol hurled his careening motorcycle down that same long slope to Victorville.

BACK at the Summit a call went through to Victorville. But the truck had been fifteen minutes on the road before the sergeant got from the weighing station to the Summit in answer to Wright's news of the kill; it had been ten minutes longer gone before Wright thundered out of the parking lot after it and the call went through to head it off. So it was easing slowly down a back way paralleling the steep main street of Victorville even while the patrolman in town was talking on the phone a couple of blocks away; and it had crossed the street that forms a T bar to the main street, and rumbled with elephantine stealth on out of town by a seldom-traveled road another fifteen or twenty minutes before its passage had been discovered.

Sam Wright was in Victorville by then, and he was fighting mad.

Five miles from town—the last two with his lights out—Tony got down and closed a wire ranch gate through which they had just passed; got back behind the wheel and drove along a single-track dirt road into a fold of the low hills a quarter mile, where it became an avenue bordered by tall pepper trees. Then they rolled slowly into the open and stopped at the edge of the moonlight where it flooded a big ranch yard of hard-packed earth. On the left was a sprawling bungalow with wide verandas back under the trees; to the right a barn and corral and outbuildings. The barn was long, with a high peaked roof; at the near end a shed had been built on.

Tony left the motor idling as instructed, and he and Jane got down. The panel was raised and Pete and Albert crawled out. The Englishman breathed deeply of the cool night air,

# "Why didn't you ever get married, Auntie?"

"IT'S a long story, my dear, I'll tell you about it sometime."

It *is* a long story. As old as the world. It's a sad story, too. It's no joke being an old maid.

Killjoys just don't get proposals. The girl who says, "Would you mind going home early tonight," isn't asked for a second date.

Men like peppy girls.

So take heed if listlessness and loneliness seem to be your lot—if you seem to lag behind the rest of the crowd—if dizzy spells assail you just when you should be feeling fine.

These things have happened to women since the world began. But for over sixty years there has been a welcome aid—since that day some sixty-odd years ago when Lydia Pinkham first prepared her Vegetable Compound, one woman has told another how to go "smiling through." This Compound has a way of toning up the system—of making women better able to help themselves in warding off the miseries that come of functional disorders—especially during those three ordeals of womanhood—changing from girlhood to womanhood, preparing for motherhood, approaching "middle age."

Mind you, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is no magical "elixir of life." Its benefits rest on the sound principle that the better condition a woman's system is in, the better able she is to help Nature help herself in withstanding the woes that women are heir to. And hundreds of thousands of letters from grateful users the world around attest to the merits of this good old preparation—tell in language more eloquent than ours how one woman has told another how to go "smiling through."

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound

and walked past, without speaking, to the shed. He stood a moment inspecting, with the aid of a pocket flash, the padlock securing the hasp on the doors, then took keys from his pocket and swung the doors open. He switched on a light and went in, while the others waited near the truck, in the shadow. The doors were at the end of the shed.

Pete kept an eye on the house and the road. When Albert reappeared and signaled them to come ahead, he grasped Jane's arm in passing and walked her along beside him. Tony didn't like that. But he got back in the cab and swung the truck over to the right to clear the sides of the shed doors when he straightened out.

There was a small single door in the end wall, and Pete was standing in it with his hands on the jambs, looking into the lighted interior of the barn proper.

Jane was off at one side by herself; the springy straightness had gone out of her and she looked unutterably weary. Tony felt sorry for her and possessive and protective all in one, and hot anger boiled in him against Big Pete Sloan.

He got down from the cab after shutting off the ignition and setting the hand brake. Albert had reversed the padlock on the doors to a similar hasp on the inside. He secured them, and said to Tony:

"Take the back out of the cab and get that tire out. Have you a flashlight? Here," he handed over his. "Then I'll help with Jim."

And while Tony started at the front end, Albert got under the rear of the body and unfastened and pulled out the second tire. He was all quick movement. Pete got into the front of the body and came out with the suitcases, which he carried into the barn; in a couple of minutes he was back with them, empty; and the instant the rim was off the first tire, ripped the tube open with a knife and started transferring the contents.

Jane had clambered into the front of the truck and was kneeling on the mattresses, supporting young Langford with an arm around his shoulders, when Tony and the Englishman came to move him. The wounded boy was mumbling incoherently, still partially under the influence of the powerful sedative, but the fever was gone.

When they entered the barn Tony looked up and saw that it held, instead of mows of the fragrant alfalfa for which that section is famous, a high-wing monoplane with a bright blue cabin body and silvered wings.

He asked, "Where'd you get that?"

"Near San Francisco," Albert answered readily. "Nice job, isn't it?"

"Stolen?"

"Oh, naturally!"

A COUPLE of boxes had been placed to serve as steps at the door, and after some careful maneuvering they got young Langford into the cabin and placed him in one of the adjustable chairs upholstered in soft blue leather.

"Get those damp clothes removed as soon as the cabin warms up," Albert told Jane, "and he won't catch cold. Meanwhile cover him with a blanket; there are some in one of the lockers."

The side lights were on in the cabin. It was large, done in chromium and blue leather. Behind the seating space there were two lockers from floor to ceiling, forming a nook about three feet deep, closed at the back end by a very narrow door which shut off the rear of the fuselage. There were chairs for six passengers, including the two in front at the dual controls.

Pete came clambering in with the suitcases and shoved them under the seats.

"If you'll get the doors opened," the Englishman said, "I'll check things. We'll run it out by hand, of course."

Tony followed Pete out of the plane to the front wall of the barn, and discovered that almost the entire lower half of the wall—from the rafters down—had been formed into two doors, of which the original barn doors were only a small part.

Pete unbarred a small door in the wall, took out his gun with his right hand, opened the door to a crack with his left, and, after peering through, stepped just outside where there was deep shadow close to the barn and he could see every foot of the moonlit yard. In a moment he came back in, shoving his gun into its clip, and they released two or three bars and shoved the huge wall sections outward.

The chocks were taken away from the wheels then, and they rolled the plane out into the yard. There was only a hundred feet or so of clear ground to a fence whose rails were easily removed, and whose posts slipped out of the hard-packed ground. When they had laid aside a wide section there was a clear way for three or four hundred yards across a flat meadow.

They all got into the cabin. The lights had been turned out, but it was bright with moonlight.

Albert got into the pilot's seat. Pete motioned Jane and Tony to places midway of the cabin, and himself sat down behind them, across from young Langford.

Pete nervously gripped his seat when the plane took to the air.

SHORTLY after they'd leveled off at five thousand feet, Tony and Jane tended young Langford. He was resting easily.

Pete went up in front and sat down just behind Albert, but kept an eye on the afterpart of the cabin.

Tony insisted that Jane herself lie down in one of the chairs, and covered her feet and legs. "You get some sleep," he admonished, "before you pass out on us." He bent down and lowered his voice. "Everything's going swell. Wish me luck and stop worrying."

She reached up suddenly with both hands and pulled his face down and kissed him on the lips. "I *hope* that's lucky," she whispered.

When she released him, he remained in the same stooped position, looking into her half-embarrassed eyes with an odd intensity. After a minute he said, "Well, it makes me *feel* lucky."

Then he went up front without another word and sat down next to Albert. Pete had witnessed Jane's impulsive action; he was grinning crookedly.

"So we *are* going to Mexico." Tony indicated the direction of flight. "I'm surprised at you boys."

Pete's grin disappeared. Albert inquired, "And why are you surprised?"

"Because it's a dumb thing to do."

Pete snorted.

"Look," Tony insisted. "I'm in this up to my neck, too, so I've got a right to say what I think. Mexico wasn't such a bad idea up to the time Bugs blew up down there. But that was the pay-off, and I'll bet we didn't get off the ground any too quick. Victorville's a little burg, and some one sure saw us go through; those gas-station men on the hill saw us, I know. And the coppers would buzz around like hornets till they found the general direction we headed, and then all they'd have to do would be look for the tire marks of a heavy truck turning off on a side road. And if they were within miles of the place, they heard this plane go up. They phone headquarters. A broadcast goes out to ground and search all unknown planes. The Border Patrol warms up its ships, and puts in a few extra rounds of machine-gun ammunition, and listens for a hum from those instruments they've got that'll spot a plane twice too high to be seen in broad daylight. And when you start across, a flock of them'll swoosh up out of nowhere, and you'll either go down where they say, or they'll write Yankee Doodle on the side of this cabin in letters six feet high, and you'll go down in a heap."

Pete's eyes had come wide open as that sank in. Suddenly he leaned forward and gripped the Englishman's shoulder. "Hey, Duke!"

"Yes, I know," Albert affirmed. "He's right."

"Well, let's get out of here! Let's—"

"Wait," Albert quietly interrupted. "Andrews has the answer."

Tony turned and sat sidewise in the seat. The cabin was well insulated against sound, and ordinary conversation was possible.

"How much gas you got, Duke?"

"Enough for fifteen hundred miles of good weather."

"Well, the place I have in mind is about seven or eight hundred miles from here in a straight line. It has high mountains all around; it's fifty miles from a railroad, thirty from a town, and five from the nearest neighbor. You can duck the plane down between two mountain ranges fifty, sixty miles before you get there, and be out of sight of everybody but mountain lions, coyotes, and maybe a couple sheepherders. We can be there in plenty of time for breakfast. There's a good house and a lake full of fish. You can stay a month or two, or a year if you want, and nobody'll bother you or guess you're around." He looked into Pete's intent stare. "Does that sound better than dodging planes over the border and rurales in Mexico?"

Pete demanded, "Where is this place? How'd you know so much about it? Whose place is it?"

Albert interjected, "May I deduce a bit? This will be the ranch in Wyoming—the one you mortgaged to buy the truck, Andrews."

"That's right!" Tony nodded. "And it's one swell place!"

Pete's stare switched from one to the other. "Who's there?"

"Nobody. Hasn't been a soul near the place since I bought it, five years ago, except for a couple trips I made, the last one on my vacation two summers back. Oh, there might be a cowpunch or two ride through now and then, rounding up stock. You see, it's off by itself; the trail ends there. There's nothing in the valley except this ranch; so nobody's got any reason to go there."

PETE'S eyes were fathomless pools. "Duke," he asked after a minute, "what d'you think?"

"It is apparently our best bet."

"You don't think this guy's tryin' to pull something funny?"

"Such as what?"

"Such as there *is* somebody at this ranch, and we land in a trap."

"No, I don't think that."

"My gosh, Pete," Tony protested, "you're sure a trusting guy!"

"You're damn right! I don't trust nobody, not even myself"—he hesitated, and his voice lowered—"except the Duke, here. You're sweet on the dame already, eh?"

"What about it if I am?"

"Nice girl," Pete said. "I like her myself."

Tony's eyes narrowed. "Not getting ideas, are you?"

Pete demanded coldly, "So if I do —what?"

"Sticking up banks is safer."

It seemed that a mask dropped over Big Pete's face with the lowering of the heavy lids across his eyes, and menace crouched expectant between them.

---

*Tony has been more than smart in getting Bugs killed off, but can he dispose of the Duke and Pete with equal skill? It promises to be a tremendously thrilling fight of one against two in the lonely mountains, and the next issue of Liberty will bring you a climax and end that you'll never forget.*

# Life Begins At 40

RESERVE BANK

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### He Starts a Second Career

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IN THE PAST 44 YEARS Mr. Kalischer has probably handled more coins than any other man in the United States—first as chief of coin department in the U. S. Sub-Treasury, later as head of coin-receiving section of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

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Countless men of 40 and up have these same qualities in varying degrees. They are priceless qualities in business. If employers do not seem to value them enough, it may be because men often reach their fullest mental powers—just when many of them are beginning to slip *physically.*

*If you do not intend to be forced into a back seat, take stock of your health.* Some adjustment in diet, a little more sleep or exercise may be all you need, to start you on a new career—toward a new "top."

## They are Winning New Success—YOU Can, Too

### ENJOYS HELPING SCOUTS

***Mrs. George H. Graham, Jr.***

*Dear Life Begins:*

When I was about 40 or so, my health seemed to fail and I thought the dreaded fortieth birthday was an end to youth.

My digestion bothered me. I had very severe headaches. Someone suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, so I started to eat it.

Headaches and indigestion disappeared. I have energy to burn. Recently we moved to a three-story house. Running up and down stairs is no trouble with my *new* feeling of health.

Best of all, I am closer than ever to my children. All four are ardent Scouts. Working for their cause has made me one of them, and very *young.* FLORENCE GRAHAM

### BACK IN REAL ESTATE AT 51

***Mr. Ben Small***

*Dear Life Begins:*

I am a real-estate man. Some ten years ago, when the bottom fell out of Florida real estate, I lost everything, including my business. It was too much for me. I had a physical collapse—my hair turned pure white.

The first job I could find was in the hotel business. But I had no interest in it and made no attempt to get back on my feet financially.

Then a friend advised me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast, instead of just going along sapping the little vitality I had left. I tried it, and in a short time not only my health but my morale was completely restored.

Now I'm back in my own line—real estate —in New York, and have made a definite success of it. BEN SMALL

## When Digestion Slows Down You Feel Your Age

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Fleischmann's Yeast *tones up* digestion by inducing a *fuller* and *more potent* flow of the gastric juices.

Also, Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in 4 important vitamins, which give an added tonic action. Each one of these vitamins has its own special share in maintaining vigorous health.

Start eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—one cake ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. See how much better you feel!

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# Petting in the Dark

## BY THE REV. DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PEOPLE are inclined to consider "petting" a harmless manifestation of the spirit of the times. As one whose office has for years been visited by girls in distress, and by their relatives and friends, I am convinced that it is one of the paramount social problems of today.

Petting is a sophisticated performance with a technique of its own. In the significant jargon of modern youth, there are three stages: "necking," "petting," and "heavy petting." Very frequently the stages follow each other during the same session.

I have never been a moral scold; but no liberalism can stand in the way of an emphatic affirmation that this so-called frolicsome petting is far more dangerous than the majority of our girls realize.

The perilous thing about petting is that it is purely sexual and has little or nothing to do with love. Like drinking, it becomes a habit and may develop tragic consequences. It may be very destructive of love. A girl's experiences in parked cars or on darkened porches accustom her to accept casually the most intimate associations with young men. When the real thing with the one man comes to her later on, she cannot give the full measure of love that her husband expects and that the ideal marriage demands.

The more experience a girl has in violent and promiscuous sex affairs, the less really satisfying she finds them. And she may become embittered and turn away from men altogether. The boy likewise gets a wrong slant. When he marries later on, he may shock his innocent bride by his callous attitude.

It is surprising how rapidly petting changes a girl. She becomes cynical; her standard of values is altered, and with it her whole attitude toward life. I have seen these changes in many girls. Their mothers have come to me pathetically bewildered. The girls had been sweet and wholesome; then there was a car ride or a dance, and when they returned home a furtive, secretive expression had crept into their faces.

**From one who understands —A candid, common-sense revelation to modern girls**

It was as though they had undergone some revolutionary experience. For a period the young women seem to be worrying over a problem. Then there was another car ride, or a party, and thereafter they were progressively more at ease. But as they grew calmer they became more careless of the path they were traveling.

"Heavy petting" devalues a girl as a prospective wife. Some modern girls do not think so; but I have married many couples, and I know, from the frank talks I have had with young men, that it does make a very great difference to them. Even when the men have had premarital sex experience themselves, they want a wife who has had none. It isn't fair, I know, but it is true.

All of which is not to assert that the heavy-petting girls do not marry, but rather that they create greater difficulties for themselves than they realize. Take the case of one young married woman who came to me for counsel. She had been married about a year, and lately had noticed that in her moments of intimacy with her husband she could not dismiss thoughts of the men with whom she had been a partner in heavy petting before her marriage. Her feeling of guilt eventually brought her to the point of a nervous breakdown.

I advised her to take her husband into her confidence and rely on their mutual love to overcome her difficulties. But this she would not do. She was too ashamed. A few weeks later she wrote me she had left her husband, believing it the best thing she could do.

Some women can relegate such memories to the past. But more sensitive women are disturbed by them, and sometimes a torturing psychological structure is built up.

One danger of petting, of which very few girls are aware, is fortunately escaped by most of them. It happens often enough, however, for me to feel it my duty to mention it. I refer to the arousing of an abnormally strong sex appetite. It is a fact known that in the lives of a large number of prostitutes and girl patients in hospitals for the insane there were preliminary periods when their associations with men were on the petting basis.

On a lecture tour in St. Louis I engaged a room in a hotel, to utilize a few hours before traintime in writing. Hardly had I started tapping on my typewriter when there was a knock at the door. A young woman pushed in, saying "Hello," and, before I could prevent her, drew the shade. She was clad only in a silk bathrobe.

"I am not interested," I told her. "I have work to do, and I am a happily married man."

"Oh, come on," she urged. "Your wife will never know."

"I am not interested," I repeated, "except that I would like to know how you got into this business. That is, if you care to tell me—"

She coughed. I recognized the tubercular sound of it. As she turned to go out, she saw a Bible on the desk.

"You are a minister?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"All right. What do you want to know about me?"

"Just how you got into this business."

SHE told me she had been a small-town girl, the daughter of a good family. At eighteen she had begun going about with a typical group of young people to whom a parked car and a roadhouse had become natural. She had been shocked at first, but when the others made fun of her naïveté she followed their example. Petting brought her to such a state that she lost all control over herself, and passion became a dominant factor in her life.

After a time she married. But married life made her restless. She found that she could not be content with her husband alone. Soon, almost involuntarily, she had an affair with a neighbor.

Her husband promptly divorced her. From then on she sank lower and lower until prostitution claimed her.

"And that's all there is to it," she said. "Good-by."

She couldn't have been more than twenty-three.

Sometimes such perversion of the normal sex emotion has serious mental consequences. One young woman I shall never forget. She came into my office, seemingly rational, and said that a wrong had been done to her and that she wanted my help. She had been a society girl in a large Eastern city who had joined a group of other society girls and young men to work as nurses and attendants in a charity summer camp.

One night she was invited to a mixed party in a girl's room, where she discovered all the guests were dressed in women's underwear and the

(*Continued on page 38*)

Holiday Calls
Mother
Uncle Ben
Aunt Sarah
Grandmother
Suzanne
Cousin Don

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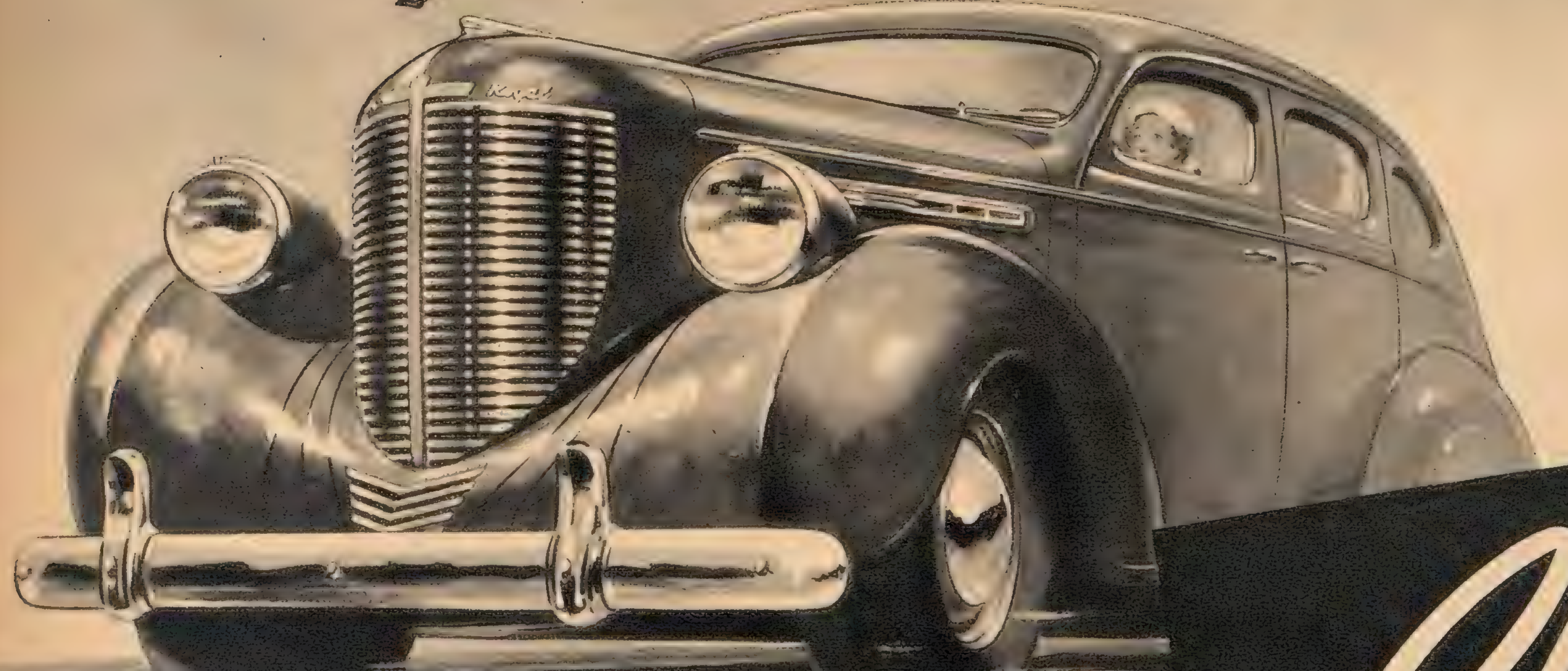

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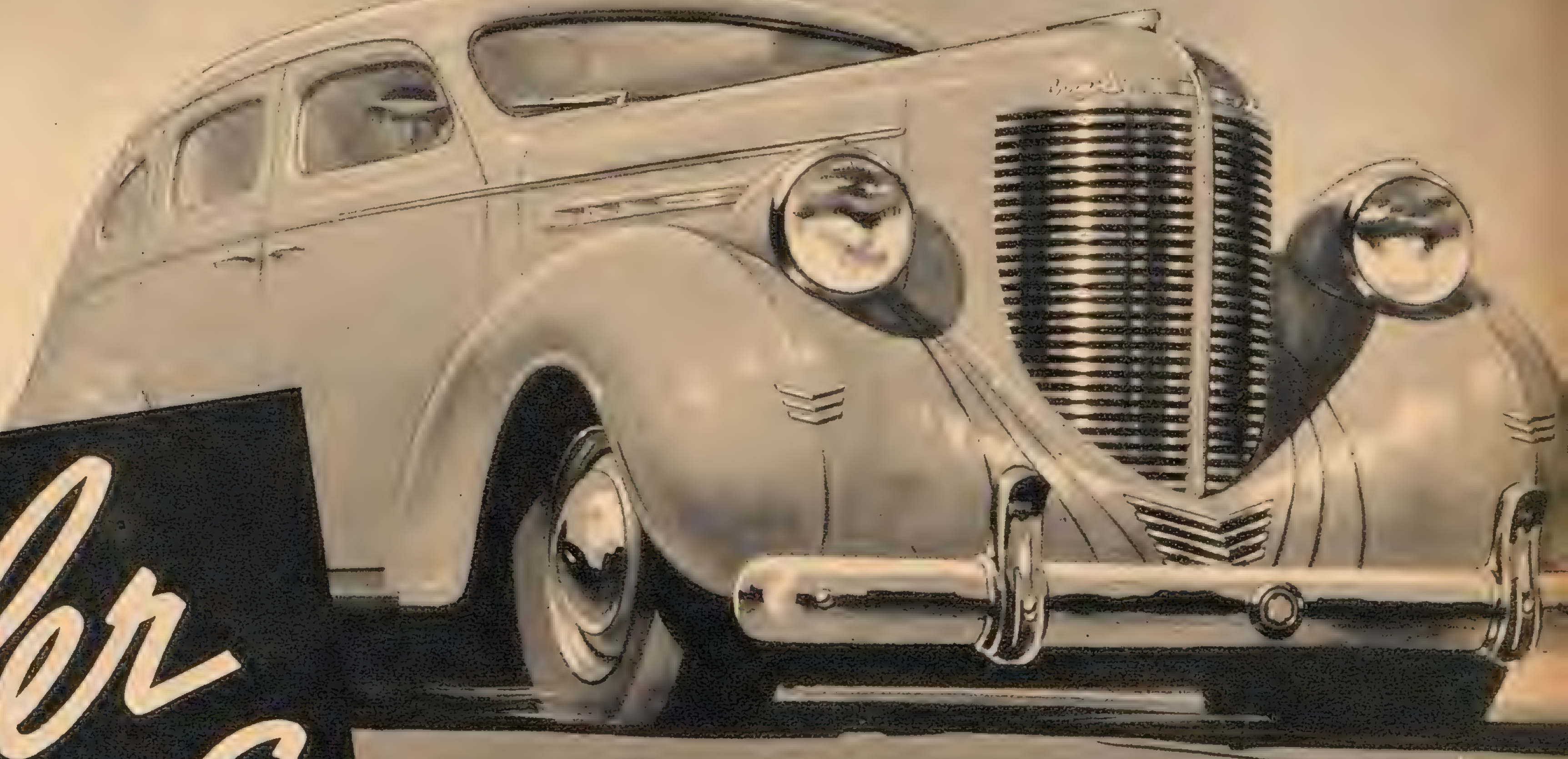

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affair was called a "pink-pantie party." She was too embarrassed to leave, and, like so many other girls, was soon persuaded to be a good sport. Before she left the camp she was unable to resist an affair with a young doctor. Now she wanted to bring suit against him.

Except that I saw little reason for action against the doctor, because of the girl's acquiescence, the story sounded true. But, noticing a hysterical look in her eyes, I brought her home. After dinner my wife took her to her room—and in a little while came to me and said the girl should be taken to a mental hospital. We persuaded her to go with us to a physician. He reported that he could find nothing wrong with her. My wife then said:

"Will you please tell the doctor what you see when you look at him?"

She readily agreed, and they went back to his private office. A minute later he returned, looking sickened.

"She must be taken to a hospital at once," he said.

He then took me aside and said the girl had told him, with a sudden eager zest, that when she looked at him, or any other man, she saw him exposed. My wife had found this out when she had interviewed her.

The girl was placed in a mental institution, and is still there. Investigation proved that all she had told me had actually occurred at the camp. The erotic excitement had turned her into an incipient sex psychopath.

The sequel to petting which girls most dread is pregnancy. Nine times out of ten the girl will explain that the boy used the commonest precautionary device, easily procurable, and sold at a profit of from 500 to 5,000 per cent. These devices, as every authority has pointed out, are thoroughly unreliable. Nor are there any other reliable contraceptive devices except those specifically prescribed by physicians. But the girl usually does not know this, and places faith in what other girls have told her and in the assurances the boy gives her. When she discovers that something has gone wrong, it is too late.

Abortion has become a big business, in spite of the law, the church, and public opinion. Many are the girls who, as an aftermath to petting parties, are hurried to hospitals in a vain attempt to save their lives from a fatal infection due to an illegal operation.

If a girl decides to bear the child, then, if all concerned are willing, she and the boy may get married. But what sort of beginning for a marriage is that?

Still another pernicious result of petting is disease. Public-health officials have no doubt that the wide prevalence of gonorrhea and syphilis is due in a great measure to sex promiscuity among our young people.

Petting is usually done in the dark. The petters are too often in the dark as to the possible consequences.

THE END

# KENTUCKY VENGEANCE

## THREE WOMEN IN GENERAL DENHARDT'S LIFE AND HOW THEY DIED

A colorful close-up of things behind a 1937 courtroom classic

The Garrs: "Doc" (at the top), Roy, and youthful Jack.

### BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The general. His dead fiancee's brothers shot him down.

THERE'S a great crowd on Main Street in Shelbyville, Kentucky. Jack and Roy Garr are on trial for the murder of General Denhardt—and there's a festive air in town. Men and women and children pack the sidewalks and the street in front of the pillared courthouse and around the old stone jail.

They're not so much interested in the trial. There isn't one of them that wouldn't tell you "them two boys will go scot-free, and their brother too, Doc Garr—if he ever gets out of the sanitarium and they try him, which I don't think they will." It was the drama of General Denhardt's life and death that drew them here.

"He killed at least three women," most any one of those people will tell you. "He killed Mrs. Taylor. Drilled her plumb through the heart. He killed that woman in the Seelbach Hotel—that Patricia Wilson; wasn't that her name? Ain't no question about that. Threw her down the elevator shaft and killed her. And that other girl, the one that worked in his office, the one that was burnt in the grate fire right in her own home. He was sweet on her. There wasn't any proof he knocked her into that fire. But he done it. Put her head in the grate and lit the gas. Burned her so her own mother wouldn't know her. And got away with it.

"Sure the Garrs killed him. Why shouldn't they? They said he made a motion to his hip pocket. They killed him on the eve of his trial for the murder of Mrs. Taylor. That wasn't so good. They were hasty there. But you can't help feelings. And that man needed killing bad."

A great crowd, and everybody waiting for the jury to acquit the defendants. Then—a big night.

I went into a barbershop the morning I arrived.

"I don't know if you're a friend of the general's or not," the barber who shaved me said. "But he left less sorrow in Kentucky than any other man who ever died."

"What'll be done to the Garrs?" asked the drummer in the next chair. "They'll go scot-free, won't they?"

"Probably will. What did they say when he killed their sister? 'Let the law take its course.' Well, the law tried him. And a jury couldn't make up its mind.

"So he got free on bond. He was fixing to go to his second trial when the Garrs killed him. Law ought to protect a man coming to his trial, no matter how much of a skunk he is. Skunk? There was a frolic in his home town the day he was buried.

"The point is, Kentucky ain't sorry General Denhardt's dead. Only that he wasn't killed legal. Say, the general was shot once before. Right in Bowling Green, where he lived. And the jury fined the man. Yes, sir. Fined him on account of his aim was bad.

"Now it's the general's kin says, 'Let the law take its course.' Yep, the Garrs'll probably go free. They'll probably be heroes to a lot of folks. But the general had powerful friends. A few, but powerful. And there's no telling what'll happen to the Garrs if they're acquitted."

The barber was wrong on one point. The general had many friends who sincerely mourn him. He never killed

Mrs. Verna Garr Taylor. Did she kill herself?

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SCHICK SHAVER

It's the happy way to shave! A man goes to the breakfast table smiling. The morning coffee tastes better—the whole day seems brighter when there can be no smarting, stinging or cut face from the morning shave.

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any woman, they insist. But the barber did express the sentiments of the average Kentuckian. Denhardt should have been killed, maybe—but not that way, not on the eve of his trial. For that put a stain on Kentucky.

Brigadier General Henry H. Denhardt, the son of an immigrant cobbler, was a little over sixty-one. He was about six feet two and weighed over two hundred. In tails or in dress uniform he was a majestic figure.

Mrs. Taylor was a very beautiful brunette, the type that always attracted the general. He came to her home in La Grange one day to ask about a house she wanted to rent. She captivated him, and he fascinated her.

He was the ranking officer in the state. He had been prosecuting attorney, judge, and lieutenant governor; had served in France; had been decorated for bravery; was said to be worth about $250,000. He was still strong and active, and he was charming.

Everybody turned to look at him wherever he went. The widow loved to be seen with him. She lived with her two daughters, Mary and Frances, and operated a laundry her husband had left her.

DID she love him? He said she did, and had promised to marry him, and had accepted a $1,500 ring. Her daughters and brothers have another tale to tell.

"When Denhardt proposed to her," a friend of his told me, "Mrs. Taylor called a conference of all her relatives and her dead husband's—the Garrs and the Taylors—and put herself in their hands. They decided it might be a good match for Verna, providing there was nothing against the general. They investigated. He had lots of enemies who told lies about him. So the clans said no."

Besides the allegations—and the flat denials—that the general had killed two other women, I heard how he had led troops into a strike area and ordered his men to act with ruthless brutality; and I heard he had merely done his duty. I heard how he had marched the National Guard troops into a doubtful precinct, seized all the ballot boxes, taken charge, and voted his men for his friends. I heard also that he'd done nothing of the kind.

Maybe the Taylors and the Garrs heard these stories. At any rate, Mrs. Taylor gave the general back his ring. He admitted that. But, he said, he gave it to her a second time, and she took it willingly.

On November 6, 1936, after a day spent in Louisville, Mrs. Taylor went riding with him. On a moonless road in Henry County the car stopped. The battery had died.

A passing motorist asked if he could help. Denhardt asked him to have a new battery sent from a garage. He and Mrs. Taylor sat in the car talking for a few minutes, he said. Then she asked him if he couldn't go and phone for help. She wouldn't rely on the motorist.

The general thought this unnecessary; but she had complained of a headache. And she was moody. One of the truck drivers in her laundry, a young man named Chester Woolfolk, was infatuated with her, had learned of her engagement to the general, and was talking wildly. She couldn't stand it; had even spoken of killing herself.

So, to please her, the general walked down the road a little way and into the home of George Baker, a farmer Talking to Baker, he heard a shot. A few moments later he heard another. Baker heard that shot too.

They went back into the road. The general called but got no answer. The farmer lighted a lantern and the two men walked down the road. They found her lying in a ditch. She had been shot through the heart. The general's .45 service revolver lay near the body. She had been walking backward; her footprints showed that.

The general was placed under arrest. Paraffin tests of their hands purported to show that he had fired a gun within forty-eight hours, and that Mrs. Taylor had not. Other tests showed that stains on his overcoat were of the same "blood group" as Mrs. Taylor's blood; that no powder had been embedded in her skin; that the flesh about the wound had not been scorched or burned.

The general admitted that it was his gun.

"I had it in the car," he said. "She took it once before, to kill herself, but I wrested it from her."

"He lies," the Garrs and the Taylors said. "He killed her because she wouldn't marry him."

The general stuck to his story on the stand. And

George Baker, the farmer, backed him up. "It was a little pop shot," Baker said. "Like a .22."

The prosecution tried to make the jury believe there was no second shot; that Baker heard some other sound. Some of the jurors did believe that. Others didn't.

The defense put experts on the stand to show that the paraffin test isn't always accurate. As for the bloodstains, the general had cut a finger that day when changing a tire. And they made the Woolfolk angle—whether false or true—seem almost significant.

There doesn't seem to have been much basis for talk about a romance between Woolfolk and Mrs. Taylor. He sometimes drove her home from the laundry in his truck. And once in a while he might linger a few minutes and talk to the girls or bang out a song or two on the piano.

The Garrs and the Taylors—and many others too—indignantly denied there had been any infatuation on the part of either. Mrs. Taylor liked the boy and treated him decently. He liked her and behaved as a well bred young employee should. He comes from one of the oldest families in the state.

"The Garr brothers heard that Denhardt, at his second trial, was going to say things about Mrs. Taylor and and Woolfolk," I was told. "So they shut his mouth."

"Nonsense," another man said. "They were afraid of him. They knew he'd shoot if he had a gun on him."

"You want the low-down?" a lawyer asked me. "Well, I wasn't Denhardt's lawyer, but here it is: Mrs. Taylor really wanted to marry him, but she knew how he saved every nickel, how he went into rages about money. So she demanded a prenuptial settlement, simply to have peace and quiet if she married him. You can't blame her.

"Denhardt himself told me that much. It's my conviction that they were talking finances and she said something that riled him, and he went into one of his crazy rages and grabbed the gun and killed her."

In the evening of September 20, 1937, Denhardt and his attorney, Rodes K. Myers, were walking down Main Street in Shelbyville toward the Armstrong Hotel. The general wanted to get to bed early, for he had to be in New Castle in the morning to attend his second trial.

They crossed Sixth Street, and Myers shouted, "Look out! There's the Garrs!"

The three brothers, Dr. E. S. Garr, veterinarian, Roy Garr, and Jack, had just got out of an automobile.

If the general did make a move toward his hip pocket, he found he was unarmed. He started to run. The Garrs started shooting. He fell in the doorway of the hotel. Both Roy and E. S. Garr fired at him. And as he lay dead or dying, Roy cursed him and shot him again, according to witnesses. At the same time, E. S. Garr threatened to shoot Myers. Jack Garr, the youngest, who had no gun and had taken no part in the shooting, begged his brother not to. Myers pleaded for his life. A policeman came running. The Garrs surrendered.

WITHIN the week they were brought, for the "examining trial," before County Judge Harry F. Walters. "I heard some one say, 'There's the Garrs,'" said Roy. "I saw Denhardt. I knew he'd kill any object in his way. I thought he was going for his gun."

"Denhardt squirmed, kind of," Dr. Garr said. "Like that. Then his right hand went back. Like this."

The plea was self-defense—though Denhardt had been thrice shot from behind.

Attorney General Hubert Meredith demanded the Garrs be held without bail. It wasn't self-defense, he insisted. It was vengeance.

The judge admitted the brothers to bail—$20,000 each for Dr. Garr and Roy, $10,000 for Jack. The brothers had no trouble furnishing bond. The courtroom went wild with joy. Shelbyville had never seen such a celebration before—unless maybe it was over the Armistice.

The general was buried from his home in Bowling Green. His body lay in the armory he had obtained for his home town, the finest armory in the state, the Denhardt Armory. Crowds of people came to see him, men, women, and children. There were two ministers at the funeral services, and one of them said, "We are not here to speculate where his soul may be."

THE END

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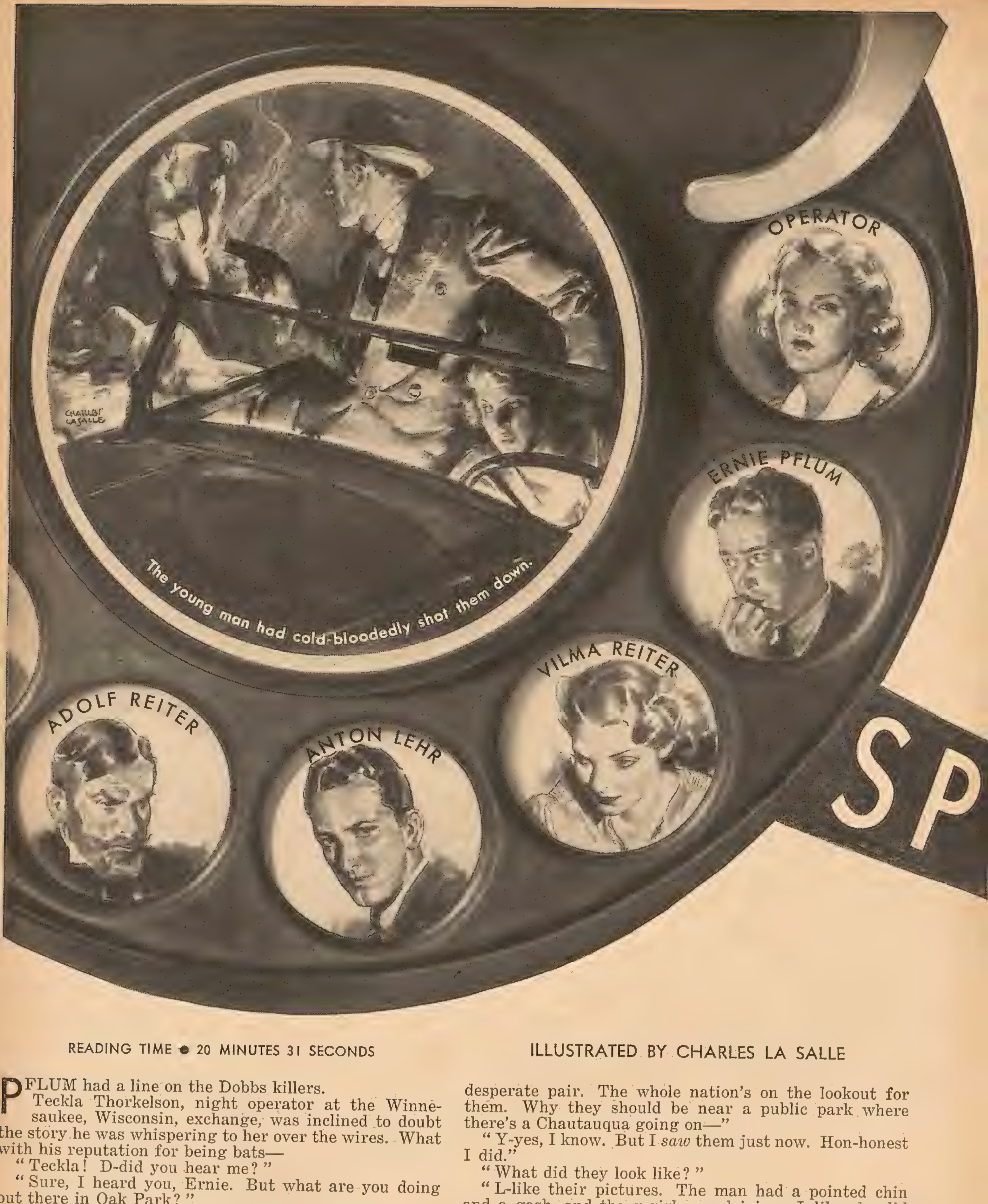

The young man had cold-bloodedly shot them down.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

PFLUM had a line on the Dobbs killers.

Teckla Thorkelson, night operator at the Winnesaukee, Wisconsin, exchange, was inclined to doubt the story he was whispering to her over the wires. What with his reputation for being bats—

"Teckla! D-did you hear me?"

"Sure, I heard you, Ernie. But what are you doing out there in Oak Park?"

"I'm playing with Reiter's orchestra tonight at the Chautauqua. M-maybe I'm late. I got on the wrong bus. I g-guess I'm late."

Teckla could see poor little Ernie, not quite so tall as his bull fiddle, hanging on to the neck of it while he strained on tiptoes to talk to her.

"You know, Ernie, those Dobbs killers are a pretty desperate pair. The whole nation's on the lookout for them. Why they should be near a public park where there's a Chautauqua going on—"

"Y-yes, I know. But I *saw* them just now. Hon-honest I did."

"What did they look like?"

"L-like their pictures. The man had a pointed chin and a gash, and the g-girl was driving. L-like she did on all their hold-ups. That girl—she looked an awful lot like Vilma Reiter."

Teckla's thin lips clamped together summarily. Well, now, that settled it. Ernie certainly was bats. Maybe he could read music and saw on a fiddle O. K., but when it came to other things—

"All right, I'll call the police. I'll tell Sergeant Rains," Teckla said, humoring him. And Ernie, after a prolonged clicking, finally managed to connect the receiver with its hook.

Teckla shook her head commiseratively. Ernie's suspicions would make a book if you put them all down. The telephone was the miracle of his life. No one ever listened to his brain storms, but by picking up the receiver he could always command the attention of one person, the operator.

Teckla did not tell Sergeant Rains that Ernie Pflum had a line on the Dobbs killers. Sergeant Rains was already burned up with hot tips on that pair. Every one in Wisconsin had seen them, the desperate young man and his girl driver who, weaving south from their latest bank hold-up in St. Paul, had stopped the Dobbs couple on the outskirts of Winnesaukee, taken their car, and cold-bloodedly shot them down.

And, aside from Ernie's hallucinations, there was another reason that definitely precluded Vilma Reiter from being in the vicinity of Oak Park. Vilma was eloping tonight with young Anton Lehr. Secret preparations for the marriage had been going on over the line for three weeks.

If Vilma was anywhere tonight, she was driving south toward a secret rendezvous with Anton. She was wearing white woolen trimmed in white fox and looking buxom and beautiful and maybe a little bit scared. Yes, pretty much scared. For she was defying her father, Adolf Reiter, after twenty-four years of submission to his selfish, egotistical will.

*Ts!* Teckla said to herself as the old man's light flashed in. When Reiter played a concert you'd think he was pulling off a couple of coronations.

"Yes, Mr. Reiter?"

"Schroeder's place! Franzen's place! Stoeffen's! Vere in heffen are all my men? Mickler's! Soffel's! Hurry up, operadah. Schnap it!"

Reiter never called for a number. "*Mein* house! *Mein* shoe factory!" he shouted. And, being a born dictator, he had his way.

Teckla rang Schroeder, the clarinetist in Reiter's orchestra.

"Vere is Art yet?" demanded the maestro when the receiver lifted. "Here I am in a fine pickle, I tell you. Ten o'clock and my five best players not even showed up yet. How can I haf an orchestra mitout clarinet? First wiolin? Flute? Vere iss everybody? Vere iss Pflum? Operadah!"

"Yes, Mr. Reiter."

"Vere iss Pflum?"

Teckla was accustomed, after twenty years at her post, to be expected to know everything.

"Ernie must be out there now, Mr. Reiter. He called in a few minutes ago from the Park Drugstore."

"Some day he's going to lose himself in that bull fiddle, that feller, and forget to come oudt. Get me Franzen. Get me that punk first wiolin."

On five separate cords Teckla was trying to round up the recreant members of Reiter's orchestra. None of the musicians answered.

"That Franzen!" Reiter complained. Teckla could see him, tall, strapping, waving a baton above his heavy distinguished-looking head. "That I haf to use that poor excuse for a wiolin. That I haf to fire oudt—vell, neffer mind who I fire oudt. Operadah, *mein* house!"

Teckla rang Reiter's great fortress of a house. Yes, it was too bad whom he had to fire out. Anton Lehr, whose sweet music was excelled only by the gentleness of his nature. But Anton, excellent first violin though he played, was thrown out of Reiter's orchestra and out of Reiter's shoe factory when the dictator discovered Anton dared aspire to Vilma, the darling of Reiter's heart.

"Don't he answer either, that Franzen? Crazy I'll be. That's what. Even if he don't play like—vell, neffer mind who like—yet he plays wiolin. I got to haf wiolin. My daughter's to sing Welia. Whoever heard of Welia mitout a wiolin?"

With a jerk Teckla lifted her number nines up on the curved legs of her chair. Vilma singing at the Chautauqua? *Tonight?* She came down on the button with a hard thumb.

Reiter's maid answered the phone. Teckla listened in.

"Has Vilma gone already, Marie?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Reiter. She drove away forty minutes ago."

"Forty minutes it shouldn't take to come from our house to the park. The report goes around Norgaard iss already here."

"Oh, I'm glad. When the great Norgaard hears our Vilma, all your dreams will come true."

"Vas effer anything so lucky? The greatest man in the opera world and I neffer knew he's a Visconsin boy."

So that was it. Reiter, seizing every opportunity to push Vilma into a career, had heard tonight that Norgaard was to be at the Chautauqua. Norgaard, who at sixteen had walked barefooted to town from a neighboring farm, unbeknown to his father sold the apple crop for a ticket to New York, and become one of the big personalities of the music world.

Since Vilma was fourteen, Adolf had been pouring the profits of his factory, so to speak, down her lovely throat.

"Oh, pop!" she begged. "Can't we stop trying now? We've been at it ten years. I'll never be a singer. I may sound like Thaïs to you, but—"

"Listen to her!" Adolf cried. "Five years in Paris, Wienna she's had. T'ousands of dollars haf I spent, and she says stop."

There was no stopping for Vilma. Reiter himself had never been able to soar higher than the leadership of the Winnesaukee orchestra, a worthy organization but

# LIT-CONNECTIONS

Of music and murder and love—and wires into the night . . A tingling tale of brave hearts and a drama of death

## BY LUCILE SELK EDGERTON

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local, fixed. Only through Vilma could he get to the top in the music world. So Vilma must necessarily have a voice, since she had glowing blonde beauty that could carry off magnificently any operatic role. And Reiter's shoe factory, pouring out snub-toed bluchers for country feet, was the machine that financed her voice training.

Well, now, Vilma could sing. She sang correctly and sweetly and pleasingly—but not with greatness. Never would she sing with greatness. Opera declined her voice; so did radio. Vilma accepted defeat with a sigh of relief. "There, now, pop. Don't you see it's no use? Of course those instructors would tell you I had a voice when you kept smacking checks on their palms. Oh, pop, why can't I just get married to Anton? That's all I want!"

It was then that Reiter had "fired oudt" Anton. It was then he began to push her career in earnest.

Teckla sat thinking about the various angles of the problem after Reiter had hung up. As a last concession to her father Vilma must have agreed to stop at the Chautauqua on her way to Anton and sing for Norgaard. It was a gracious little act.

. . . . .

A light came up on the local board from a tavern on Oak Park Road. Teckla plugged in.

"Police headquarters," said an authoritative voice. Teckla knew that voice well. It called all hours of the night from the most out-of-the-way places, and its crisp tones always meant business. It belonged to Jimmy Webb, reporter on the Post-News.

Something stronger than curiosity prompted the Swedish operator to listen in.

"Hello, Sergeant Rains? Here's the first honest-to-God line on the Dobbs killers. A couple of spooners at the Chautauqua just discovered the body of Joyce Donald, driver for the bandit, in a shallow leaf-covered trough in the woods. Shot through the heart."

A SLOW chill began to trickle through Teckla's blood.

"The Dobbs roadster was found near by, under a bluff, concealed by trees. It was dry of gas and had two flats."

"Good!" cried Sergeant Rains. "Splendid! What else?"

"I'd say the Donald girl had been dead several hours—perhaps six or seven. No trace of her pal. Perhaps he's still lurking in the uncleared section of the park. The rest is yours, sergeant. . . . . Operator, give me the paper."

With numbed fingers Teckla picked up a plug and inserted it in the Post-News jack. Methodically she rang and closed the cam, dead several hours. Dobbs' roadster under the bluff, dry of gas and with two flats. *Dead six or seven hours.*

She saw Ernie Pflum hanging on to the neck of his bull fiddle and whispering timidly into the mouthpiece: "But I *saw* them just now. That girl—she looked an awful lot like Vilma Reiter."

Just then Reiter himself called in.

"Gif me Franzen's. Forget the others—them I haf to do mitout. Only gif me Franzen. I got to haf wiolin for Welia. Operadah—*nein,* neffer mind Franzen. Gif me *mein* house."

Teckla hooked her size-nine vici-kid shoes tensely around the legs of her chair. Her blue eyes under pale scraggly brows were strained to mere points of light.

"Hello, Marie? Why isn't Vilma here yet? It's already an hour fifteen minutes she's gone. Norgaard iss expected every minute. Everyt'ing iss perfect. Forty-piece orchestra, clear night, open-air t'eater. Neffer will Vilma haf a chance like this!"

Teckla cut in brusquely:

"Hello, Mr. Reiter. I have an emergency call for Ernie Pflum. Is he in the pavilion?"

ISS Pflum in the pawilion! Not in Oak Park pawilion. Vere iss Pflum? Vere can that feller be, lugging around by him a bull fiddle? In a hayloft, maybe. A culwert. Everyvere but vere Pflum should be. Gif me Schroeder!"

Teckla obeyed Reiter's order and on another cord rang the Woodland Café.

This was a summer garden on the thickly timbered end of the park which was known as Brimmer's Woods. It was immensely popular because of its excellent dance music. When Reiter fired Anton, Anton had undertaken the leadership of the orchestra here for the summer. It was his violin that drew the crowds.

Teckla recognized a belligerent note in Anton's voice when he came to the phone. She felt something had gone wrong.

"Sorry to take you away from the orchestra," she began awkwardly.

"You didn't take me away from anything. I'm not playing." His voice was curt. Snappy.

Teckla shifted in her chair. She wanted to find out how that elopement was coming along without seeming merely curious.

"Well, are congratulations in order yet?" It was perhaps the nearest approach to coyness that Teckla Thorkelson, plain, thirty-five, and very Swedish, would ever achieve.

"Are you trying to be funny? There isn't going to be any elopement."

Teckla hunched forward in her chair. "What's happened, Anton?"

"Nothing, except that Reiter still holds the whip over Vilma. He says 'Chump!' and through the fiery circle she goes. He wanted her to sing at the Chautauqua tonight. It was so darned special for some reason that I wouldn't even listen to her. Same old story: this is the last chance she'll ever have to please pop!"

"Haven't you heard from her, then, in the last hour?"

"No. It was nine o'clock when I hung up on her."

"Anton, I've got something—sort of crazy to tell you." She caught the immediate alertness that sped from him across the wires. "They just got one of the Dobbs killers in Oak Park. It was the girl driver, Joyce Donald. They found her dead in the leaves, shot through the heart. They figure she's been dead about six hours."

"Yes?"

"Well . . . about an hour ago Ernie Pflum called me from the Park Drugstore and told me he had seen the Dobbs killers drive past in a car. That crazy little Ernie, that little—"

"Yeh. Ernie's always seeing things. So what?"

"He said that girl driver looked an awful lot like—Vilma."

A silence stifled the song of the wires. Teckla waited through ten seconds of it.

"Reiter has called the house twice, inquiring about her. He was expecting her at the pavilion. She hasn't turned up yet."

The silence thickened.

"That little weasel of a Pflum!" Teckla sputtered. "I've spent whole nights tracking down ghosts and burglars he saw, sent in a hundred false fire alarms. And when he finally comes through with something straight—"

"Which way did Ernie say they were going?" Anton clipped off the words.

"I didn't give him a chance to tell me," Teckla said disgustedly. She picked up a plug and slammed it into a jack. "Wait here. I have to tell headquarters."

When the police notified Reiter that his daughter had probably been abducted by the Dobbs killer, the maestro gave one great bellow, then he began to chastise himself.

MY fault, that's what it is! I trove her to it! But for the singing she vould have been peaceful at home mit a book—her pianos . . . *mein Vilma!*"

"Anton," Teckla said, switching back, "we've got to find Ernie Pflum. We've got to talk to him. He may have seen which way they went. Wait here, will you?" She called the Park Drugstore, leaving the cam open on Anton's connection so that he could hear.

The drugstore was the sole place of business on a dark corner opposite Oak Park. Tonight, because of the Chautauqua, it was open late.

The prescription clerk and two soda jerkers with whom Teckla talked remembered nothing of a queer little fellow with a bull fiddle who had used the telephone that evening.

The police lines buzzed with business, and as she switched cams she picked up fragments of conversation.

Sergeant Rains, the young city-trained officer who was taking Captain Harper's place while the chief was North on a vacation, was handling the case in the most modern way. He had a contempt for provincial methods. Teckla's first thought was that the killer would escape through the woods, but the officer had a different theory. He believed the killer would take to the highway, fade

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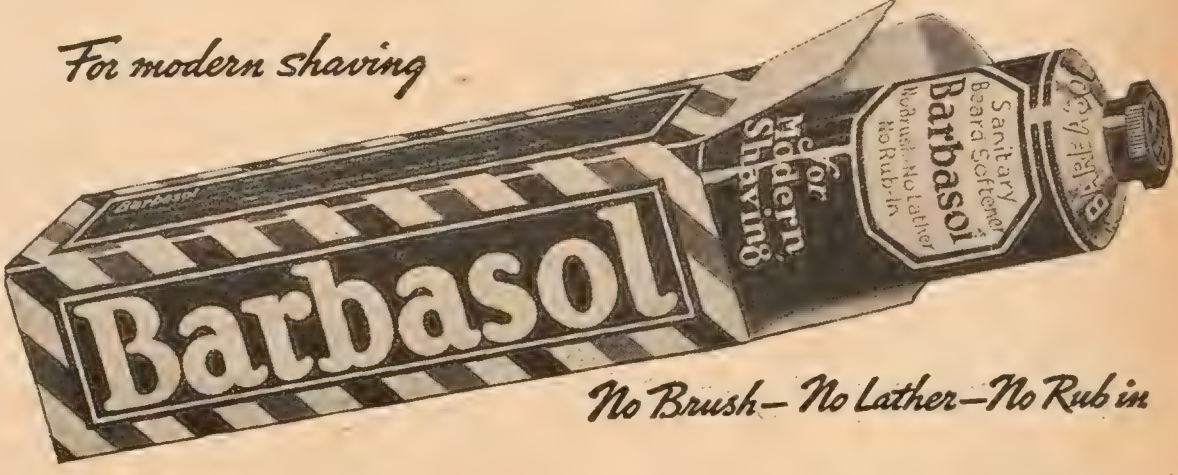

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out in some large city. Probably Chicago.

Dissatisfied, Teckla called the drugstore again. The prescription clerk answered.

"Listen, mister! It's very important that I find Ernie Pflum. Surely some one out there must have seen him use that telephone!"

"I've questioned every one here carefully—wait a minute! One of the men went off duty shortly after ten. Maybe he knows something about it."

The clerk supplied a name and address and Teckla rang five neighboring phones before she located him. Quickly she explained the situation and described Ernie Pflum. Yes, the man remembered him.

"All right. Now, Ernie is a peculiar little fellow. He has little ways that can mean many things when you know him well. Did you watch him?"

"Yes. I kept looking up from the counter to watch him. He was such a queer duck, acted so funny."

"Just what did he do?"

"Well, he seemed scared, for one thing. He kept looking out the window, craning his neck. He seemed excited too."

"Which way did he keep looking?" Teckla's large hand was wrapped around her transmitter, pressing the sharp edge of it into her unfeeling cheek.

"He kept looking across the street, toward the park. You know there's a road that skirts the end of it and turns south into the trees. He kept peering down that road. It's awfully dark in that section. Then he ran out, leaving his viol. In a half minute he came back and got it."

"Did you watch which way he went?" Teckla pressed the transmitter hard into her cheek.

"Yes. I came out from behind the counter and walked over to the front windows. He was going down that dark road."

Teckla pulled out on the drugstore and directed her attention to Anton.

"Well," excitedly, "what do you think?"

"I think we'll leave the highways to the police and follow Ernie Pflum into Brimmer's Woods," said Anton. "Schroeder and Franzen are here with me, Stoeffens, Mickler and Soffel. I'll take them along. Thanks, Teckla." He slapped the receiver into place.

. . . . . .

From that minute on a lull settled down over the little exchange. Winnesaukee's twelve thousand souls had deserted the town for the Chautauqua.

Hardly a light twinkled on the board.

SLOAN HOSPITAL
FOR WOMEN
FOR WOMEN

"You're sure we have everything, John?"

Midnight came. One o'clock, two.

Reiter had left the park. He was established at the police station now, pacing the floor. There was no word from the highways, no word from the woods.

As Teckla sat in solitude she kept thinking of Brimmer's Woods. If the killer had taken to that refuge, then Anton and the boys stood a good chance of running into him.

It was half past two when a light flashed in on the toll board.

"Your police station, Winnesaukee," said a Brimmer operator.

Teckla quickly established the connection and listened in.

"This is Anton Lehr talking. We've got the Dobbs killer with us and you'd better come quick and get him to a hospital if you want him to talk. He's pretty well knocked out."

"What?" cried Sergeant Rains. "Congratulations! Was there a girl with him?"

"You bet. The most scared girl you ever saw."

"We've got your daughter, Mr. Reiter!" the officer said in an aside.

"She's safe. . . . Hey! Don't pass out on me. Hello, Lehr! How'd you get him?"

"The night operator worked out a possible clue from Pflum's phone call. Pflum thought he saw Vilma driving past the park about ten o'clock this evening with the killer. We figure the Chautauqua must have driven him out from his hiding place. The Dobbs roadster was disabled and he had to make a getaway somehow. When Vilma drove past alone he jumped on the running board and forced her down the park road into the woods."

"Yes . . . yes!"

"We knew if we just drove quietly through the woods he'd think it was a police car tailing him. So we pretended to be on a tear. There were six of us, and we played and hollered as we zigzagged through the trees. When we saw the top of a car shining through the branches, we went right on through the park. Then we crept back on foot."

WERE you armed?"

"Yeh, with two clarinets, a flute, a violin, a cello, and an oboe. We crept up and said it with music."

"He fired?"

"Two shots. Then we came down on him with our instruments. He has six bumps on his head the size of goose eggs."

Anton flashed: "Hello, Teckla. Get Reiter for me, will you?"

"Hello, Reiter. I just want to tell you that Vilma's safe and sound. She's right here with me. She was scared, that's all. Listen, Reiter. Vilma and I are going to be married tonight."

Reiter heaved a sigh that came from the very tips of his bluchers.

"Yes, I know how you feel about it—I'm not good enough for her. But who is? You ought to be damned grateful that she got out of this affair as easily as she did."

"I am deeply grateful, Anton."

"You needn't be grateful to me. That isn't the point. The point is that you've dominated her too long."

"It was only a career I vanted for her, Anton. Tonight vould haf been such a chance! Norgaard was coming to the Chautauqua. Maybe if he had heard her sing—"

A faint "Oh!" burst from Anton. His voice toned down. "Do you know why Norgaard was in town, Mr. Reiter? He was here on my account."

The utter silence expressed Reiter's complete stupefaction.

"The boys have always believed I was a pretty fair violinist, and they've known Norgaard ever since they were kids. So the five of them got him to come down while he was in Chicago to hear me—and, well—I'm leaving. Norgaard's lined up a pretty nice program for me in New York, and Vilma's going along."

Now the grin flowered to the full on Teckla's homely features. Anton sneaking up on the old general like that and stealing both his prisoner and his thunder!

Long after Vilma's good-by to her father had died on the wires, Reiter

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**NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

sat at the phone in a state of deflation. Teckla kept him silent company, hunched over her board with the cam open.

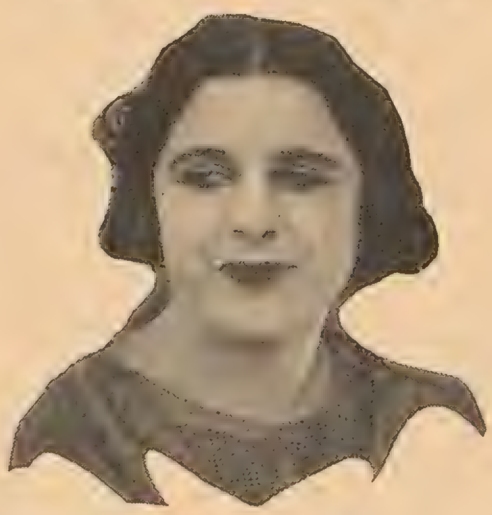
Then Reiter began to mutter.

" Vilma," he said. " Anton." Then ego came rushing back to a proud heart. " Maybe it issn't so worse as it seems! In New York, and with Anton behind her, *mein* Vilma will yet haf her chance! He plays hell of a good wiolin, that son-in-law."

THE END

---

## ☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—This week's early photo is of a dramatic soprano, born at Melrose in Massachusetts, who gained particular favor in Berlin and at New York's Met. Her voice combined rare beauty and dramatic power. She and Wally Reid played in a cinematograph production about Joan of Arc. Whose features appear above?

2—How are the words breeches, blackguard, victualer pronounced?

3—Tahiti is under the control of which country?

4—How much is a U. S. Supreme Court justice paid annually?

5—What is the opposite of philanthropy?

6—Zaza, The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, and The Firefly were starring vehicles for which stars of the theater?

7—Who is the girl in 100 Men and a Girl?

8—Did Dale Carnegie, Irving Tressler, or Harry Hopkins write How to Lose Friends and Alienate People?

9—Who filled Hugo Black's seat in the Senate?

10—Which is the strongest shoe leather known, making allowance for thickness and weight?

11—The lines—

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—

were penned by whom?

12—Which leading European country employs a white lily as an emblem?

13—Does a rabbit's fur change in color with the seasons?

14—Which table vegetable, popular with both sexes, belongs to the lily family?

15—The discoverer of Pike's Peak named it after whom?

16—In which state is the Tunkhannock Viaduct?

17—What would you be drinking if you drained a Balthazar or a Nebuchadnezzar?

18—If the output of passenger automobiles for November and December of 1929 was 173,500, how many were produced in the same months last year?

19—Which is the heaviest common gas?

20—Who succeeded England's William IV to the throne?

*(Answers will be found on page 51)*

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# IDEAL MAN MEETS GIRL

## —and bang go ideals in a comedy for Mr. Flynn; the Crawford-Tones find romance in the Tyrol

*By* BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

### ★ ★ ½ THE PERFECT SPECIMEN

**THE PLAYERS:** Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert, Edward Everett Horton, Dick Foran, Beverly Roberts, May Robson, Allen Jenkins, Dennie Moore, Hugh O'Connell, James Burke, Granville Bates, Harry Davenport, Tim Henning. Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Lawrence Riley, Brewster Morse, and Fritz Falkenstein from a story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 97 minutes.

THIS starts out with a neat comedy premise. Gerald Beresford Wicks, heir to thirty millions, is being raised scientifically by his grandmother. He is to be the perfect millionaire and employer, able to excel each and every one of his 10,000 employees at anything from fisticuffs to fixing a motor.

All goes well with Granny Wicks' plan to make Gerald the ideal young man of wealth—until Mona Carter drives her car through the high iron fence of the Wicks estate. In no time at all Gerald tosses perfection aside and runs off to find the jazzy fence buster.

Despite Flynn's personable playing of the perfect young man, the comedy somehow lags. The spontaneity doesn't come off, except in spots. Joan Blondell is the intruder who disturbs the perfect specimen's contemplation of life, and she disappoints considerably.

Edward Everett Horton and Hugh Herbert work hard to aid the comedy, too hard, in fact.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Errol Flynn used to be Olympic Irish boxing teamster, fought Jack Roper for 4½ days to make that 4-minute fight featured in this. Fractured a rib during it when he fell. Roper nurses a hand swollen in collision with some lighting equipment. None of the screen blows are real, but Mushy Callahan, who trains Flynn for boxing pics, bears a nasty blue welt on his mush, souvenir of one of Flynn's nasty left hooks. Callahan, of course, can't hit Flynn in the puss, lest he mar the classic Flynn profile. Flynn has traveled every continent, all over the East, can speak Chinese and several native South Sea dialects. Buys his clothes in London; favorite color's black. His extravagances are food—likes meat three times a day, can cook and usually does. Keeps fit by breathing through his nose, he says. Otherwise he trains continuously, swims, rides, plays seeded tennis, and indoors is a poker shark. . . . Joan (Rose) Blondell had neuritis so bad during Perfecting her Specimen, she worked till her left side became almost paralyzed, had to quit and go to the hospital while production waited. Big problem was to photograph her when she came back (on crutches) same as she looked before she took sick—she'd lost weight. She and Dickie Powell have a new $50,000 Bel Air house with a high fence around it and have given up the bridal house Dick built for her at Toluca Lake when he gave up the bachelor house he'd built for himself in Bev. . . . Hugh Herbert's just had a rough operation; came out of it mugging at the doctor with that jitterpuss—making the doc almost split a side laughing. Wants to trip around world, but just as he's about to go, in comes a new script—bringing that $2,500 a week with it. Is happily married. . . . Beverly Roberts reports but a mild interest in clothes, but prefers the Paris label in them. Saves her money, has a financial program by which her budget will soon be balanced for all her life. All it is: Don't spend more than, or as much as, you make! . . . Edev Horton's fussy about his food, his comforts, his antiques, but doesn't ever try to save money, balance his checkbooks. . . . In her 73d year, May (Muzzy) Robson refused a double in the scene where she has to run fast about 50 yards. Sprinted it herself. Says when she's too old to run that far, she'll retire to her knitting. . . . Megger Mike Curtiz met his boyhood idol, Donald Brian, playing a bit in this after waiting 28 years.

### ★ ★ ½ THE BRIDE WORE RED

**THE PLAYERS:** Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Lynne Carver, George Zucco, Mary Phillips, Paul Porcasi, Dickie Moore, Frank Puglia. Screen play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote from a play by Ferenc Molnar. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 100 minutes.

FERENC MOLNAR, the shrewd, cynical Hungarian playwright, must have written this with his tongue in his cheek. A wealthy Italian count sets out to prove his pet theory—that clothes make anybody anew. He picks up a cheap hard little entertainer in a Trieste water-front dive, equips her with the niceties of life, ships her to an exclusive resort in the Tyrolean Alps, and sits back to chuckle.

In her borrowed silks the reclaimed Anni is torn shortly between two sudden loves—a wealthy, lazy, attractive chap who can give her everything in life, and the simple, honest postman of the village.

The philosophic postman Giulio talks poetry, murmurs lyrically about the trees, the edelweiss, and the snowy peaks, and soon Anni is dreamily studying birds' nests from her expensive hotel window.

Joan Crawford as Anni, postman Franchot Tone, and playboy Robert Young in a scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture The Bride Wore Red.

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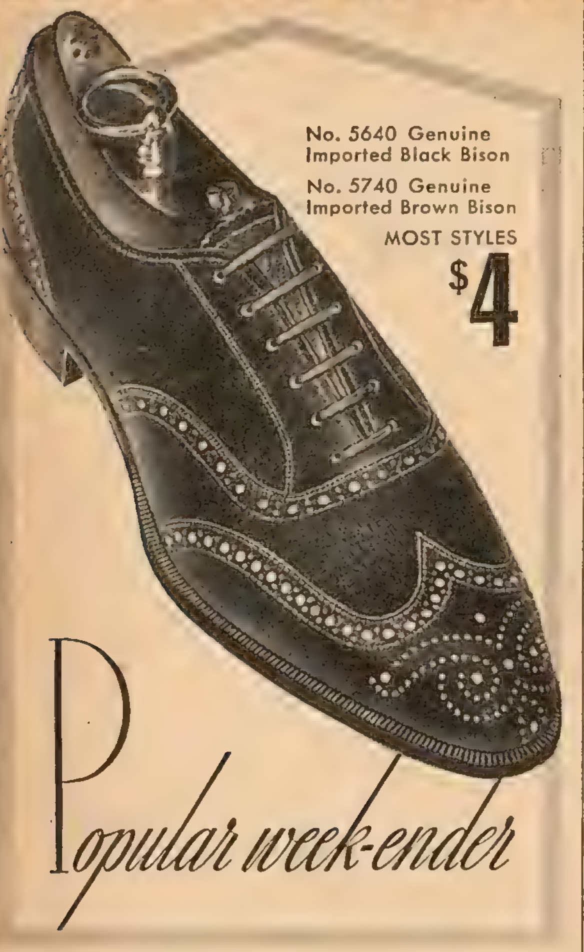

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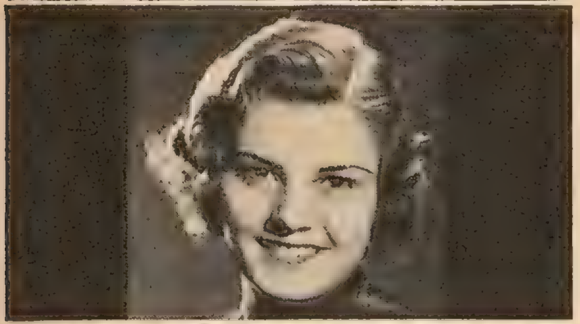

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You will have to see what becomes of Anni, otherwise Joan Crawford. We refuse to tell. Miss Crawford is mildly intriguing, picturesquely garbed in the role. Franchot Tone is completely miscast as the letter carrier, Robert Young is pleasant and far more plausible as Anni's other interest. But The Bride Wore Red is far too talky, one of those brittle, precious, literary plays that seems completely false under the camera.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Because of writing troubles, retakes, times out taken, they said the Bride not only would wear red but wind up in it. Five tons of studio equipment were toted to High Sierras to film Tyrolean background and scenes. 30,000 feet of film were exposed. . . . Only one scene shows Crawford wearing red, so technicolor wasn't used. . . . Crawford, on her first location trip in 3 years, climbed the High Sierras so strenuously for this part, she lost seven pounds, had to eat water-ground Kentucky corn meal for a few days, gained six of them back. Wore a beaded gown with 2,000,000 beads, weighing 30 lbs., 10 girls beading it in 10 days. Tone & Crawford rose at 3.58 A. M. to catch the dawn and make the sunrise scene at 10,157 ft. elevation but said it was worth it. . . . Kaintucky's loveliest deb Lynne Carver refused a double for the scene where she dangles 250 feet over a cliff. Four Rangers held her by ropes; the drop was 800 feet below. . . . Hardest job was to get songbirds to trill for that sunrise love scene. It was too cold. Studio props crawled around dizzy ledges for days; in warmer weather finally got 1,200 feet of bird calls, dubbed them on sound track later. . . . Waterfalls almost wrecked recording device. They looked beautiful, but recorded like thunder with dementia praecox, had to be shot silently. Trickling-water sounds were added later. . . . Rob Young having made a fortune for other studios, finally gets a chance in an A picture at his own studio, where he is usually a B-man. Bob likes golf, biography, his family, his annuity, the simple, unembroidered life, has worked at drug and bank clerking, building-loan salesman, and once got fired from a newspaper office when caught mimicking the dyspeptic city ed. . . . Franchot Tone says he's serious because there're too many serious things in life to allow time for being trivial. This is his 7th part opposite his wife Crawford; likes to kiss her better away from an audience. An audience makes him feel a little self-conscious—like chuckling as he does it. . . . Billie Burke wears a monocle for first time in life in this. She plays tennis, does a daily dozen, loves to watch polo, and wants to write a successful play.

## ★ ★ THE GREAT GARRICK

THE PLAYERS: Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland, Edward Everett Horton, Melville Cooper, Lionel Atwill, Henry O'Neill, Luis Alberni, Lana Turner, Marie Wilson, Linda Perry, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, Dorothy Tree, Craig Reynolds, Paul Everton, Trevor Bardette, Milton Owen, Albert Van Dekker, Chester Clute. Screen play by Ernest Vajda. Directed by James Whale. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 89 minutes.

OVERSTUFFED period acting, built around London's stage idol of the early eighteenth century. Altogether a pretty dull and labored costume drama.

The dashing David Garrick has been invited to be guest star at the Comédie Française when stories of the English player's boasts and Gallic-directed insults reach Paris and arouse the French actors to action. They take over an inn on the post road to Paris, masquerade as workers and guests in the hostelry with the intention of scaring actor Garrick away from France. The melodrama they stage for the English star's benefit probably seemed better on paper than it films.

To Brian Aherne is allotted the difficult role of the vain, able, florid Hamlet-Romeo of the old Drury Lane. Aherne is an effective actor but he can do little to make Garrick human or believable. Olivia de Havilland is a lovely but unreal valentine figure

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as an unexpected guest who comes to the actor-staffed inn for the night—and is suspected by Garrick of being just another part of the players' plot. An expensively produced drama in frills and furbelows. And pretty much of a bore.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Actor-Manager David Garrick thrived from 1717 to 1779, was probably first natural nondeclamatory actor on English stage. Wrote plays, verse, opera, did much to take grossness off stage, inaugurated good-looking sets. Could rattle off 17 Shakespearean leads among many other roles; was below middle height but had an amazing eye and personality. Wasn't quite as Don Juany as this pic makes him. . . . Brian de Lacey Aherne is 35, British, with but a dash of the ould sod, descends from Mrs. Siddons. Is teddibly well educated for an actor, has played with most of the theater's biggies, was an English silent star for years. Turned down Hollywood offers for 10 years, succumbed after he made a big hit with Kitty Cornell (I Yell) in those Barretts of Wimpole Street. . . . Marie Wilson has the longest eyelashes and smallest waist in Hollywood. Spends all her money on hats, uses soap and water to keep blondely beautiful. . . . Melville Cooper is an English import—from Birmingham, to be exact. Almost became a banker, got into the war instead, spent four years in it, including one in a German prison camp. He's trod the English boards with the mighty, screened first with Fairbanks in Don Juan, has 20 English stock parts to his credit. . . . Julia Jeanne Lana Turner of Wallace, Idaho, learned about life and the movies at Hollywood High, got into them while lunching in a small Hollywood tearoom. An agent saw her, recommended her for They Won't Forget, she having the required wholesomeness for the part. She can tap- and-toe dance, hates snoopy people, likes to make faces at traffic cops. . . . Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokyo, of English folk, is Prof. Reinhardt's only American discovery. She's a bit of a sculptress, tries desperately to write poetry. Plays piano, would like to toe-dance but says she lacks the balance. Doesn't diet, likes bareback riding, keeps fit by sleeping 14 hours a day when she gets the chance.

## ★ ★ FAREWELL AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Banks, Flora Robson, Sebastian Shaw, Patricia Hilliard, Anthony Bushell, Rene Ray, Robert Newton, Leonora Corbett, J. H. Roberts, Eliot Makeham, Martita Hunt, Robert Cochran, Edward Lexy, Maire O'Neill, Wally Patch, Margaret Moffatt, Gertrude Musgrove, Billy Shine, Alf Goddard, Edie Martin, Edmund Willard, Phil Ray, Janet Burnell, Jerry Verno, John Laurie, Vernon Harris. Story by Wolfgang Wilhelm. Directed by Tim Whelan. Produced by London Film-United Artists. Running time, 105 minutes.

AN English-made drama of British army life with little American appeal. The Twenty-third Royal Lancers are on their way back after five years in India. Each man is looking forward to the first glimpse of 'ome when, just out of Gibraltar, news comes to the transport that the lancers are to have only six hours at Southampton before being shipped back to the Far East. The picture presents the disappointment and the tragedy lurking belowdecks as the news breaks.

The panorama of a distraught regiment is humanly directed, well played by Leslie Banks as the elderly colonel of the lancers, Flora Robson as his sick wife, Sebastian Shaw as a dashing young captain, and Patricia Hilliard as a nurse. But your Beverly Hills doubts if American audiences will be even remotely interested in the heartbreak of an English cavalry contingent.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** German scrivener Wolfgang Wilhelm confected this British-mader from a London news item telling how the troopship Dorsetshire, arriving at Southampton from the West Indies with a battalion of service-weary Fusiliers, was ordered to leave almost immediately for emergency service in the East. . . . Handsome new British-cinema dog Sebastian Shaw's not related to Bernard the Whiskered Shaw but is son of English composer Jeffery Shaw. He's quite a painter, studied in Paris, Berlin, Rome, and has had himself hung in New York galleries. . . . Since their work together in Fire Over England Leslie Banks & Flora Robson are considered England's leading team. . . . Anthony Bushell's of Westerham, Kent, dear old England, of Maudlin and Hertford colleges, Oxford, and a few dramatic schools. Du Maurier set him up on the stage, he subbed in New York for Lezz Howard in Her Cardboard Lover, played in Hollywood's filmed Journey's End, is 6 feet, likes cricket, tennis, golf, marriage, England. . . . Rene Ray is married to George Posford, English composer who wrote Good Night Vienna. . . . Delicate, china-brittle Patricia Hilliard is a Korda discovery, a Royal Dramah School product, was born in India, both parents actors. . . . Cinematographer James Wong Howe, again borrowed by England, was born in Kwantung as Wong Tung Jim, had his name revised by a teacher with a passion for Anglicizing. Brought to America by his paw at an early age, Pa Howe in turn became railroad section hand, hash-house engineer, then one of the richest men in Pasco, Washington. Jimmy got a conventional American education, topped it off by becoming a top-notch lightweight boxer, started as a camera carrier for De Mille. Hopes some day to head greatest studios in the world; those to be built in a peaceful China. They will make Colossal, explains Howe, a small word!

## FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous.

★★★½—Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live.

★★★—Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon.

---

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 48

1—Geraldine Farrar.
2—Brich'ez; blag'ard; vit'l-er.
3—France.
4—Twenty thousand dollars.
5—Misanthropy, meaning hatred of mankind.
6—Mrs. Leslie Carter, May Robson, and Emma Trentini.
7—Deanna Durbin.
8—Irving Tressler.
9—Mrs. Dixie Graves.
10—Kangaroo.
11—Alfred Tennyson.
12—Italy.
13—No, but the fur of a hare changes color.
14—Asparagus (the onion, also a member of the lily family, is said to lack popularity with the ladies).
15—Himself, Zebulon Montgomery Pike.
16—Pennsylvania.
17—A large quantity of champagne.
18—More than 792,500 (in 1930 auto shows were not held until January).
19—Xenon.
20—

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### PART TEN—CONCLUSION

# THE WORLD GOES SMASH

## BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

### Hope rises from ashes of ruin! Now the story's stunning climax arrives

As to his course Hugh felt no doubt. He knew with a calm certainty that Dorothy James would be at the Southampton place—or in its ruins—waiting for him. Whence that assurance arose he could not have told. But the conviction possessed him that, when death is unleashed upon the world, strange powers, strange clarities come to the human spirit.

All things worked together in his behalf throughout that day. Walls toppling before him, beside him, left him unscathed. Once and again he felt the warning sting of invisible terrors and swerved aside in time to avoid the gas. The words of an old song, gallant and tender, came to his mind like a prophecy:

For if once the message greet him
  That his true-love doth stay,
Though Death come forth to meet him
  He will find out the way.

The East River was his first problem. Bridges and tunnels were, of course, gone. Smoldering wreckage of the docks shut off access, but he found a surviving pier and looked hopefully for some small boat. The naked ribs of half a dozen mocked him. There was only one other way. The current was swift and cold, but he was a competent swimmer and never doubted his ability to make the opposite shore. Twice he found temporary rest where the wrecks of mighty fighting ships protruded from the surface. He finally pulled in through a ferry slip still afire, and stood there in the grateful heat, restoring himself.

That part of Brooklyn presented the same hideous effect of cataclysm as the New York side. He struck eastward for the open ways, through streets clogged almost to the point of obliteration. If necessary, he was prepared to walk day and night until he reached his destination. He hardly hoped for contributed transportation. One does not thumb a ride on the Day of Judgment.

More and more the spaces opened until he found himself approaching the grounds of the Exposition of 1939. Leaning against a tree was what had once been a Synchrona Sedan Twelve. The top had been sheared clean off. Near by lay the remains of what might have been the driver. With his heart in his throat, Hugh pressed the starter. The mechanism responded. He jumped to the wheel and that tattered scarecrow of a once luxurious pleasure car shot forward.

By what circuitous routes traversing a blighted countryside set with flaming farmhouses and barns he reached Southampton, he never clearly recalled. The town was half wrecked and seemed abandoned; but as he turned into the main street he heard, from a small chapel, the voices of men and women united in solemn words of prayer. So there were people on earth who still valiantly maintained their belief in their God! Hugh pulled in to the curb and sat for a moment with his head bent. He went on refreshed.

With a quickened and grateful heart he saw the chimneys of the James house rise before him, still intact. Blaring on his horn, he whirled down the driveway. Dorrie was standing on the side steps. On her face was a light that drove from his heart the last remnants of the bitterness, the terror, the hopelessness that had all but submerged it. In his arms she said:

"I knew you'd come."

"How could you know?"

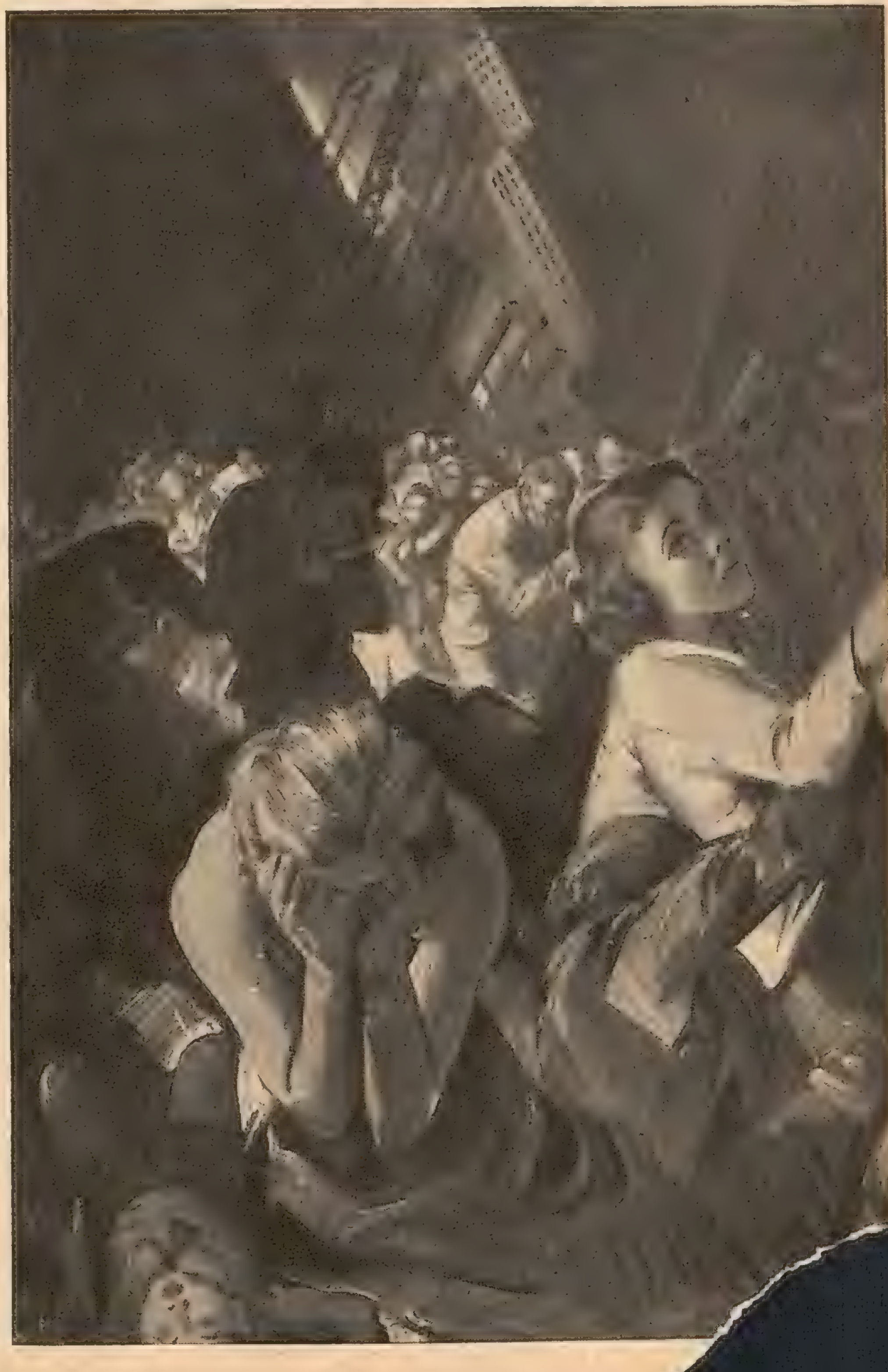
"I just felt it. That's why I'm here."

"Your Red Cross work?"

"It's over." She made a gesture of despair. "Darling, there's nothing left to work with—almost nothing left to work on. We've gone mad and destroyed ourselves!"

Into the medical centers from which she had been making her excursions of mercy had seeped more news than Hugh himself had been able to gather.

Most of the big cities, as she had been able to piece together the day-to-day history, were in much the same



"They're blind. No; there are a few who can still see. But they're groping. Thousands of people, all blind or going blind. Take me away. I can't stand it!"

state of devastation as New York: masses of ruins held in deadlock by small bands of survivors mad from lack of the simplest necessities of life. Yet there was no surrender. To such savagery had the war inflamed men's spirits that each side believed extinction would be its fate if it yielded. Of the important cities, only Chicago and Washington, both in the hands of the Chain Gang, and Baltimore, held by the League, remained practically intact.

"What are your plans?" asked Dorrie.

"I must try to form a new council. It is too much to hope that ours has survived."

"Nothing's too much to hope—now," she declared, pressing to him. A glint of the old gaiety crinkled her eyes. "D'you suppose there are still penguins at the South Pole, Hugh?"

"Yes. If only that airship of yours could take us there! But what kind of world would we come back to?"

Soberly she said: "The world's got to go on. It's got to be made fit for us to live in. And fit for our children. If you can't believe that much, darling, what is there left for us to hold to?"

He studied her with somber and longing eyes. "Sometimes I think the best we can hope for is to die together. . . . No; that's yellow! Are you going to be my pilot tomorrow, darling?"

"Yes, if we can find gas. You'll have to take me to town." She climbed into the car.

They readily located an abandoned station, where they filled all the ten-gallon cans they could collect. As they drew out, an elderly man staggered into their path. Dorrie jammed on the brakes barely in time.

"Why, it's Mr. Burrows, our rector." The light of a sudden and excited daring made more vivid her beauty. "Hugh! I'm going to be a bold and forward hussy. Do you want to marry me? Now?"

"Do I!" He sprang from the car and approached the clergyman, who had sat down on the curb. The old man listened with expressionless attention. He lifted a haggard face.

"Marry you!" he said. "Give the church's sanction to a union which may bring children upon this earth, irrevocably cursed by Heaven for its sins? God forbid!"

The young people looked at each other, unspeakably shocked.

"I forgot," whispered the girl as they moved away from the bowed figure. "It must have been he whose family was burned to death in the first raid."

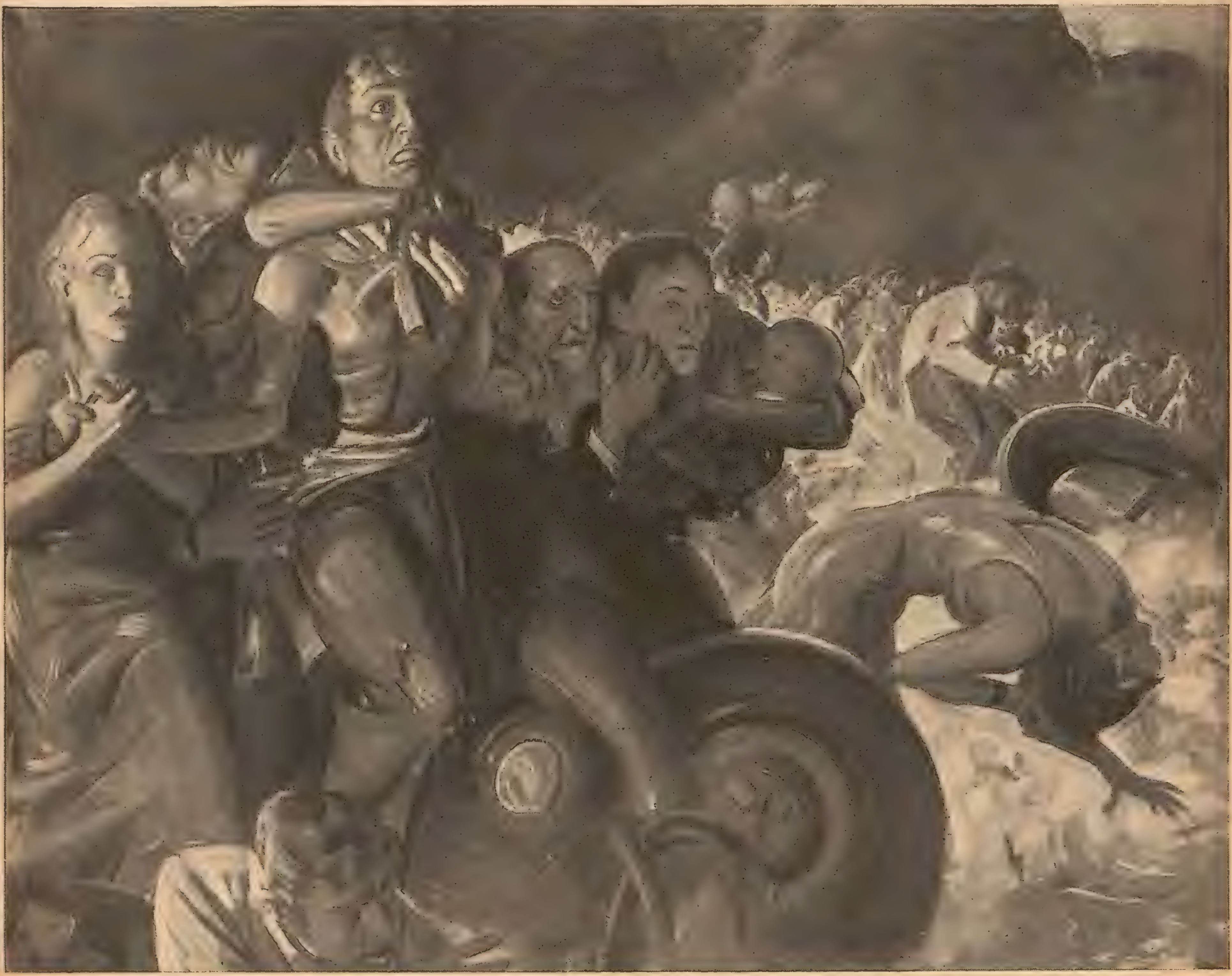
In the bleak and empty mansion Dorrie found some oddments of food for them. She made only one reference to the rector's refusal.

"That was like the end of everything," she murmured.

In the morning they were wakened by the distant detonation of guns. Men were still alive, then, and still striving to blast out life from their fellows.

"There's one final chance, Dorrie," said Hugh over their cold and meager breakfast. "I've been shying away from it. But I can see now that nothing would be too bad, provided it ended the war."

"In whose favor, Hugh?"



**"THEY JUST MISSED US...** another car came roaring out of the blackness... headed right for us. Paralyzed, we waited for the crash. Suddenly, the other car swerved, leaving us trembling and shocked."

**HERE'S WHY:** "When I examined my car, I found one headlamp was out."

No wonder there was nearly an accident! *3 out of 4 cars need lighting service,* according to recent state inspection figures . . . not only for burned out bulbs but also for other less obvious defects. Better play safe than be sorry.

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"Does that matter so very much, Dorrie?" he asked.

"I'm still Happy James' daughter, darling."

"He'll have his chance to give up."

"You don't know him."

"Anyway, I'll do all I can to save him if we do win. Dorrie, there's a man named Vignal that I've got to find." He spread out a motor map and indicated a spot in the West Virginia hills not a hundred and fifty miles from Washington. "Do you think you could get me there?"

"If there's a clearing large enough for landing." She scanned his face. "Hugh, you're not making me betray dad?"

"I tell you I'll save him if he'll give me that chance. You'll just have to trust me, darling."

Only echoes of the war had reached Robert Vignal in his remote retreat. Hearing the *birr* of an airplane, he came out of his laboratory, peering.

"What? You are alive?" he greeted Hugh. "But this is wonderful!"

Hugh presented him to Dorrie, then took him aside. "Are the Azrael bombs available?"

The scientist's visage darkened with melancholy. "There has been much demand," he replied slowly. "From both sides. They do not realize what they ask." He shook his whitened head. "Me, I make no decision. Who am I, to decide which is in the right?"

"GIVE me fifteen minutes and I can convince you," declared Hugh. He set forth his case with the passion of utter conviction. As he listened, Vignal's face became more strained and pallid momentarily.

"I believe you," he said finally. "But—but you do not know what the Azrael bomb is—what it can do."

"The more terrible, the better," returned Hugh firmly. "The only possible hope of ending this slaughter is to strike such terror to their souls that they dare not go on."

The Swiss bowed his head in his hands. When he raised it, his words were barely audible. "Since you will have it so, I shall exhibit for you the effects of a miniature Azrael. We have in our experimental pens animals . . . No, mademoiselle," he forbade as Dorrie rose to join them. "This is not for your young eyes. I beg you not even to question us afterward."

They were gone more than an hour. When they returned, the girl could hardly bear to look at her lover, so ghastly and seamed was his face.

"Remember," said the scientist, his accents low and harsh and difficult, "with human beings it is the same. Only slower. But as sure. And as dreadful."

"How many planes?" Hugh asked.

"Two stratoplanes for the scope of your—experiment."

As if in defense, Hugh said: "It's a nest of the worst thugs and crooks and gangsters in America, the very cesspool of Chicago. We'll give warning in time for the women and children to get away. And—and it may not be necessary, after all. I've got one other attempt to make, if you'll give me writing materials."

He wrote, sealed the letter, and placed it in Dorrie's hand. "You can reach your father in Washington?"

"Of course."

"Then, after you've left me in Baltimore, give him this. He'll know where to reach me. And, darling, if—if I shouldn't see you again, try to forgive me."

"And me," said Vignal. "We shall all need forgiveness. Adieu, mademoiselle."

The lovers bade each other good-by at the Baltimore airport, and the silver plane rose and sped on its errand.

The first glow of happiness that Happy James had known for many a day lighted up his worn unshaven face as he greeted his Miss Dolliver. She delivered her missive.

"From Hugh Farragut, dad. I've just come from him."

"You're still set on marrying him?"

"We tried. The clergyman wouldn't marry us. But I'm just as much his; I'll never give him up."

"It's an anchor to windward," Happy James allowed, "if they should come out on top. But they can't!"

He applied himself to Hugh's rapid scrawl with a deepening scowl. "It's a damned bluff," he asserted violently.

"He's inviting us to lay down. With everything breaking our way, too." This was hardly true, but Happy James would always make the best of his own case. "Trying to throw a scare into me." His laughter was hardy with scorn but not quite assured. "I wonder what he has got up his sleeve," he reflected aloud.

"Something horrible," breathed the girl. "When he came out of that laboratory he looked as if he'd seen worse than death."

Happy rallied. "It's probably nine tenths bluff."

"Don't you know Hugh any better than that, dad? Are you going to send an answer?"

"By you? I am not! You've got a pressing invitation to stay right here with the old man, where you're safe." He ruminated. "He's threatening an attack unless the government consents to talk terms. Well, the attack won't get anywhere. Chicago's one hundred per cent ours, and the country around it. I'll play in this far with him, though. He wants us to send out a radio reporter by plane—he guarantees no interference—three hours after he pulls his stunt. All right; we'll send Dale Arbuthnot. He'll give us the real McCoy. We'll tune in on him tomorrow afternoon. But tonight's tonight. What do you say we tackle a bite of cold chicken and a bot of cold ale, Miss Dolliver? Like old times. And forget the darn' war until tomorrow."

The girl shuddered throughout her lissome body. "I don't dare listen in tomorrow," she muttered.

. . . . .

"Dale Arbuthnot speaking over Universal Clearance for the legal and constitutional government of the United States of America; Caleb Keeler, President. I am in a gyropter plane, approaching Chicago. The rebel government—if they can claim to have such a thing—has given us safe-conduct over the zones which they claim to control. The reason for my being here? The rebels claim to have made some sort of mysterious attack upon part of the city, from high-flying stratoplanes, at noon today. Bogy tales, if you ask me.

"The threat was against the Cicero section. Well, here we are, approaching Cicero, my pilot Joe Gansever and I. Everything seems to be all right. If you ask me, we're wasting gas on just another insurgent fairy tale. . . .

"What's that, Joe? . . . The pilot says that Chicago is trying to get something over to us . . . or to some one. . . . Yes, Joe; I can hear now. No sense, though. Sounds hysterical. He seems to be warning us or somebody to keep our height. . . . What's that? Story? . . . Oh, yes; he's in the thirty-seventh story of the Mercantile Exchange, so he's safe, he says. Safe from what? Asks if we can't land and take him away. Must think we're circus stunters. He's jittery. . . . All right, Joe; we'll circle slowly and take a look-see.

"Flying at two thousand feet. As I thought. *As* I thought. There's no damage here to speak of. It's a bluff, a bust, a flivver, all this threat of some terrible doom. Last gasp of the rebel propaganda machine. The streets are busy, full of people. It doesn't look to be business as usual, though. . . . Shut off a second, Joe; let's listen. . . . No; that doesn't sound like cheering. . . . I don't know . . .

"What's this? Some crazy fool is shooting at us! Pull out, Joe. Here we are, over the lake. Now we're going to swing around and move alongshore. Those are the directions. Flying low now. What's doing here? The roads are crawling with people. All moving out from the city. Some of them are clinging together. Mostly men. A few women and children. Autos too. There goes one, running amuck. It's crashed! Nobody pays any attention. They're like drugged men. Or are they crazy?

"There's the line of the lake. Yes, they're crazy. They must be. They're crowding into it. Right through the slit ice. I believe—I believe they're drowning themselves! There's a woman with two children. She's—she's holding them under. . . . What's that, Joe? Make a landing? I suppose we've got to. Orders.

"We've landed. Do you hear that sound? I wish I didn't. They're wailing. Like creatures without hope. What in heaven's name is the reas— Wait! I think . . .

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**FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES**

1. Check the 7 teams you predict will win the games listed in blank at right. Entries for Nov. 20th contest must be postmarked before midnight, Nov. 19th.
2. Accompany entry blank with a letter of not more than 50 words giving your reasons for picking any one team over its opponent.
3. Print your name and address and your Gillette dealer's where indicated on blank.
4. Attach to entry blank an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package (not individual blade wrapper), or a reasonable facsimile.
5. For best letters these weekly awards will be made: 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $100; 4th, $50; and four of $25 each. Full and fair consideration by independent judges will be given every letter complying with the rules.
6. Judges' decisions are final, and all letters entered become the property of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Anyone may compete except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, their advertising agency and their families.

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*Mail before midnight Friday, November 19th*
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Yale............ ☐ Harvard......... ☐
Michigan........ ☐ Ohio State....... ☐
Minnesota....... ☐ Wisconsin....... ☐
Notre Dame..... ☐ Northwestern.... ☐
Navy............ ☐ Princeton....... ☐
So. Methodist.... ☐ U. C. L. A....... ☐

NAME..............................
STREET..............................
CITY....................STATE..........

MY GILLETTE DEALER

NAME..............................
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CITY....................STATE..........

*Accompany this entry with an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package or facsimile.* (L-6)

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Oh—no! *No!* Not that! Oh, God! They're blind. All blind. No; there are a few who can still see. They're leading the rest. But they're groping. The light is passing from their eyes, too. Thousands of people, tens of thousands, all blind or going blind. Take me away, Joe. I can't stand it! This — broadcast — is — over."

. . . . . .

*(Personal narrative of Hugh Farragut resumed)*

BALTIMORE, where Dorothy left me, inspired new hopes. There the League of Defense had been successful from the first. An advance of government troops from Washington had met with a smashing repulse. To the city had rallied volunteers from Richmond, Wilmington, and smaller communities. A motorized attack on Washington was being planned by the local Council when I joined it. My advice to await the effect of the Chicago test was accepted.

Through an admirably devised intelligence system, frequent advices were received from League spies at the national capital. They reported upon the profound impression made by Dale Arbuthnot's broadcast.

Washington was thrown into a state of near panic. Dread was in every heart. What had befallen Chicago might next be visited upon Washington! The white-faced inhabitants thronged the streets, asking what they were to do—what refuge or defense they could find. This new and hideous menace—this picture of hordes stricken into hopeless, helpless blindness, doomed to a life-in-death or choosing the swifter way of self-destruction—was too heavy a burden for human fortitude. The panic flight began. To prevent its becoming a general rout, a military cordon was thrown about the district. Dale Arbuthnot, attempting with his family to penetrate the lines (he knew too well what was coming!) was shot and killed.

The government went into action. Through its controlled press and radio it undertook to minimize the threat. It was spread abroad that the Chicago reports had been grossly exaggerated. Dale Arbuthnot had lost his nerve, become hysterical. Later reports from the West, carefully devised and bolstered, contradicted the earlier ones. The public morale was reported as stiffening.

It soon weakened again under pressure of a propaganda device which I borrowed from the enemy strategy of the early days in New York when the loud-speaker on Weehawken Heights proved so effective. Holding up Pierre Smylie, chairman of the local Council, after a meeting, I asked:

"Could you find me a really fine bass singer?"

He stared, evidently concerned for my intellect.

"Are you joking," he began, when one of his aides broke in:

"The National Opera Company is stranded here. Rodrigo Woeller, their first-string basso, has been fighting with our forces, and is out of action with a slight wound. Would he do?"

He would! The star readily assented to my plan. Thereafter, four times a day—at ten o'clock, at noon, at six, and at midnight—Washington was shaken as by the voice of doom proclaiming:

"Remember Chicago. Washington is next!"

It struck home. Our information sources reported after three days of this that there were signs of revolt. Secret meetings were held, and groups formed. Dissension arose in the Cabinet itself. It was rumored that the Postmaster General had come into violent conflict with President Keeler over his (James') proposal that some compromise be made with the enemy. I could well believe this of Happy James. Always an opportunist, he would be prepared to make terms and take what pickings might be available from the collapse of his schemes. Happy James might yet be an ally. Keeler was of a different type. Upon his brutish stupidity the Chicago horror would make small impression. With his vanity and arrogance bound up with his office of President, he would cling to his powers and emoluments at any cost. The majority of the Cabinet, his own appointees, backed him.

Whisperings were heard that Happy James and Tim McBride were working under cover to form their own counterorganization. If the President suspected this, he did not act upon it. The Postmaster General was still too powerful to be arrested or "liquidated." But he was said to be under surveillance, and many believed that his shrift was now short.

And if so, what of Dorrie? I was deeply unhappy and apprehensive.

AFTER Woeller's great and solemn voice of warning had boomed through Washington for five successive days, we received at headquarters an important cipher, smuggled out by one of our most trustworthy informants. By way of counteraction to the defeatists, Keeler had authorized General Billington to inaugurate such measures of repression as he deemed suitable—and no questions asked. Billington formed the Special Home Guard, made up of the toughs, thugs, and irresponsibles among his forces, and turned them loose with full license. They operated in small squads known as Billy's Gorillas, and their path was marked by murder, looting, and outrage. The secret meetings were discovered, broken up, and turned into shambles. Washington was terrorized. My colleagues in Baltimore felt that we must now prepare to strike, before the internal support for which we hoped when the attack was launched should be wholly dissipated. Smylie and Colonel Reddington, our military leader, favored attempting a contact with Happy James, and, if this failed, delivering the attack with the Azrael bombs. This last I was prepared to oppose to the end, unless in some way Dorrie could be brought out of the threatened area.

Meantime I saw plainly how dubious and precarious my position was becoming. Naturally, my reluctance to use the bombs to which I had access roused their suspicions. Unable to understand it, they pressed for action. Why delay?

Before an inner council of five I made a clean breast of my case. The answer was what I feared. I was sternly reminded that no individual life, no love counted as against the greater issues. Either I was wholeheartedly for the cause or I was a traitor.

Their logic was irrefutable, relentless. I who had with such bitter reluctance driven myself to be the agent of that slaughter of Chicago's worst must now deal out the same fate to the woman I loved.

I asked for twenty-four hours. It was allowed me, though not without demur. I had no plan, no hope other than the dim one that there might yet be an outbreak at the heart of the Chain Gang government.

In the morning a message reached me. Could I come at once to the aviation field?

I identified the silver plane, with its insigne of neutrality and immunity, before I saw Dorrie. She came to me and stopped; and there was in her face a still grief and a sort of wondering fear.

"Oh, Hugh!" Her voice was tremulous. "I listened to Dale Arbuthnot. I wish to heaven I hadn't! How could you? How could *any one?* I never dreamed of anything so awful. And that it should be you—"

I tried to defend myself: "It was war. We did it to save worse things later on—utter ruin unless this stops. They were thugs and murderers."

"Not all. I heard things—" She choked up, recovered herself, and said mournfully, "I mustn't judge you. It's all so dreadful. . . . Here is a letter from my father."

BEFORE I opened it I could have foretold its tenor. Shrewd enough to foresee the inevitable, Happy James was playing for his own hand. The start was typical of his cheerful and brazen cynicism:

> Dear Farragut:
>
> Practical politics vs. idealism once more. This time idealism looks to have the edge. I'm a practical man. Therefore I'm ready to turn idealist. Let's deal.

The remainder of the precious missive suggested in general terms that he could aid in bringing about an "arrangement," in return for which he would expect immunity and "suitable recognition."

"Do you know what is in this?" I asked Dorrie.

"No. What answer shall I take back?"

"None. Dorrie—darling, there is to be a gas-bomb attack on Washington. I can't hold it off any longer. Do you think I'm going to let you go back there?"

Sadly, steadily she answered: "You can't help it, Hugh. Dad is in Washington."

"Then let him get out!" I shouted.

"How can he? He's virtually a prisoner."

"That's his lookout." I was conscious of my own brutality, but in my dread for her I did not care. "You're safe here, and you're going to stay safe!"

She said, with a composure more formidable than any outburst: "Hugh, do you want his life to stand between us always?"

I gave up. There are some loyalties against which nothing counts. A final hope came to my mind.

"How do you know you can get into Washington again? If you can't, will you promise to come back here?"

"Yes. But I'm sure I can make it. Unless the Billington squads stop me. They did as I was starting, but let me go."

"Where was this?"

"At their barracks. They're near the new aviation field across the Caswell-Hoare Bridge."

"How many?" I asked quickly.

I DON'T know. It's their general encampment. Several hundreds, I should think." She regarded me with growing apprehension. "Hugh! You're not thinking of trying to get through? You'd never do it!"

"I'm not going to try, darling." My smile must have reassured her a little. Her arms went out to me. "Thank you for letting me go," she whispered brokenly.

. . . . .

The full Council listened to the new plan which Dorrie had unwittingly suggested to me. Even the die-hard Colonel Reddington accepted it as a hopeful alternative to the gassing of the whole city. At once the massing of a picked force in fast tanks and armored cars began. The orders were for one o'clock in the morning.

At midnight a dirigible air torpedo bearing two of the "soft" bombs burst lightly in the open space before the Special Home Guard's night barracks, across the Potomac from Washington. A wind from the river fortunately safeguarded the city from the swiftly expanding fumes. Most of the sentries were instantly killed. At the alarm the barracks turned out.

With the first light of morning the survivors of Billy's Gorillas poured irregularly across the spacious Caswell-Hoare Bridge. Such as still retained a modicum of vision established a pitiful semblance of command. In the course of the crossing nearly a third of the force, groping their way to the rails, clambered over and hurled themselves into the icy current. A city stunned with horror received the remainder.

I entered the stricken city with the first detachment of armored cars. The outposts had been drawn in; we met with almost no opposition. The news had spread on wings of terror, and already there were mobs in the streets, shrieking for peace at any price. What effective fighting force was left centered upon the public

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buildings and extended uptown into the better residential sections.

In light sporadic fighting our squadron of light "motor fortresses" made its way along Connecticut Avenue. Short of Du Pont Circle, the car which had been turned over to my command swung aside, and as we thundered through a narrow alley there came to my ears the sound I had dreaded to hear: rifle fire from the open space beyond. With the minor battle I felt no longer any concern; I had but one objective.

My first attempt at individual initiative was misdirected. Misjudging the locale from the rear, I broke into a house which I at once perceived was not the James mansion. I ran through to the front. A bullet grazed my shoulder. As I dodged back I saw the first rush of the Richmond men clearing the Circle from the upper side.

The front of the James house was shattered and riddled. Stretched on a chair in the hallway lay the Postmaster General. A woman manipulating a hypodermic syringe bent over him. She looked up. It was Honor Slogage.

"He's done for," said she.

"Dorrie!" I cried. "Where is she?"

"I locked her in the cellar for safety. Too much shooting here," returned the sturdy and loyal athlete. I heard a hammering sound and a muffled voice. "Hold his head—this way." Turning over her patient to me, she ran out.

Probably from the effect of the drug, Happy James opened his eyes and peered up at me. I thought I read an expression of incredulous wonder in his face. Then a wry grin curved the humorous mouth.

"You win, Farragut," he said in an astonishingly clear voice.

His words were echoed—and with what bitterness! Dorrie's grip was on my arm. She had made her own interpretation of the words which she had overheard. I hope never again to confront such an expression of grief and shattered trust.

YOU promised me his life. And he is dead. You win! You've killed him."

"Hush, child! Hush!" Honor tried to quiet her.

"You've killed him. You're his murderer. And what have you left me to live for? Nothing!"

Her hand went to her breast, and as she backed away the fingers were clutching a tiny object which I could identify without seeing. The capsule d'espion! Never have I felt such an agony of helplessness. I dared make no move. The poison would have been at her lips in an instant.

She stopped. Happy James' breath was fluttering. The anguish of that cry in the voice that he loved had rallied the last spark of life, and with that last spark he strove to restore the chance of happiness to her. His speech, faint though it was, was still clear:

"No, Miss Dolliver. It was the other crowd fixed me, not Farragut. He wins. But he played fair. You'll be safe with him."

He smiled and sighed; and Honor, bending over, closed his eyes. Dorrie buried her face on his shoulder. But her hand came toward me gropingly.

I think of that last scene as little as I can. But when I do I like to remember that the last deed of Happy James' life was a testimony of generosity to an enemy and love for the one who loved him so loyally.

ONCE again I am standing on that heaved-up parapet which overlooks the shell crater of Columbus Circle. It is six months since the most desperate and cruel war of history ended. With the death of Happy James and the flight of Caleb Keeler, the rule of the Chain Gang collapsed. Judge Grayson Gerritt, miraculously rescued from a living tomb after a whole reach of Fifth Avenue buildings fell in like toppling dominoes, is President of the United States—what there is left of it. The toll of ruin is too long for me to tell here.

What a fearful price we have paid for our cynical tolerance of evil, bred of long years of ease, of heedless and licentious prosperity, of that individual laxity of fiber, that neglect of personal responsibility, that ignoring of the eternal and immutable laws of God, bound to poison us, body and soul, in the inevitable end! Shall we ever recover?

I gaze down into the chasm, only a few short months ago a pit of death and chaos. Small figures move busily about in valiant toil, digging, shoring, repairing, replacing for men to come the structure of this tiny corner of the world. A symbol of the indomitable spirit still vital in the nation's heart. What man has destroyed, man can restore. Is that the lesson of this purposeful endeavor? What of the millions of lives blotted out in terror and anguish? Is anything worth that price? Perhaps, if one could be sure that after this hideous example war would never again rear its head. For, in spite of all, the nation still persists, sobered, chastened, purged, and once more united.

A touch on my arm. "I also am among those present, you know," I am reminded, in rebuke of my reverie.

There are few antidotes to depression as effective as Dorrie. I force myself back to the one overwhelmingly dear reality of life. "This," I tell her, "is where your husband lost his nerve and his mind and had them shell-shocked back into him."

"You weren't my husband. I wouldn't have owned a husband so dumb as to believe that the world had gone to smash."

"My world had. I never expected to see you again."

"That's better." The hand went to my shoulder. "And still not too good. Men have no sense"—this very loftily. Then, with the sublime and confident egotism of love:

"How could the world go to smash before you and I had found each other again!"

THE END

# Will I Come Out of Russia ALIVE?

## The extraordinary au revoir of an outspoken exile who is going back to the land from which she was driven!

### BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL, daughter of the late Count Adam Rzewuski who was an intimate friend of Nicholas I, one of the czars of Russia, is the widow of Prince Adam Radziwill. Driven from her own country by the Revolution, she came to America to start life anew. She is the author of several books, among them The Intimate Life of the Last Tzarina, The Taint of the Romanovs, and It Really Happened, an autobiography. She is anti-Communist in background and sympathy.

I HAVE never heard so much good or bad advice poured in my, I must own it, unwilling ears as since I was imprudent enough to tell my friends I was going to Russia! To listen to it, one would have believed that I had a vocation for suicide and an intense desire to see what the other world was like, after having lived so long in this one. There are some preconceived ideas which it is impossible to shake, and the notion that Russia kills everybody it can lay its hands upon is one of them.

Nevertheless I am going to Russia, and I do believe I shall emerge alive, even if I have to get acquainted with a Bolshevik prison. I am going to Russia because a wonderful opportunity is offered to me to do so under exceptional conditions; because the desire to see once more my native land is almost overpowering; because the thought of meeting again a very dear friend whose political opinions I do not share but to whom I have been for years warmly attached, is very sweet; and finally because I imagine it will be most interesting to see the changes which have taken place in the former realm of the Czars since it has become a Communist paradise.

My plans are quite simple. I am not going as one of the numerous authors who write books based upon information which they cannot possibly have acquired in a few weeks. I am not going as a tourist, to be shown by official and trusted guides exactly what the Soviet government wants me to see. I should hate being dragged on a sight-seeing tour of things familiar to me since my baby days. I am simply going to spend a few days with my friend, hear from her how she is living now in the new Russia of Stalin, see at her house as many people as I possibly can, and then, out of what I hear from all those with whom I talk, try to construct something in my mind which will either confirm some of the things I have read about Russia — beginning with Lion Feuchtwanger's and ending with André Gide's books—or else differ from these, I am perfectly sure, sincere appreciations of a chaotic country and chaotic politics.

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I have not the slightest intention of studying the foreign policy of the Soviet government. My stay in Moscow will be too short for that. But, outside of politics, there must be many interesting things to observe in the Russia of today. For instance, the people, and whether or not class distinctions have really been swept away by the new order of things. This, in my opinion, is a crucial point in the Bolshevik program, which tells us it aims at the establishment of complete equality, a thing evidently impossible to obtain.

Then there is another question which has been puzzling me for quite a while. Is it true that all the intellectuals, of whom Czarist Russia had a good many, and all the aristocrats, or at least members of the Russian nobility, have been killed or sent into exile? The Russian émigrés living in Paris or on the French Riviera assure us that such is the case, but somehow I cannot bring myself to believe it, for the reason that I have known a good many of them whose worldly wealth would not have permitted them to escape from Russia, and who to my knowledge are still in the land of the living. These are the persons I want to see, if only because up to now newspaper correspondents have not gone to them for information about the transformations to which Russia has had to submit, and therefore they will be likely to tell me things no one else has heard.

There are other things, too, which I should like to find out. One is whether Stalin is really as firmly intrenched in the hearts of Russians as the Soviet government would like the world to believe, or whether the blood purge in which he has been indulging has somewhat shattered his popularity. This is a point which has always puzzled me, because, knowing the Russian character as I do, I am convinced that Stalin must in some way have obtained the hold he seems to possess over the Russian people by proving to them that he can raise the nation out of the mire into which apparently it has fallen, and lead it toward a glorious future. To understand this more clearly, I want to see Russia, to listen to the heart of Russia, to feel the pulse of Russia.

Shall I be in any danger after I have crossed the Russian frontier? Frankly speaking, I do not think so, but of course everything is possible, and so I intend to be careful. To begin with, I shall leave my typewriter at home, so as to avoid the temptation of putting my impressions upon paper, experience having taught me that writing what they ought not to have has put many persons in jeopardy. So I shall enter Russia without writing paper or even a fountain pen in my baggage.

I do not intend to put my nose into things which do not concern me. It would be silly. I am going to Russia with a perfectly unprejudiced mind. I do not believe that what happens there is entirely good or entirely bad, but good *and* bad. I once heard a great French writer say that it is "impossible to judge of any human action without knowing its antecedent causes," and there must have been antecedent causes even to Stalin's famous blood purge.

And here I must say something that probably will make ever so many people sit up and take notice: I am not quite as horrified or scandalized at the wholesale destruction of so many old Bolshevik leaders as some persons are. Their career and actions have not entitled them to civilized human sympathy. On the contrary, I am inclined to applaud Stalin for removing them to another planet. But there must have been antecedent causes which brought about their destruction, and it is these I feel most curious to discover.

Of course there may be danger in this adventure into which I am rushing, great danger perhaps, although I hardly think that, Bolshevik though he is, Stalin will attempt to touch an inoffensive American citizen. The fact I was once a Russian aristocrat has nothing to do with it. What is past is past; and I cannot bring myself to fear they will make me face a firing squad. This might mean trouble for the Soviet functionaries who have been enjoying the excellent dinners and ice cream of our present Ambassador in Moscow.

But, although I do not believe I shall be put before a firing squad, I cannot entirely close my eyes to the unpleasantnesses which this Russian trip may bring me, among which will undoubtedly figure the following: If on my return I happen to say that I did not find Russia such an impossible place to live in as so many persons have represented it to be, there will undoubtedly arise, especially among Russian exiles, a howl of indignation and the accusation that I am in the pay of those Communists I so thoroughly and sincerely detest. On the other hand, if I find that the Bolsheviks surpass in abomination everything we have heard about them, then my Moscow friends will scream that I am a traitor who, after having enjoyed Russian hospitality, am trying to libel those who offered it to me. There will be no getting out of this dilemma, because there is nothing harder in the entire world than to be believed when one tells the truth, probably because humanity is not truthful by nature, whatever may be its other virtues.

What I have just told will perhaps explain why I go to Russia without any definite plan about writing my experiences there. Whether I do or not will entirely depend upon circumstances, just as will depend in all probability whether or not I emerge alive from this mysterious but so intensely interesting country. And the very fact that I may not come out alive adds a touch of adventure, which is always welcome in this matter-of-fact world. I will be able, at least for a few glamorous days, to exist in an atmosphere of tense anxiety and delightful apprehension of things which my reason tells me will never happen, because I do not think any one, since Russia turned Bolshevik, has traveled there under more comfortable circumstances than I shall, because . . . well, I will let my readers guess this "because," which consideration for a very dear friend prevents me from explaining more clearly.

Yes, it will be an adventure; and if it should end by my being taken before a firing squad, or sent to a Bolshevik concentration camp, it will be a unique experience with the details of which, although I am not certain of being able to relate them, I am sure that the readers of Liberty will be anxious to become acquainted.

THE END

# Death Over Galápagos

## Revealed at last!—The strange true story of a tragic island Eden, told in the diary of the last woman there

## BY GRETA WITTMER

READING TIME
14 MINUTES

CHARLES J. HUBBARD went to the Galápagos to get for Liberty the story behind the mysterious happenings on the island of Floreana a few years ago. Dore Strauch (Frau Körwin) had failed to answer some very important questions in her book, Satan Came to Eden. She had told how she and Dr. Ritter had gone to the island to try an experiment in "psychological living"; had described the coming of the Wittmer family and of the neurotic Baroness with her harem of lovers. But she did not explain what became of the Baroness and Philippson. Did Lorenz, the woman's discarded lover, kill them? Was Dr. Ritter, too, murdered?

Soon after he met the Wittmers, the only people living on Floreana today, Mr. Hubbard discovered how misleading were some of the statements made by the eccentric Dore Strauch. She had impugned the Wittmers' motives for coming to the island; had hinted that they were scheming to get possession of the Baroness' belongings; had intimated that Wittmer knew more than he told about the woman's disappearance.

Mr. Hubbard found the Wittmers a charming, simple couple who had, by hard labor, made a comfortable home for themselves and their children in a tropical wilderness. He asked them questions about Ritter, Dore, and the Baroness. He let them read passages in Dore's book. Finally, indignant at what had been implied about them, Frau Wittmer gave him her diary so that the world might learn the truth.

The diary is a frank account of life on Floreana from the time the Wittmers—Heinz, Greta, and Harry, Heinz' son—arrived. Ritter and Dore were not glad to have neighbors. They were antisocial, critical, jealous. Even the fact that Greta was soon to have a baby did not soften them.

Then, one day in October, 1932, another disturbing element arrived. The Baroness Wagner came with her three lovers and announced her intention of staying. Against his better judgment, Wittmer allowed her to camp in his orange grove.

### PART TWO—THE BARONESS SHOWS HER CLAWS

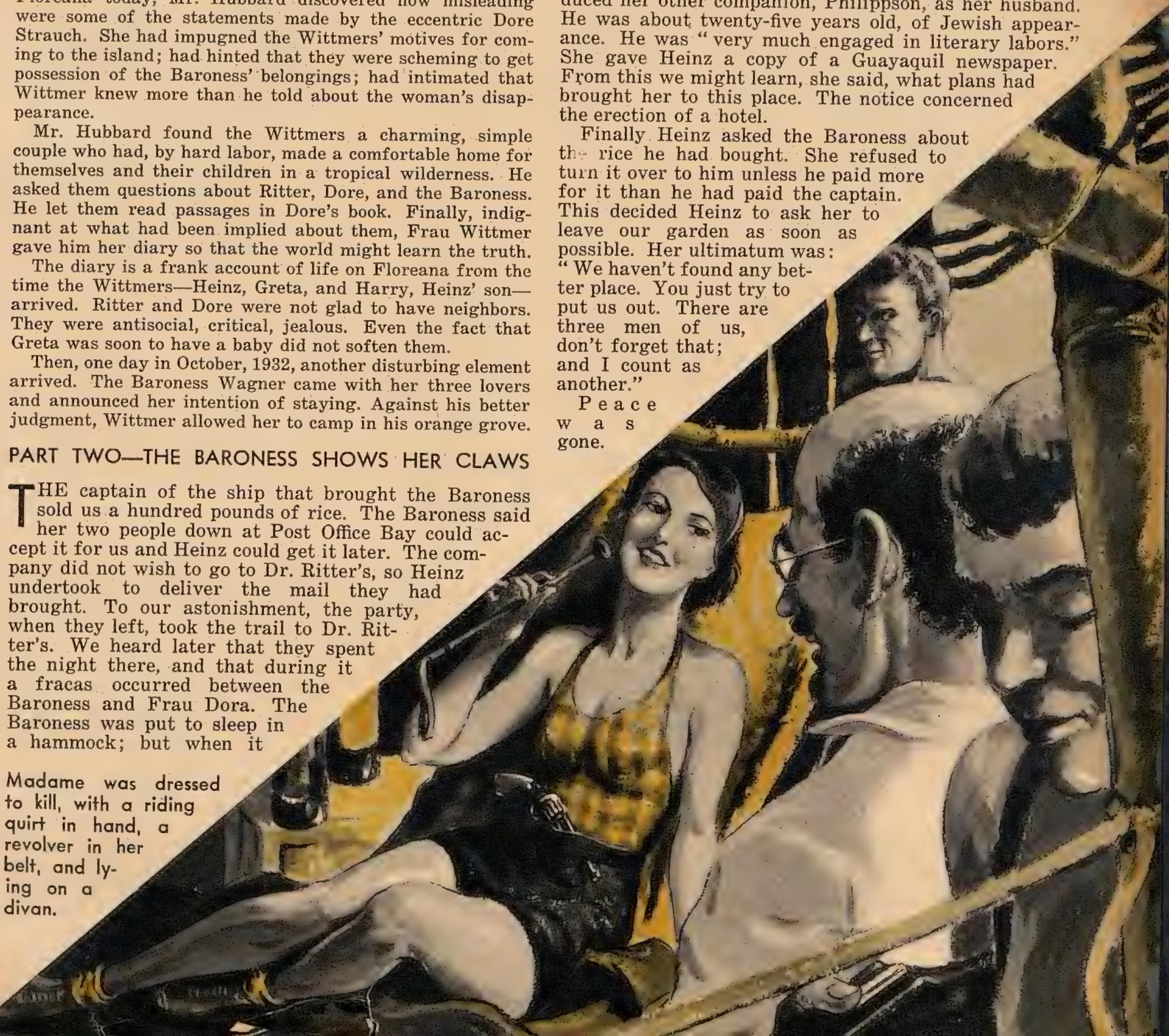
THE captain of the ship that brought the Baroness sold us a hundred pounds of rice. The Baroness said her two people down at Post Office Bay could accept it for us and Heinz could get it later. The company did not wish to go to Dr. Ritter's, so Heinz undertook to deliver the mail they had brought. To our astonishment, the party, when they left, took the trail to Dr. Ritter's. We heard later that they spent the night there, and that during it a fracas occurred between the Baroness and Frau Dora. The Baroness was put to sleep in a hammock; but when it grew too cold for her there, her squire, Lorenz, got orders from her to build a fire in the house, and she came in. There was a noisy altercation about hospitality and the rights of guests.

Next day Lorenz and Valdivieso set up a tent in the orange orchard. Heinz took some meat and mail down to Dr. Ritter. The doctor noticed that his mail had been tampered with. He knew Heinz too well to suspect him. How well this trick had been thought out, to make it appear that we had been the curious ones!

*October 25.* Yesterday Heinz and Harry went in the boat to Post Office Bay to get the rice from the log house where the Baroness was temporarily installed. She was dressed to kill, with lipstick, powder, and rouge, in sport attire, with a coquettish riding quirt in hand, a revolver in her belt, and lying on a divan. She introduced her other companion, Philippson, as her husband. He was about twenty-five years old, of Jewish appearance. He was "very much engaged in literary labors." She gave Heinz a copy of a Guayaquil newspaper. From this we might learn, she said, what plans had brought her to this place. The notice concerned the erection of a hotel.

Finally Heinz asked the Baroness about the rice he had bought. She refused to turn it over to him unless he paid more for it than he had paid the captain. This decided Heinz to ask her to leave our garden as soon as possible. Her ultimatum was: "We haven't found any better place. You just try to put us out. There are three men of us, don't forget that; and I count as another."

Peace was gone.



Madame was dressed to kill, with a riding quirt in hand, a revolver in her belt, and lying on a divan.

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*October 31.* It looked as if the Baroness had no desire as yet to move up to her tent from the log house on the beach. So we had only Lorenz and Valdivieso to deal with, and they were easy to get on with. Heinz and Harry had finally brought everything of ours from the beach except the folding canoe. Dr. Ritter refused to let that be left at his farm, so it had to be taken apart and hidden in the bushes along the shore.

One day Heinz met Lorenz gathering oranges. Lorenz looked anxiously about him, though his "lady" was at a distance; and then he opened up, though he had been forbidden to speak with us. He told Heinz that madame had been a dancer in Constantinople and had gone to Paris in 1922 and married a Frenchman named Bousquet. Bousquet was a lieutenant of aviation; and madame had been some sort of correspondent during the war, with an Austrian troop, until she was dismissed. Whether or not she was a baroness by birth, Lorenz did not know. Vienna was her birthplace. Now, although she was not yet divorced from her husband, he was paying her a monthly stipend. The mail she brought for Dr. Ritter she had opened on the boat coming over, said Lorenz, as well as the mail the Cobos had brought.

*November 9.* I was feeling my condition more and more, but kept on with the heavy garden work. It kept me from thinking too much of what was before me.

Company again: Stampa, the Norwegian planter from Santa Cruz, and a globe-trotter named Franke. The first person they ran into was the Baroness. They asked shelter; but she refused unceremoniously, so they took the trail to Friedo. Dr. Ritter too turned a cold shoulder, and advised them to go on up to our place. When they got there, they realized that we could not take a permanent guest. (It was eight weeks before my confinement.) So they started back to their boat. On the way they shot a couple of calves, and next day, having spent the night in the open, they hiked back to Post Office Bay, carrying the calves in bags.

MADAME saw them approaching. She rushed out and threatened them with her revolver, declaring they had taken calves that belonged to her. At her orders, Philippson and Valdivieso destroyed the men's landing raft, so that they were without access to their motorboat anchored out in the bay. Stampa and his Indian fled to Dr. Ritter. Franke made for our house and begged Heinz to row him and the others out to their boat. The Baroness seemed to us quite mad, declaring they had shot her animals when actually her two cows with their calves were standing right in our orange orchard.

Next morning Heinz and Harry went off with Franke. Dr. Ritter, with Stampa, had immediately written a complaint to the major in Chatham, demanding the removal of the evidently insane Baroness from Floreana.

*November 14.* The kitchen and two rooms of our house were done, so we moved in. There were to be three bedrooms besides kitchen and living room. The roof was as good as the thatched ones you see in Westphalia. I had a real kitchen, with wires stretched above the stone hearth for smoking meat, and a wide flue to carry off smoke and odors. Heinz made me a worktable, a food cupboard, an eating table, and chairs. On moving day Lorenz watched us, and I invited him to the housewarming "coffee." He told us he was tired of life on the island. The Baroness was not as nice to him as she had been in Paris. She shoved him aside as just good enough to herd cattle and shoot hogs. He had to carry the drinking water down to Post Office Bay, three hours each way, and go on a thousand errands and wild-goose chases. Meanwhile "Mousie" (Philippson) and she feasted and drank the wine they had brought along.

Greta Wittmer at work in her kitchen.

*November 23.* Heinz has consulted with Dr. Ritter about my confinement. Dr. Ritter consented to assist, but said, "Don't call me until it is really necessary, when the water has come, for I don't care to sit a whole long day at your house."

*November 29.* Company again. Herr Gill from Isabella with some English tourists. He spent a few hours with us, while the others visited madame and Dr. Ritter and Dora.

During these days the Baroness and Philippson left the log house and came up to where Lorenz and Valdivieso were. Unsupervised, they did not work enough to suit the lady. She was anxious to begin building her hotel. But for the time being they erected a most outlandish shelter—an oblong blockhouse a meter high; above that, to the height of another meter, the tent cut in pieces was stretched around. The roof was galvanized iron.

*December 20.* We saw a ship making toward Black Beach Bay. A whaler, and the crew paid a visit to Friedo, so Dr. Ritter told Heinz when he stopped in for a moment. He found the doctor cutting up, with knowledge and precision, the carcass of an ox. The occupation was not in keeping with the principles he preached.

*January 4, 1933.* On December 30 I felt the first pains. It was time to send for Dr. Ritter, but I would not allow it after his expression of reluctance. The night passed by the flickering light of a candle. They must have heard my screams over in Hotel Wagner-Bousquet, but there was no sign from them. In the morning there was a respite, so I got up and baked a cake and some New Year's cookies and partially roasted three ducks. Then I had to lie down and torture set in. Heinz never wearied in helping me. New Year's Day went by. At last, at three in the morning, the child was born. A boy. By three fifty his father had him washed and fixed up. Then he did have to fetch Dr. Ritter, who worked over me with skill and kindness and brought me safely past danger. He refused pay, saying we might occasionally bring him a hog and dried meat.

*JANUARY 5.* I was very tired of this lazy lying around, so, over Heinz' protests, I got up. And well I did, for hardly had I put myself in order when we had a visit from Dr. Ritter and Frau Körwin. When they left, they went straight to the wigwam of the Baroness and stayed there a long time. A woman who was living with three men, who announced and exchanged favorites, and who shamelessly invited to her place every man she met! Heinz later spoke to Dr. Ritter about this. The doctor explained that he, being a Buddhist, felt it his duty to treat all men and animals with equal love.

Thanks to Heinz' devoted care, I soon overcame the usual difficulties following confinement. We had told Harry that he might name his little half brother, and he chose to call him Rolf.

We heard that several times visitors to the island—once from an American ship—never got to Friedo or to us because the Baroness headed them off and told them tall tales and nonsense about everything.

*January 20.* Heinz killed some hogs and was able to make a first payment on our doctor bill. Because I had not had much milk, we had fed Rolf a little fruit after the second day. Two weeks later we added strained carrots and bananas. He did nicely. One day Lorenz came over and told how "Valdi" had left the wigwam for keeps. There had been a run-in with Philippson, and the Baroness had punished Valdi by depriving him of food and drink. Under we know not what powerful compulsion, he submitted to being transferred to the

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log house at Post Office Bay. Until some ship arrived to pick him up, Lorenz was to take him his daily rations. What strange mastery has this woman over them?

Next day madame called. She was as pleasant as a coaxing cat. She assured us that Valdi's scheming had been the cause of every annoyance since she came; that from now on there would be no reason for lack of good understanding between us. She brought a little dress and jacket for Rolf, leftovers from Lorenz' Paris shop. We suspected she was running low on supplies, so we gave her some vegetables and seeds. She might have made demands at the point of a pistol.

*January 28.* A company of Americans came. Captain Hancock and a staff of scientists; one was Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt, of a Washington museum; and there were others too who spoke German. Dr. Ritter brought them to us. We were soon talking like old friends. Next Dr. Ritter led them over to the Baroness. What an opportunity! Was she not planning a hotel for millionaires? Captain Hancock was very wealthy. Madame allowed nothing to interfere with her conducting the guests about personally. She was showered with rich gifts which Philippson lugged home. Next day she brought us a blanket and some sterile bandages from Mr. Hancock. A box of forty-eight cans of milk, entrusted to her for Rolf, she kept and fed to her dog, as we learned later.

*February 3.* Smash-up between Frau Körwin and madame. The mildest thing they called each other was "beggar." The Baroness cited her ancestors. She cried, "Who do you think you are, you poor plebeian schoolteacher?" Frau Körwin had studied to teach. "Who hung nobility around your neck?" retorted she. And so it went. Nietzsche seemed no help at all, and Dr. Ritter kept mum.

*February 7.* Heinz went down to fish and found the canoe gone. A roll of wire mesh also had disappeared.

THE Baroness invited Heinz and Dr. Ritter, separately, to play the star role in her wigwam. That woman has become the evil spirit of Floreana!

*February 18.* Three Americans arrived on the Blue Delphin. Madame brought them to us but saw to it they didn't go to Friedo. Dr. Ritter had expressed a desire for pork, so Heinz offered him half a hog. In exchange Heinz asked some sugar, with which America supplied the doctor bountifully, and the doctor thought half a pound a fair exchange!

*February 22.* Company. Herr Rader and Herr Vincenz from Santa Cruz. Frau Rader remained on their boat.

*February 23.* Heinz met Herr Rader again at Dr. Ritter's. Rader had honored the doctor with a fine large fish. Frau Körwin said to her guest, "Did you intend me to prepare this fish for the entire company? I'm not running a hotel here!" Later, Lorenz told us the Baroness visited Frau Rader on the boat, and the latter said it was an open secret on the Galápagos that Frau Körwin was hysterical and got many beatings from Dr. Ritter. Several times, in the presence of Heinz and Harry, he slapped her hard.

*March 10.* Heinz started for the east side of the island. In Germany he had read Galápagos, World's End, by Beebe, and that book says the east side is the best for a settlement. He found the trail so difficult that he had to come back without success. At Post Office Bay he met two men who spoke to him in English. He understood only one name, Vincent Astor.

M*ARCH 16.* Philippson had seen Mr. Astor's yacht lying in Black Beach Bay. He went down and delivered an invitation to "come to Hotel Paradiso." It was merely read and returned without acceptance. Then madame decided that Dr. Ritter had been plotting to keep the visitor away, and her raging could be heard over at our place. She sent Philippson to inform Dr. Ritter thus: "It has been learned that Dr. Ritter keeps all visitors away from madame and slanders her. If it happens again Dr. Ritter will be boxed on the ears by Philippson." This time the doctor's collar button flew off. He was strong and he sent Philippson sprawling out of the door.

*April —.* Early in April Philippson had let out that the Baroness always begged milk from visitors for our Rolf. We never saw any of it. Heinz became angry enough to accuse her of stealing our canoe. Of course she denied it, in terms unfit to repeat, and after that she began to bedevil us. She sent Philippson over to demand a sick donkey that had escaped from her. She said we were hiding it. Philippson got so fresh that Heinz threw him out.

Heinz says that by next rainy season we shall have a stone house. (Our roof gave way in the rain.) There is a kind of sandstone here quite easy to cut, and every day he and Harry hew a few pieces of it.

*May —.* The end of the rainy season came and caterpillars began to eat everything in the garden. Rolf's teething kept me up many a night. Heinz did all my work that he could, and cooked on Sundays.

*May 12.* Heinz' birthday. We presented him with bouquets of asters, pinks, marguerites, and roses from my garden. He is forty-two.

*May 17.* An Indian came running to say there was mail for me at the Baroness' house. Then how I could run! The Manuel Y Cobos had arrived with the major from Chatham, who had come to investigate Dr. Ritter's complaint.

---

*Will the law succeed in persuading the Baroness to leave Floreana? Or will the strange, mystery-shrouded siren remain to sow more discord? Don't miss the surprising revelations in the coming installment of Greta Wittmer's dramatic story. In next week's Liberty!*

"I'M A FACE-SAVER"
Treet
4 FOR 10¢

**Get soothing shaves at soothing prices—try Treet Blades tomorrow! Their keen, true, dependable edges swing lightly through the toughest beard! No tugging—no pulling with Treet Blades!**

Treet Safety Razor Corporation
Newark, New Jersey

**Treet**
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
**BLADES**
FIT GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

# For Value Received

## BY JULES ECKERT GOODMAN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

JOHN GODDARD belonged to a long line of stern New Englanders. He had lived the better part of his life according to the standards of his upbringing and inheritance—a prosaic, practical existence. Then, at the age of fifty, to the amazement of all who knew him, he brought home from Boston a beautiful young wife half his age.

He tried hard to unbend and overcome his inherent reserve. But the habit of years was strong in him and he was not very successful, and the result at times was rather pitiable. Dorothy seemed to recognize his struggle and with her tact and understanding tried to help him.

It was in the third year of their marriage that young Loring arrived in Alston. He and Dorothy had known each other in Boston. About the same age, alike in tastes and temperaments, they had much in common. An immediate renewal of their earlier friendship sprang up, which ripened into something warmer and stronger.

As usual in such cases, Goddard was the last to discover the situation. When he did, however, a sudden and violent change took place in him. He had always been an abstemious man. He now began to drink heavily. When they were out together he was often pointedly rude to his wife, as if he were trying to embarrass her publicly. And finally, as if in a spirit of revenge, he went off to Boston for week-ends. No one was surprised or blamed Dorothy when she obtained a divorce. Almost immediately afterward she married Loring.

Mrs. Banning, who became Goddard's housekeeper, often regretted that she had ever taken the position. He scarcely ever addressed a word to her. He stopped drinking as suddenly as he had begun it. He took no more trips to Boston. He lived almost like a hermit with a dull routine.

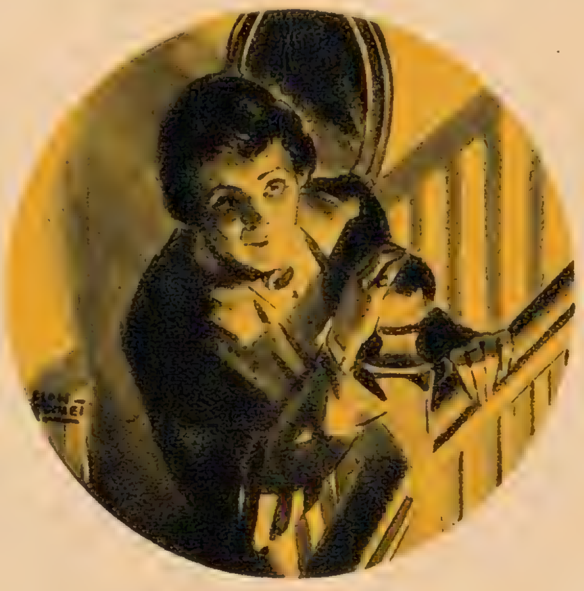
Mrs. Banning sat there in her kitchen now, waiting for Goddard to come home for dinner. That afternoon they had buried Dorothy. Mrs. Banning had come to believe that Goddard's moroseness and bitterness had been caused by the knowledge that Dorothy had been supremely happy during her one year with Loring. Was Goddard feeling any grief? Or was he experiencing a grim satisfaction that, since he could not have her, she was lost to the other man also?

He came home an hour earlier than usual. His face had lost its usual grimness. Something like a smile played about the corners of his lips. Instead of his usual taciturnity, he greeted Mrs. Banning with a cheery "Good evening."

Usually a light eater and scarcely noticing what he ate, tonight he seemed to enjoy his food. When he had finished he asked for the sherry. For a long time he sat at the table, sipping it and smoking his cigar. The half smile had never left his face.

Mrs. Banning felt a sudden intense hatred for the man.

The telephone rang. Goddard went to it. Mrs. Banning heard his voice, at first in surprised tones, then in harsh monosyllables. When he returned to the dining room he was no longer smiling.



"I won't be needing you tonight," he said. He took a bill from his pocket and offered it to her. "Go to the movies," he said. "Take a friend."

She started to refuse, and then realized that instead of offering her a favor he was really ordering her out of the house. She took the money but she had no intention of going. She went up to her room, put on her hat and coat, came downstairs, and went out the front door, slamming it behind her. Then she waited a moment outside before she quietly re-entered the house through the basement and silently crept up the back stairs to her room. There, in the darkness, she sat beside the open door, watching to see what would happen.

The luminous face on her alarm clock read almost nine when the front-door bell rang and Goddard went to answer it. Peering over the banister, Mrs. Banning almost cried out when she saw who it was. It was young Winthrop Loring.

There was no greeting between the two men. Goddard led the way to his study. Loring followed him. Mrs. Banning did not hear their first words because it took her a moment to creep down to the landing where she could see and listen. When she reached her vantage point they were standing under the center light, in the middle of the room, facing each other.

"Did you know," Loring was saying, "when Dorothy left you that she had only about a year to live?"

Goddard said, "No, I didn't."

"You're lying," said Loring. Goddard made a movement toward the other man and then checked it. "I had a talk with Dr. Willis," went on Loring. "He said that he told you she had at most a year."

"Yes," said Goddard; "I knew." He went over and stood in front of the fireplace, his back toward Loring.

Loring spoke again. "I want you to know that it's been a perfect year. I want you to know, too, that she was supremely happy."

Goddard continued to stare into the fire.

Loring continued at last: "When Dorothy was buried there were *two* rings on her finger—two wedding rings: yours and mine."

Goddard wheeled suddenly about. The eyes of the two men met. "You see," Loring went on, "I discovered the sacrifice you made so she could have this one year. I thought she ought to know it too. Just before the end I told her."

Goddard turned away.

Suddenly Loring broke out: "I loved her. I thought there was nothing I wouldn't have done for her. But this . . . that you did . . . . I don't believe I could have done that. How could you, loving her so much, ever give her up?"

Slowly Goddard turned and faced him. In his eyes there was a look Mrs. Banning had never seen before, and in his voice a gentleness she had never heard.

"She brought me the greatest happiness I have ever known," he said. "This was but a small payment on account."

THE END

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

# DINKY CONTEST

## *EVERYBODY CAN PLAY! ANYBODY CAN WIN!*

## LIBERTY OFFERS $500 IN CASH PRIZES

## *FOR WRITING ONLY 24 WORDS!*

IT'S Dinky time again! You remember those delightful little eight-word verses you used to write, the ones with four two-word lines, with the second and last lines rhyming. Liberty has set aside $500 in cash to be paid to those who send in the best sets of three Dinky rhymes. Everybody can write Dinkies. Anybody can win Liberty's cash Dinky prizes. Your own chance is excellent! Start preparing your claim to a share in the prize money by writing a Dinky right now.

To help you get started, here are some example Dinkies from among the prize winners in the earlier Dinky competition.

**Footprints on**
**Kitchen ceiling.**
**On floor,**
**Banana peeling.**

**Saw ad,**
**Wrote Dinky.**
**Only got**
**Hand inky!**

**Overslept—**
**Arrived late—**
**Met boss—**
**Got gate!**

That will give you the general idea. Each Dinky recounts a complete episode. It can be comic or tragic, philosophical or daft. What will you write? Come on! Get into the game. Start your entry. You may win $200 cash—just for three Dinkies, a total of twenty-four words! Read the rules so that you understand the simple conditions of the contest, and then get busy. Dinky Coupon No. 2 will be published in next week's issue.

### *BE SURE TO READ THESE SIMPLE RULES!*

1. For the purposes of this contest a Dinky will consist of eight words arranged in four lines of two words each and the second and last lines will rhyme.

2. An entry will consist of a set of three Dinkies to be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, using the official entry coupons which will be printed in Liberty dated November 20, November 27, and December 4, 1937. Coupons sent in individually will not be considered.

3. The entry with the Dinkies which most entertainingly condense a complete story within eight words will be judged the best and will receive the first prize of $200. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded a $50 Second Prize, $25 Third Prize, Five Prizes of $10 each, and Thirty-five Prizes of $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Address entries by first-class mail to Dinky Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, December 22, 1937, the closing date of this contest.

5. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any entrant.

6. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

### *CLIP THIS COUPON!*

**DINKY CONTEST**
**OFFICIAL COUPON NO. 1**

........................................
........................................
........................................
........................................

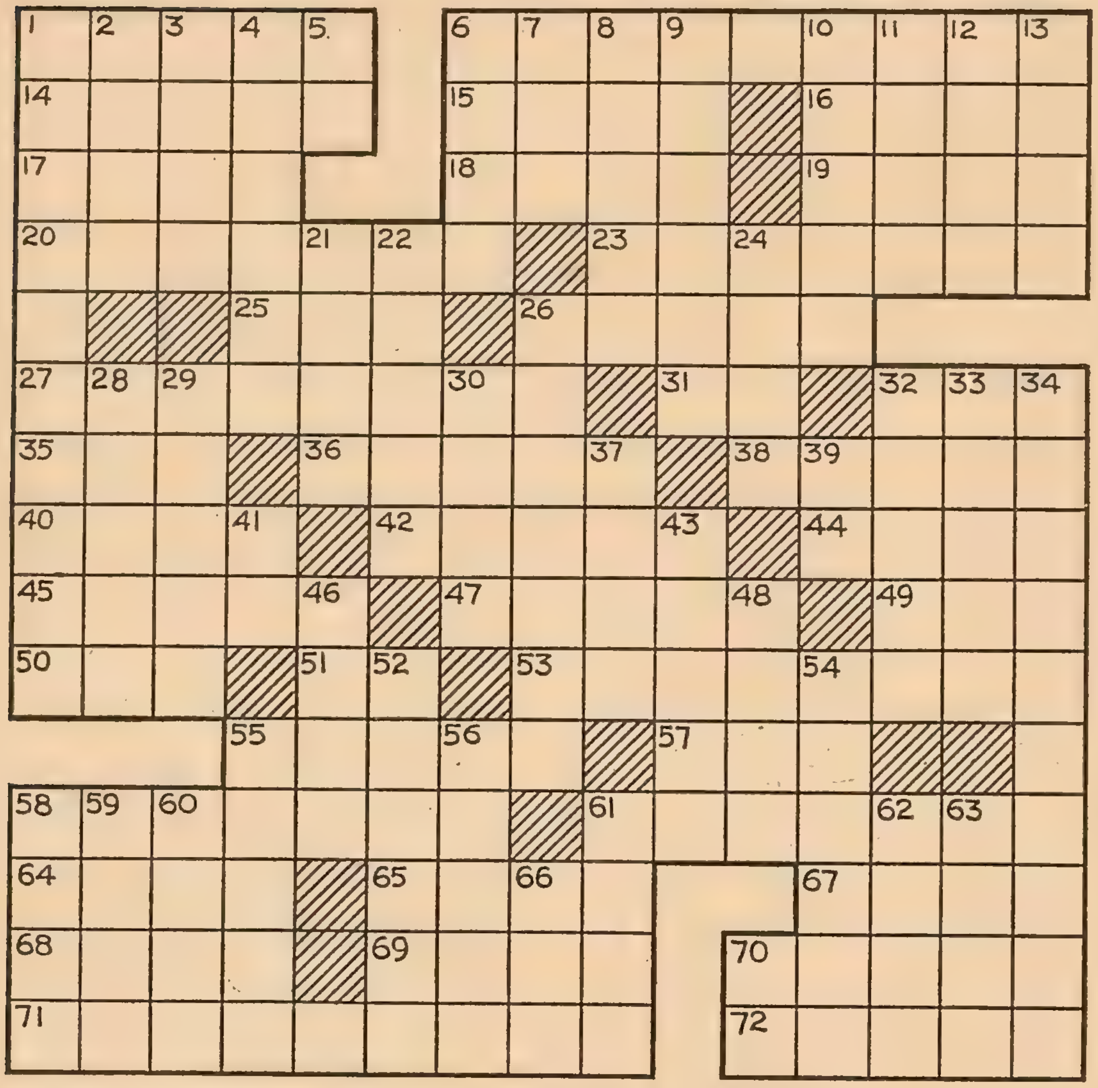
(If you write your Dinky on another sheet this coupon must be attached.)

NAME........................................
ADDRESS........................................
CITY........................ STATE........

## DINKY COUPON NO. 2 APPEARS NEXT WEEK!

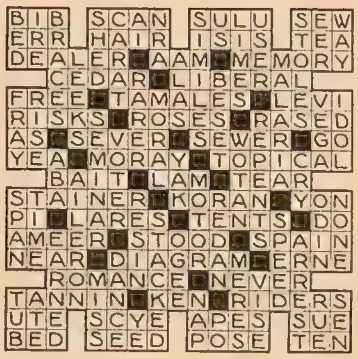
# COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

## by Ted Shane



### HORIZONTAL

1 As usual this will be awfly smart this season
6 What fools these mortals be
14 The dentist's order
15 What old maids live for (two words)
16 A whataman's home; where they get wrestlers from
17 Boy, was he terrible!
18 To stand against the wall before shooting
19 The cry of American youth (two words)
20 Jinx
23 What the Japs supply the Chinese women and kids with (pl.)
25 Bump on the bean
26 Accomplished barman
27 This dame'll slap you around but you'll be the better man for it
31 Submarine Stooge (abbr.)
32 The way of the fair
35 Here's one for the French
36 After getting boiled the night before, this comes to the table wrinkled
38 What Gen. Franco'll never be to a Loyalist
40 This by this the amorous swain advances
42 It's all over here and in England
44 How a clam keeps in hot weather
45 Mussolini's boot
47 Future peepers
49 Singular, egotistical, French
50 Cell chateau (slang)
51 Topper, English version
53 Kick-back
55 Boy Meets, Falls For, Loses, Gets Girl (pl.)
57 The great West



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BIB SCAN SULU SEW
ERR HAIR ISIS TEA
DEALER■AAM■MEMORY
  CEDAR■LIBERAL
FREE■TAMALES■LEVI
RISKS■ROSES■RASED
AS■SEVER■SEWER■GO
YEA■MORAY■TOPICAL
  BAIT■LAM■TEAR
STAINER■KORAN■YON
PI■LARES■TENTS■DO
AMEER■STOOD■SPAIN
NEAR■DIAGRAM■ERNE
  ROMANCE■NEVER
TANNIN■KEN■RIDERS
UTE SCYE APES SUE
BED SEED POSE TEN
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

58 What Greeks with pull got into
61 What no modern European home is complete without
64 Progress shakily
65 Non pro
67 Whinny pool
68 Adherents of
69 Where the wild time grows
70 A crunchie
71 After three days at sea you resemble your picture on these
72 They support colored bloomers

### VERTICAL

1 Mysterious sounds heard at night—they make people take the strangest steps (two words)
2 Where the B-men live
3 Producer of the First Lady
4 Gets another year of Liberty
5 You must owe this for power
6 "Saviors" of the Orient
7 I love Latin
8 All Indians are born in one, rarely ever get out of it
9 Goes on a bender
10 Finger used a lot in pointing
11 This is a lotta mush
12 What wives take husbands for
13 Optometrists are interested in the freedom of this
21 Rahshn sip
22 To get tough
24 Foreign sub
26 Women drivers have had a smashing success with them
28 The Santa of the racehorsa
29 The family's rolling home
30 Heavenly sparklers
32 Where pop takes Johnny for a yearly tanning
33 Home of God's Frozen People
34 What model wives are in most model homes
37 You may fill this with ease
39 This will make a Scotchman out of anybody
41 First American air-transport service
43 Summer product of New England barns
46 New England Country Club
48 He collected it after a smash-up
52 Hammunition
54 This was a scandalously oily Dome
55 What tailors do to their sweethearts every night
56 What Pinkerton sang in Butterfly
58 Go into a nose dive
59 Well known Spanish Rio
60 March time that Caesar never did get over
61 An apple's young
62 Vault for the upper classes
63 Esrever ni elam si siht
66 Farina hound
70 Editorial basketball (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

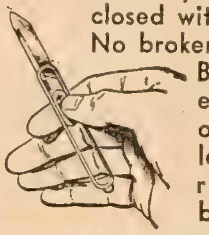
● Once you've used it, the Christy Sport Knife will have as warm a place in your heart as your favorite fishing rod . . . Neat, handy, useful, and durable . . . Brass frame, heavily chromium plated. Blade of finest razor steel.

*Smart . . . practical*

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain . . . sturdy enough to stand up under the use to which you put a knife.

*Three blades in one*

Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.



Actual Size

**GUARANTEED TO PLEASE**

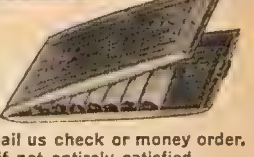
Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Please use coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION—The Christy Sport Knife is an excellent Christmas gift. Each knife individually packed in attractive holiday box. Order several for your requirements.

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio Y2
Enclosed is $1.00, for which please send me a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied with the knife, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) Offer good in U. S. A. only.

BUY GIFTS DIRECT-SAVE MONEY

This beautiful thin model Cigarette Case, made of solid Jeweller's Bronze not a "plated" product, (looks like Satin Gold) would retail easily for $2.00. If you want to see what wonderful values we offer, order one or more today. Price is only $1.00 each, packed in Gift Box. Sent C.O.D. or mail us check or money order.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not entirely satisfied.
ASK FOR OUR **FREE** BEAUTIFUL GIFT CATALOG.
L. F. GRAMMES & SONS, INC., - ALLENTOWN, PA.



COUGHS . .

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

Large Trial Bottle for 10¢

PERTUSSIN

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AC23
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.

Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

Name__________

Address__________

# Vox Pop

## "Women and Children First" Stirs Him Up

Miami, Fla.—It was with a great deal of interest that I read Women and Children First, by Fulton Oursler (October 9 Liberty). I will grant him that a few of the facts mentioned in his article should be brought to the attention of the American public; but I also believe that, in all fairness to the American steamship line in question and to all American steamship lines in general, he should have first investigated and then published at the same time the underlying causes, with the objectives back of them, which are responsible for the conditions which he found to exist aboard an American ship.

If he had made an investigation of the conditions which today prevail in relation to the American merchant marine, he might have located a thread of well directed propaganda, backed by direct action and coercion, as well as the objectives back of this propaganda, direct action and coercion. He might have unearthed a well organized divergent program of destruction not only being directed from within this country but also from without this nation's borders.

From the tone of his article, I do not believe that he realizes the demoralized conditions which are so seriously handicapping this nation's merchant marine, the objectives back of this demoralization, nor the effect upon the economic life of the nation.

I can assure Mr. Oursler that there are many of our citizens, who are familiar with the crisis confronting the merchant marine, who would be grateful to any publication which would bring to the attention of the American public the objectives back of the conditions he mentions, and especially the program of destruction which has so far been carried on, even with the aid of our federal government, which has condoned if not actually assisted the elements which are demoralizing if not actually attempting to wipe out our merchant marine.

Mr. Oursler should have stopped over on the Pacific Coast long enough to have met and talked to many of the personnel which are available for the stewards' department, the deck department, as well as many of the men who comprise the stevedores' and longshoremen's organization. He would have found a scattering of real solid substantial American citizens, but he would have no doubt been surprised at the number of radicals, agitators, and plain rats with which the American private shipowner has to contend.

The conditions governing the available supply of nonlicensed crew members, especially on the Pacific Coast, have for years been intolerable. A great majority of the personnel available for employment in the stewards' department, in the deck department, as well as other departments, are composed of such elements as the I. W. W. Communists and other radical elements from all parts of the world. However, until recently the American shipping interests were able, except in isolated cases, to keep these radical elements off the ships.

The Canadian and British shipping interests are familiar with the conditions which exist on the Pacific Coast in regard to the labor supply. Can you by the widest stretch of your imagination picture England, Germany, Italy, or even Russia permitting the conditions which now exist in the American merchant marine to exist in their respective countries?

Can you imagine the citizens of any of those countries standing idly by while the merchant marine of their nation was being demoralized and losses totaling millions of dollars were inflicted upon an already impoverished industry through politically inspired policies? Would the citizens of these nations stand idly by while losses running into the hundreds of millions of dollars were inflicted upon their merchants by the tactics of labor racketeers fighting for supremacy, and then pay out many more millions of dollars to foreign ship interests to carry their products to foreign lands as a result of the disruption of their merchant marine? There are many of us in this country who are wondering how much longer the citizens of this nation are going to permit this campaign of destruction against our merchant marine to be carried on.

It would appear that practically all nations except our own realize the close relationship between a large, well equipped, competently manned merchant marine and the economic welfare of their respective nations. They also realize the value of a merchant marine well organized, efficiently operated, and manned by capable, experienced, and dependable personnel, amenable to strict discipline, who recognize the opportunities offered by the merchant marine service and an assured future without the worry caused by being kicked around from job to job and ship to ship by some labor racketeer.

There are plenty of real Americans who would readily join the merchant marine were it possible for them to do so under conditions which would permit them to retain their self-respect and American ideals.

Many of us trust that a thorough investigation may be instituted into the conditions which are responsible for the present chaotic state of the American merchant marine.—*A. B. C.*

[This is one of hundreds of letters received commenting on Women and Children First. Others will appear during the next few issues; we are sorry there is not space to print more.—Vox Pop Editor.]

### WHY HOGS GET PLASTERED

Mount Vernon, Ill.—Everybody down here in the Bob Burns hillbilly belt knows that hogs get themselves plastered with mud to get rid of lice, fleas, and other vermin. No self-respecting hog down here would go around unplastered, Mr. Stoddard (October 9 Vox Pop).—*Walter D. Williams.*

### "SCOOPS," MY DEAR!

Elyria, Ohio—If this keeps up I'll call Liberty " Scoops " Liberty.

I remark on Dorothy Cottrell's story's excellence. Then comes a gem of hilarity, The Talking Horse, and now Father's No Fool, both by Walter Brooks. To top it, in the same issue as the latter (October 9 Liberty), Scott Littleton's Love Story. Liberty's getting more choicy and also more generous. Or else the authors are getting more and better ideas.—*Steady Reader.*

### NOMINATES MACFADDEN AS LEADING EDITORIAL WRITER

Salt Lake City, Utah—I nominate Bernarr Macfadden as the leading editorial writer of the United States. The editorial in your issue of October 9, Ten Million Prejudiced Charity Voters, is clear, fair, and convincing. It is free from the " poison squad " blemishes that disfigure most articles concerning the public questions of today.

It gives out more light than heat. That is what the people want.—*A Reader of Liberty.*

### TO KEEP SPINSTERS BUSY

Sioux City, Ia.—Let's have more Limerick Contests. They're interesting and give old maids something to do.—*A Reader.*

### RATTLESNAKE'S END

Winchester, Va.—Mr. C. L. Gibson says in October 2 Vox Pop, when telling us that rattlesnakes do climb trees, that his " Mr. Hall shot the rattlesnake's head off—and it had seven rattles and a button." We do not doubt the authenticity of Mr. Gibson's statement that " rattlesnakes do climb trees," but it is the first time the undersigned ever heard of a snake's head having rattles and a button.

We always thought they were on the other end.—*Ada T. Oppie.*

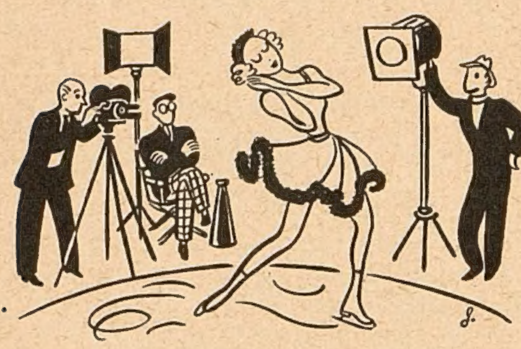
### DOES SONJA WORK IN HER SLEEP?

MANKATO, MINN.—What I want to know is, has the skating sylph Sonja Henie "done a bust" yet, as Beverly Hills states in her review of Thin Ice in October 9 Liberty?

Sonja was the busiest person on the set, working fifteen hours a day for five months. However, Beverly was careful to explain that she sleeps ten hours a night or she'd "do a bust."

Unless I'm wrong, her hours add up to twenty-five, or one more than the rest of us are allowed per day. Is that how movie stars get so much done—or does Sonja work in her sleep?

All in all, however, your reviews are pretty good.—*W. J. Claerbout.*



### FROM A "POOR BLOODY OBSERVER"

NASHVILLE, TENN.—After following through the story of Poor Bloody Observers (August 21 - September 11 Liberty), I feel that, as one who had similar experiences, I should write and express my hearty congratulations for the splendid story. In my opinion, it is the best Liberty has published—and I read all of Liberty's stories. It also has given the public the other side of the war—or should I say it gives the reader the other half of the air war?

I was a member of the 96th Bombardment Group, having followed Mr. Whitehouse by more than a year as an observer or, as we were often called, a "half-wing." Regardless of the name, we were there.

After twenty years I still wake many nights after a nightmare of dreams with machine-gun bullets whistling through the wings and coming up closer. . . . I, too, was afraid each time up. I was glad when Arch Whitehouse said he was frightened.

Again thanking him for taking sides with us "Poor Bloody Observers"—*Charles Berry.*

### THAT NEW LAST PAGE

CHICAGO, ILL.—You may not believe it, but it's true just the same, that the best feature of Liberty is that new page you use up to keep us on edge waiting for next week's number. Even if, as often happens, next week's number is as good as the advertising led us to believe it would be.—*Pat Doyle.*

### BLOW OFF OR BUST

CLINTON, MASS.—When a boiler has, say, 130 pounds of steam on, it has to blow off through the safety valve or bust. That seems to be the way these Vox Poppers do. They have to blow off their ignorance, most of them, or bust.

However, we amateurs have to Vox-Pop in order to get our names in print, as we can never get them in print in any Amateur Short Short Contest. But who said fools' names like fools' faces are always seen in public places?—*Amateur that Lost Out.*

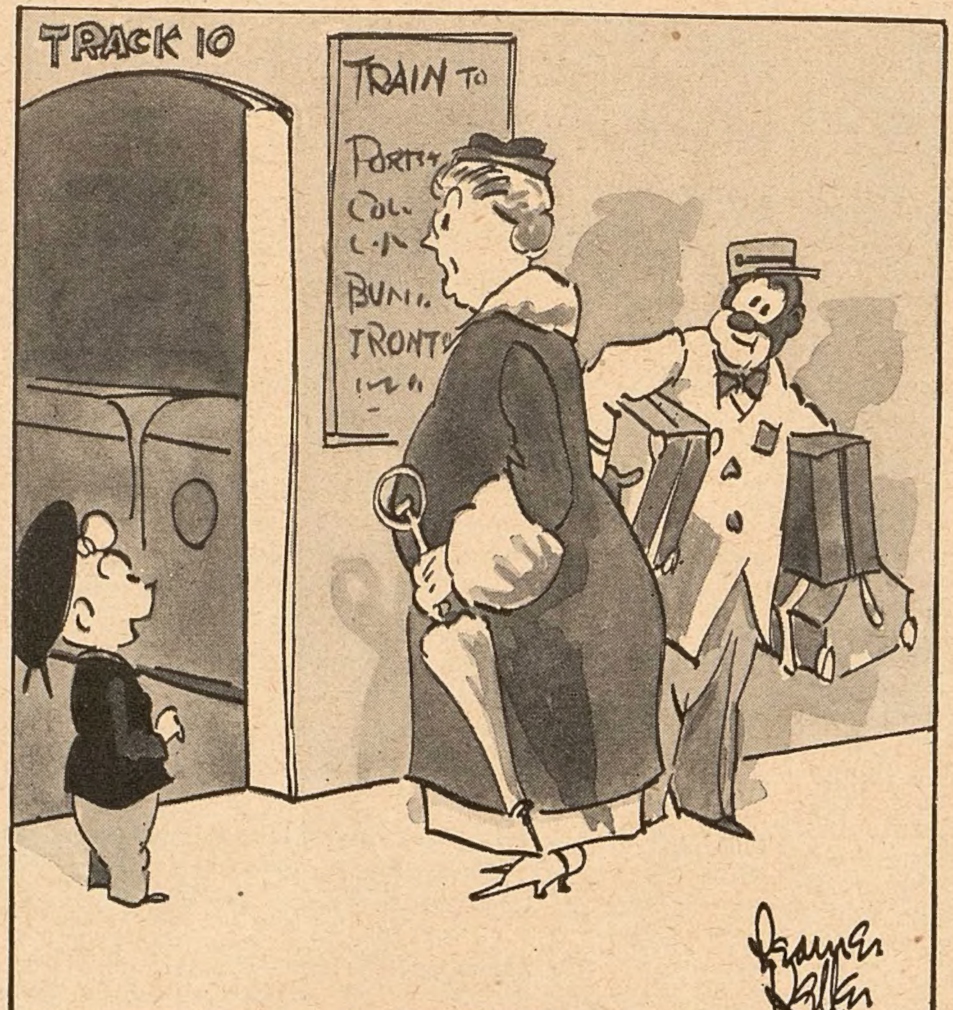
### ECONOMIC LAW IS NATURAL LAW

HOUSTON, TEX.—What does Albert S. Holtz (October 2 Vox Pop) mean by saying, "Economic law, unlike natural law, . . . is man-made"? Economic law *is* natural law. It can be interfered with, just as you can interfere with the natural law governing the circulation of blood by tying a string around your arm until it rots off.

That is what the New Deal is doing, with similar results.

This Vox Popper should read Henry George's Progress and Poverty, and learn how natural law would work for our benefit if we had sense enough to let it alone.—*P. W. Schwander.*

## "HARDTACK"



"Good-by, aunty—keep your chins up."

### NOT ONE WORD ON A LOBSTER!

UTICA, N. Y.—Whatsa matter with the world? I wakes up this morning and finds everybody talking about Japan and China; Spain and Lindbergh; Louis and ink bottles; shaving cream and worms. But have I heard a word about lobsters? No! Not one word about a lobster.

Whatsa matter with everybody, anyway—going haywire?—*A. J. F.*

### ARLEN LETS US IN ON HIS FAMILY SKELETON

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Mr. Richard Arlen requires two perfectly good pages in Liberty (September 25) to tell us that he has been a "chump."

Perhaps he is still a "chump" for writing that article.

Imagine a boy who unburdens himself upon an unsuspecting public with the beef that he has worked for a firm only twelve years and all he has to show for it is a yacht, two cars, a nice home, and plenty of money in the bank to last him for the rest of his life!

The most of us ordinary citizens spend almost that length of time in getting promoted from office boy to third assistant bookkeeper.

Before we read this we were of the opinion that Mr. Arlen was one of the Hollywood landmarks. Now he has let us in on his family skeleton and politely informs us that he is all washed up in movies.

Cheerio, Mr. Arlen! Hope you have better luck on your next job.—*Charles A. Norman.*

### USES LIBERTY IN SPEAKING DATES

KIRKLAND, WASH.—I want to express my gratitude for your splendid articles tending toward the suppression of crime.

You are doing more than any magazine I know to help make a better citizenship. Your reports of the progress of Thomas E. Dewey and his work are very enlightening.

He is showing how the good work can be accomplished. I read Liberty every week, and use it in my speaking dates to all sorts of service clubs upon the subject Crime—Its Cause, Cost, and Cure.—*H. G. Hartranft.*

# Passion Before Marriage:

## WHAT IS HAPPENING TO OUR YOUTH?

**ALL THE WORLD** and his wife are talking, it seems, about the changing morals of American boys and girls. Is chastity no longer fashionable? One hears and reads debates on this question everywhere. Solemn-faced investigators have brought forth solemn tomes of what they have found out by standing youth up against the wall and asking questions about their private lives. We of Liberty have hearkened to all this with a kind of benevolent skepticism. We did not believe that American youth was swing-timing to hell. We believed in the innate soundness of our youth, all sensational investigations to the contrary notwithstanding. Meanwhile we made an inquiry of our own—an investigation that went behind the investigators, to the boys and girls themselves. To this difficult job we assigned an always conscientious and sympathetic investigator, Frederick L. Collins.

In Liberty next week, and without mincing matters, Mr. Collins is going to tell you what he found out. Don't miss this real contribution to knowledge of life today, stripped of emotionalism and academic flubdub: Passion Before Marriage—and what is really happening to the young people of the United States.

* * *

**A DARING NEW PLAY** has come to the Broadway stage. I'd Rather Be Right, by Moss Hart and George Kaufman, is a satirical musical comedy lampooning the New Deal and especially the efforts of the administration to balance the budget. All the New Deal figures are there, President Roosevelt being played by the veteran George M. Cohan. Farley and Morgenthau play hide-and-seek with the black-robed nine from the Supreme Court. Political nonsense, with lyrics dipped in poison and lines barbed with criticism, it achieves the unexpected result of making anti-New Deal spectators laugh at the fun and still deeply sympathize with the President in his well-intentioned efforts. The upshot of the story is the conviction forced on the President that only by accepting a third term can the nation's problems be solved. Plainly, this talk of a third term will not down. Yet Liberty, in a brief but important article next week, will show the reasons that will impel President Roosevelt not to seek a third term. True, he has never finally stated that he would not run again, although several of his public utterances could be so interpreted. As General Johnson pointed out, there is an illustrious example to follow if the President wishes to make his attitude unmistakable: "If nominated, I will not run; if elected, I will not serve." The President has never been so definite as that. Why he has not been so definite is made perfectly clear in the article, Why Roosevelt Will Refuse a Third Term, in our next issue. The author, Fred Storm, is a newspaper correspondent long assigned to Mr. Roosevelt, at Albany when he was Governor of New York, and later at the White House. Here is exclusive information, factual, definite, and new.

* * *

**SOCIETY IS A-FLUTTER** about the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. We have never been quite sure what "society" was, but Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., knows all about that, and he tells in a fascinating article just what the hostesses and grande dames and all the best families are hoping to do by way of entertaining the best known married couple in the modern world. We read this piece with curious interest and mixed feelings. Will the former King and his wife really submit to all this dining and partying? Or will they decline most of it and go about the serious business that brought Edward here—the study of housing conditions? Somehow we feel that a lot of Blue Book folk are going to be disappointed.

* * *

**CROOKS IN LOVE** is the theme of a new short novel which begins in Liberty next week, a tale by James Edward Grant that has the rare combination of excitement and humor. You will not want to miss the start of this fast-paced yarn of thrills and chuckles, and you will certainly not want to miss the fine assortment of short stories that brings to the next issue richness of sentiment, romance, and tingling suspense.

**FOR OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE** Liberty also offers next week a new and constructive program. In an article by Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard the whole subject of peace insurance by sensible armament is presented in factual, unemotional terms. First, General Bullard shows what the United States should have for national defense; second, what it has now; and third, what remains to be done. This program will be widely debated, in and out of Congress. It points the way not to war but to peace through security against attack.

* * *

**MANY OTHER THRILLS** are in store for the readers next week. Edwin B. Dooley has a football article, Strange Things Happen in the Huddle, which will give football fans a new slant on what happens when the fans can't hear. Marie Marvingt gives another glimpse into that dangerous life of hers which earned her the title Fiancée of Danger. These, with more installments of Tomorrow in Shanghai and Death over Galápagos and all the regular features, make up an issue I hope you won't miss.

* * *

Thanks! Hope to see you all here again next Wednesday. Until then!

FULTON OURSLER.

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**Liberty**—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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COVER PAINTING BY MICHAEL DOLAS

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